

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 382,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JUNE 4, 1938

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3d



Let's Consult the Cards!

Peer into the future. You may find that legacy just around the corner

Consulting the cards, if you don't take it too seriously, can be great fun.

Should you fix that appointment for Wednesday or Friday?

And would Monday be a good day to ask your friend (well, she was your friend once) for the return of that small sum of money you lent her a little while back?

YOU can settle all problems of this sort quite easily with the aid of a pack of cards! You can also discover when that dreamed of legacy is to come along. For the cards tell you of your good days, your bad days and your red letter days.

The following method of card fortune telling shows you just how to plan your week, namely, which are good days

and those from which you can expect little or nothing.

Take a pack of cards, shuffle them well, and then cut them with the left hand into three heaps, face downwards on the table.

Now remove the top card from each heap and place them in a row, also face downwards, on the left-hand side of the table, the top card of the left-hand heap being the first in the row.

The cards are now picked up (not the three which you have placed in a

row), reshuffled, and cut as before into another three heaps, the top card of each heap again being removed and added to the row.

This process is repeated five times, so that you finally get a row of fifteen cards, face downwards, on the table in front of you.

The next step is to turn up the two cards at the opposite ends of your row and see what they have to say about your prospects for the following day.

All you've got to remember is that Clubs always signify good fortune, Hearts success in love, Diamonds in money, and Spades a warning that trouble lies ahead.

Make A Wish

WHEN the two cards belong to different suits the one on the right refers to the morning and the one on the left to the afternoon.

Thus, if the right-hand card is a Spade and the left-hand one a Diamond, the inference would be that a hopeless dawn would be followed by a financially successful afternoon.

Fourteen of the fifteen cards in your row are turned up in this way, two at

a time, so that when there is only one card remaining (this will of course be the centre card in your row) you will have examined your prospects for each day of the week.

And now here is another and quicker way of finding out whether your wish is going to come true.

For this method you require only thirty-two cards—the full pack minus all plain cards under seven of each suit.

The thirty-two cards are shuffled and cut with the left hand.

You then re-form the pack and deal out three cards at a time face upwards on the table.

Now what you want to be able to do, eventually, is to turn up, in as few deals as possible, the four Aces, the Wish Card (nine of Hearts), and a card which you have previously chosen to represent yourself or the person who is doing the wishing.

(A man chooses a king or queen according to age and general bearing, and a woman takes a queen, the suit depending upon his or her color: Diamonds for the very fair, Spades for the very dark.)

Any set of three cards which does not contain one or more of the six fate cards mentioned above should immediately be discarded.

As soon as the six fate cards are all exposed on the table you gather up the cards (with the exception of those

YOUR TYPE . . .

IN telling your own fortune you must select a card which belongs to your type.

For instance, if you are very dark, the Queen of Clubs is your personal card.

If you are a brunette or between colors, the Queen of Spades is your card.

If you are a blonde, the Queen of Diamonds is the type you represent.

Fair but not very fair people should have the Queen of Hearts as their type.

which have been discarded), shuffle and cut them.

Then deal them out once more in sets of three, again discarding any set which does not contain one or more of the fate cards.

This process is repeated for a third time, and if the six fate cards are then exposed on the table, together with three or fewer other cards, the wish will be fulfilled.

If there are six cards, in addition to the six fate cards, the result is doubtful.

Anything over six—well, there's not much hope.

Unless, of course, you are one of those people who don't believe that cards can be made to tell fortunes anyway.

What the Cards Mean

HERE are the meanings of the cards in the pack if you like filling in a spare moment telling your fortune:

ACE—Clubs, handsome present; diamonds, engagement ring; hearts, wedding; spades, if reversed news of illness, if normal big disappointment.

KING—Clubs, brown-haired man; diamonds, white-haired man; hearts, fair-haired man; spades, dark-haired man.

QUEEN—Clubs, brown-haired woman; diamonds, white-haired woman; hearts, fair middle-aged woman; spades, dark-haired woman.

JACK—Clubs, brown-haired young man; diamonds, fair-haired young man; hearts, very fair young man; spades, dark young man.

TEN—Clubs, a message from a distance across water; diamonds, news of a big legacy; hearts, romance; spades, serious illness of a personal friend.

NINE—Clubs, surprise in the form of a parcel; diamonds, a new and lucrative appointment; hearts, the lucky card—wish; spades, gossip or scandal.

EIGHT—Clubs, meeting someone not seen for a long time; diamonds, a piece of jewellery; hearts, mild flirtation; spades, unhappiness and worry about trifles.

SEVEN—Clubs, unexpected news; diamonds, outing with lavish entertaining; hearts, entertainment; spades, tears.

SIX—Clubs, small gift; diamonds, news of a small legacy; hearts, meeting with a former admirer; spades, news of illness.

FIVE—Clubs, outing; diamonds, small jewellery; hearts, minor entertainment; spades, minor disappointment.

FOUR, THREE & TWO in all suits.—The period within which events will occur.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Young Australian Composer
MISS PEGGY GLANVILLE

HICKS, young Australian composer, whose suite of six movements was recently chosen to be performed at the International Festival of Music, London, is the only Australian to have a work accepted for the Festival, at which composers from almost all countries are represented.



Brilliant Career

MR. JUSTICE HERBERT VERE

EVATT is one of the youngest men ever appointed to the Australian judiciary, and one of our few Doctors of Laws.

He was appointed to the High Court at the age of 36. During a brilliant University career he gained his LL.B. and LL.D., both with University medals. He represented Balmain as a Labor member in the N.S.W. Legislative Assembly.

He is an authority on constitutional law, his recently published book on the balance of constitutional power between Governors and Premiers being regarded as his most valuable contribution to constitutional history.



—Lafayette

Nursing in India

MISS ELISE HOEPNER, a former Adelaide nurse, is spending a furlough in Australia after four and a half years in India, where she was sister-in-charge of the Christian Hospital for Women, at Azamgarh, between Lucknow and Benares. The hospital, which is controlled by the Australian Methodist Mission Society, is the only hospital for purdah women in the United Province.

**a Bridesmaid—
at her best**

JOYCE DEAR, WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE BRIDESMAID AT MY WEDDING IN APRIL? YOU, AND JOAN, BECKY, AND NAN.

CORAL, YOU DARLING, I'D ADORE IT, OH, BUT...

WHY? BUT JOYCE? WHATEVERS THE MATTER?

I COULDN'T...THOSE OTHER LOVELY GIRLS—AND MY AWFUL COMPLEXION, I'D ONLY DISGRACE YOU.

DON'T BE SILLY. YOU'RE GOING TO USE ERASMIC FACE POWDER FROM NOW ON, HERE, TRY SOME NOW.

WELL, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK FOR YOUR MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION—I'LL CERTAINLY TRY IT.

AT THE WEDDING: ANOTHER DANCE, PLEASE, WITH THE LOVELIEST OF ALL BRIDESMAIDS!

ERASMIC
FACE POWDER

Radiant loveliness for you—always—with Erasmic Face Powder. The ever-lustrous powder with the unique shimmer.

Chew your lips from the foam floating shades!

ERASMIC
FACE POWDER

ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—2/6 Jar—1/2 Tube. Perfect foundation for a smooth and lasting make-up. 57.31.276

1' PER BOX

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

What You'll Pay for National Insurance

New Social Service Costs Women 1/-, and Men 1/6 Weekly

By Our Special Commissioner

A small insurance card with 2/- stamps will soon be as important in every girl's life as her lipstick and powder compact.

Another card will join the household collection of lodge cards, insurance record book, gas bills, and weekly shopping list.

These cards will contain a record of the weekly payments people will have to make under the proposed national insurance scheme.

WOMEN are asking: What is this national insurance scheme? What benefits will I get from my 1/- a week contribution? How will it affect me, or my family?

Let us suppose you are a woman worker earning less than £7 a week. This is how national insurance will affect you:—

You pay: 1/- a week.

Your employer pays: 1/- a week.

You get, after six months' payments: Free medical attention, free medicine, 15/- a week sick benefit for six months, 12/6 a week disablement benefit if illness keeps you away from work more than 6 months.

When you are sixty you get: 15/- a week pension for the rest of your life.

No other social legislation has ever caused such a stir. Women's organisations invaded Canberra to fight their case. . . . doctors are still fighting theirs. . . . business men, manufacturers, and the general public are still in the dark about the whole thing.

Amendments were sought on behalf of women, because under the original proposals the woman who became ill would have been paid less than a man who became ill. Her pension rights would also have been lower.

It has now been announced that the Act, with its original proposals, will be submitted to Parliament, and amendments, including equal benefits to women, will be passed at a later stage.

Men workers pay 1/6 a week and benefit on an increased scale. This scale is now to be made optional for women workers.

The Australian Women's Weekly sought from the Treasury an explanation of the proposed insurance bill and its provisions. Here it is in simple language:

Choose Your Doctor

NATIONAL insurance affects you if you are a business girl, married or single, earning less than £7 a week, or a manual worker on any salary.

You will become a compulsory contributor to the scheme, and join an approved registered insurance society, one of many available to you.

The particulars of details about yourself which you will have to supply are not yet known.

You will receive a card or book on which a stamp will be placed each week by your pay office.

It is your employer's responsibility to see that your stamp book is in order, but—once you are insured—it will be your responsibility to take your stamp book with you if you change your place of employment.

If you are a temporary worker—for instance, a relieving typist, a mannequin working in several shops a week, or a nurse—you keep your own book, and the stamp is the responsibility of the person who first employs you during the week.

In the meantime you choose your doctor from a list supplied by the approved society you have joined.

If you are taken ill you receive medical attention and any medicine prescribed by your doctor free of charge.



HANDING OVER THE PAY ENVELOPE—with 1/6 less in it than usual, for National Insurance deducts that amount from men's wages for the rainy day when sickness comes.

There is no limit to the number of times you may visit your doctor.

Provision will be made for collection of your insurance benefit by a relative or its delivery by a society representative if you are unable to collect it yourself.

You do not have to pay your contributions while you are ill.

Perhaps you are a typist earning £2 a week, and paying 1/- insurance.

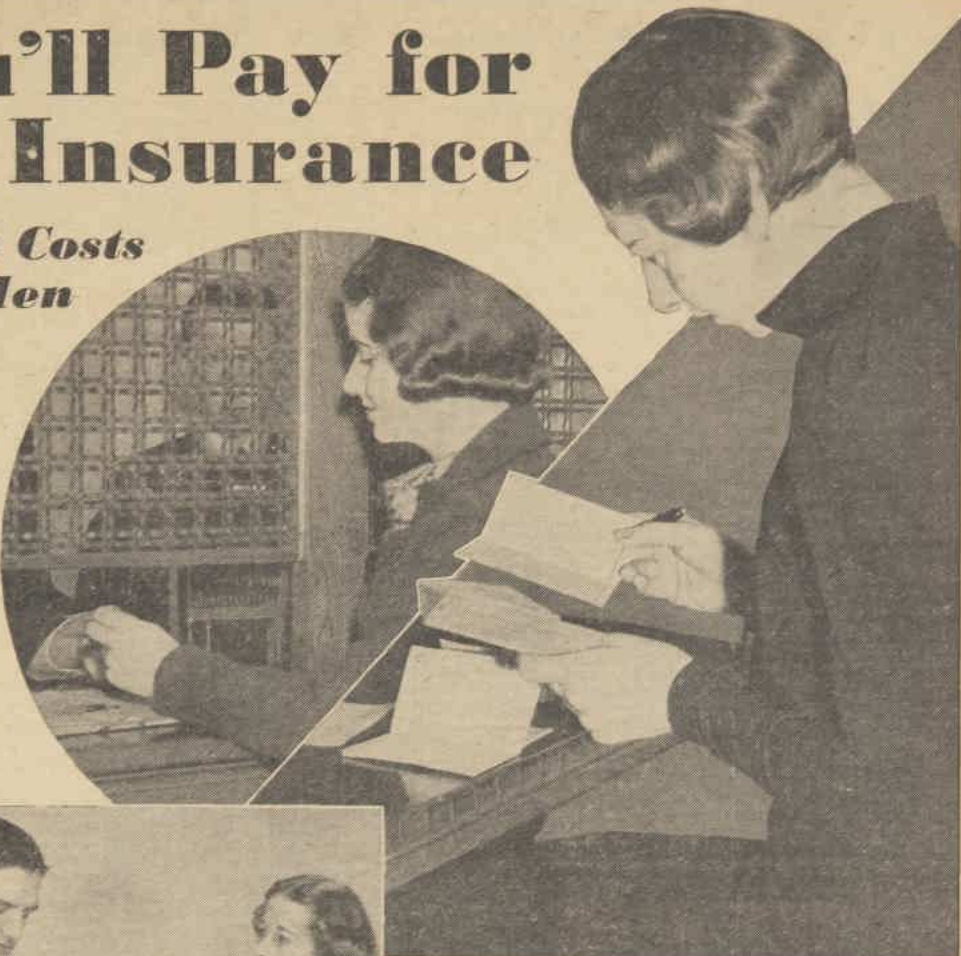
A severe illness keeps you away from work for six months.

Your insurance society will pay you during that time £19/10/-.

Whether this sum will be paid in weekly or fortnightly payments, or a lump sum, has not yet been made known.

You will receive all medical attention and medicine free.

In its initial stages the national insurance scheme will not pay the cost of hospital treatment or surgical operations. These may follow if and when sufficient funds are built up to provide them.



CARDS, CARDS, CARDS Most households to-day run on a card system, and the National Insurance card is just another one to add to the number. Top left: Girl workers will lose 1/- of their wages under the scheme—but they'll get it back in insurance.

If you lose your job, there is a "free insurance period," in some cases up to two years, during which you need pay nothing, while yet remaining a member of the insurance scheme. You are treated for all purposes as if you were an insured person.

A compulsory subscriber whose salary increases beyond £7, or who gives up work when she marries, can be a voluntary subscriber—for old-age pension only.

But she must they pay the whole

weekly contribution of 2/- instead of paying half of it while her employer paid the other half.

A married woman dependent on her husband receives no direct benefits from the scheme through her husband's contributions. She belongs to the scheme only if she herself has become a voluntary contributor, or is a working woman compulsorily insured.

Continued on Page 37

Don't Blame Your Shoes! IF FEET ACHE Put Them Right With Zam-Buk

DO you throw off your shoes with a sigh of relief as soon as you get home from work, shopping, or recreation? Nine times out of ten it's not the fault of your shoes, but simply that you're not properly looking after those hard-worked feet of yours.

If you want feet in perfect condition, free from soreness, pain, and other discomforts, bathe them in warm water each night. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Corns and hard growths are softened and easily removed. Blisters and chafing are healed: and joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists & stores.



"Uncomfortable shoes chafed my toes and made my feet so sore I could hardly walk. But using Zam-Buk gave me healthy feet and enabled me to get about with perfect ease."—Mrs. J. Myers.

"My feet swelled and were so painful I could hardly get on with my housework. But rubbing in Zam-Buk brought me relief, swelling disappeared and I could again walk in comfort."—Mrs. L. Lutz.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night!

Gave Up Career to Sing to Prisoners

Lovely Evangelist On World-Wide Mission

Trained to sing on the platforms of the world, Mrs. James McWhirter has come to Australia, not to fill a several-thousand-pounds' contract, but to sing in the prisons of the Commonwealth.

Tall, very smart, and extremely beautiful, and with a contralto voice for which the English Press predicted a great future, Mrs. McWhirter, ten years ago, gave up all thoughts of the concert platform to become an evangelist.

FEW prima donnas have the stage appearance of this lovely young woman as she sings in prison.

Mrs. McWhirter does not have to rely on the artifices of the make-up man for her flawless complexion, and her softly-waved hair with its classical Greek halo.

Nor could she get from any make-up man the charm of

manner that is undoubtedly hers.

For 10 years Mrs. McWhirter and her husband have been vagabonds in the cause of their evangelism.

But that does not mean they travel gipsy-fashion; they have their own car, and they claim, with all their personal property on board, to have covered pretty well every inch of England in it.

They have no permanent address. They travel from one spot to another, talking here and there. Mrs. McWhirter accompanying the hymns that her

husband requires for his gatherings. Then, sometimes, she will sing to her new autoharp.

"I picked it up in Scotland," Mrs. McWhirter explained. "It is quite the most complicated thing of its kind I have ever seen, but it will automatically change into any desired key by simply pressing a lever. That saves me hours of work transposing."

"We have at times even given out-of-door addresses, notably at Brighton, England."

"But most of all I like my prison work. I feel quite at home in the prison chapels, and the prisoners vow they like my singing."

Like the Harp

THEY gather me bouquets, and declare they prefer my autoharp to any other instrument.

"At Maidstone (Kent) I was terribly touched on one occasion when one of the prisoners—a brilliant musician—wrote some music for the 23rd psalm, and dedicated it to me."

"Unfortunately, it is too complicated an accompaniment for the autoharp."

This young woman, who 10 years ago took up her work of singing in prisons, is the daughter of General Sir Herbert Holman and Lady Holman.

Her father was formerly of the 16th Bengal Lancers, now the Duke of Connaught's Regiment, and the evangelist's youth was spent in India,



MRS. JAMES McWHIRTER, wealthy Englishwoman who gave up a career as a singer to devote her life to evangelical work among prisoners all over the world.

where she early decided that music was to be her great passion in life.

She learned to ride horses, too, and with the jodhpurs she has bought in Australia she intends to see something of Australia's perfect riding conditions.

After her family left India and her father was transferred to France and to South Russia, Joan Holman, as she was then, decided to remain in England to learn the piano, the violin, and to take singing lessons.

Critics predicted a great future for her, but she decided to do concert singing rather than grand opera, because of the few parts in grand opera allotted to a contralto.

Then her mother became almost blind, and after persuasion from a friend of the family it was decided to take her along to church, that prayers should be offered for her cure. Mrs. McWhirter claims that her mother was cured instantaneously.

Mr. and Mrs. McWhirter came to Australia primarily on holiday, but they have been overwhelmed with requests to visit the various capitals.

They remained a month in Perth, and went on to Adelaide. After that they will probably fly to Tasmania, then go on to Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane.

They hope to return to England via America and Canada.



Meg knows that frequent washing with *Persil* keeps coloured woollens warm and bright

When you see *Persil*-washed woollens you'll wonder why you were satisfied with your present method. There are three good reasons why you should wash all your dainty things in *Persil*:

1. With *Persil*, water that's just tepid is all you ever need; and when colours are specially likely to run you can use cold water.
2. The thorough cleansing action of *Persil*'s oxygen-charged suds does away with all hard rubbing.
3. *Persil* cleanses so quickly that fabrics are in the water for the shortest possible time.

Take no risks with your dainty things! *Persil*'s safe and gentle cleansing will keep them lovely and new-looking.

Use *Persil* alone for the whole family wash! No soaps or extras needed.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

21,237,19

Our Wonderful Birthday Issue



DR. CRONIN writes again for us.

NEXT week The Australian Women's Weekly celebrates its fifth birthday with a bumper issue.

By way of a birthday surprise to readers we present them with a superlative array of fiction.

In the birthday issue you will find:

"ADVENTURES OF THE LITTLE BLACK BAG," by DR. A. J. CRONIN.—Dr. Cronin's story, "The Citadel," caused a sensation when published as a serial recently in The Australian Women's Weekly. His series of short stories is just as human and entertaining.

"NORTH-WEST PASSAGE," by KENNETH ROBERTS.—A world's best seller: One of the most successful action romance novels ever written, it begins in serial form. It is the most sensational success in England and America since "Anthony Adverse."

Other authors include GILBERT FRANKAU, MARGARET LEE RUNBECK, and RUBY M. AYRES, author of next week's free novel, "Official Wife."

In addition, there is a lovely color page of the "Quins," and a double-page spread of beautiful winter hats in all their amazing variety.

You will like "HOW TO WIN A HUSBAND"—and keep him," a provocative new series by Anne Hirst. She deals with marriage and its problems from a refreshing point of view.

NEVER Be LONELY

He had no friends, until a book agent sold him romance, without extra cost



THE correspondence files of a business office are usually dull affairs—a collection of papers on which appear the jargon of words affected by smart salesmen. Occasionally, however, they yield something that adds to the warm, rich glow of life, as in the case of the score or so of letters that passed between the youth from Portland and the enterprising firm of booksellers who sold their goods on the instalment plan.

Elmer Simmons, the youth in question, was in a despairing mood when he prepared to write from his home, Portland, Oregon, on a January evening of last year. Eventually he finished his task and scanned what he had written.

8th St. S.,
Portland, Ore.,
Jan. 4, 1937.

Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.
Sandusky, Ohio.

Gentlemen: I have notice about the January payment of my set of your cyclopaedia, but I think you'd better send somebody to take it back. When your Mr. Porter took my order he promised that if I bought these books I would never be lonesome again. But I have been reading Volume A-ARC every afternoon, and have got as far as Aesop's fables, a great wingless bird, now extinct, and I am still very lonesome.

So, naturally, I don't feel like making any more payments, and I guess you'd better send somebody to take the books back.

Yours truly,
ELMER B. SIMMONS.

Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.
Sandusky, Ohio,
January 10, 1937.

Mr. Elmer B. Simmons,
6th Street South,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Mr. Simmons: This letter is not written to remind you that your January payment is overdue. One glance at the candid, open calligraphy of your letter—the handwriting of a man who would never seriously consider going back upon his pledged word—was enough to convince me that such a reminder was quite unnecessary.

Remember, Mr. Simmons, that the possession of a Companion Cyclopaedia is a distinction; something which will automatically impress everybody who learns about it. I am sure that when you have had your cyclopaedia a little longer you will find that it fills your every need and yields maximum dividends of benefit and pleasure.

In looking over your original order, I find that our Mr. Porter failed to book you for the walnut-finished Jacobean bookcase, which is expressly designed to hold the twenty volumes of your cyclopaedia.

Cordially yours,
GEORGE H. WINTERS,
Sales Promotion Dept.

6th St. S.,
Portland, Ore.,
Jan. 17, 1937.

Mr. George H. Winters,
Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.
Sandusky, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Winters: After thinking it over, and not being the kind of a man that goes back on his word, I am sending you the 4 dollars for

my January payment. I am also enclosing the order blank for the bookcase, which I guess will be more convenient than keeping the cyclopaedia on my closet shelf. But I wish you could tell me how to get a bigger maximum out of my cyclopaedia. Because, in spite of the fact that I have got as far as Aesop's fables, tyrant of Syracuse (361-339 B.C.) I am still very lonesome.

Probably this is because I do not know anybody here. You see, before coming here I had always lived in Wee Lamb, Idaho, where I knew everybody and was never lonesome. But there wasn't much chance for a young man to get ahead in Wee Lamb, so when I saw the notice about that Civil Service examination at Boise, I talked it over with Miss Nellie Emerson, who is the young lady I want to marry as soon as I can afford it, and she said it would be just fine for me to go out in the world and make my way and save money to buy furniture. So I went to Boise and took the examination. You noticed that I write a nice hand, and I'm quick at figures, too; so I did pretty well, and it wasn't very long till I got word that there was a job for me in the Portland post office.

But when I got here I found out that I would have to work nights, which is from seven in the evening until three in the morning. And when I got through there wasn't anything to do except get something to eat and go home. I have a nice furnished room, and I usually sleep until about noon. Then I'd go out and get something to eat and walk around or go to a show in the afternoon. And then it would be time to get something to eat again; and then it would be time to go to work. Sometimes I'd go for days without talking to anybody in a lunch-room except the man behind the counter or my landlady, who is so deaf.

That is why I signed the order so quick when your Mr. Porter told me that having your cyclopaedia would

keep me from being lonesome. And since it came I had been staying home afternoons and reading Volume A-ARC, but it doesn't seem to help much.

Yours truly,
ELMER B. SIMMONS.

6th St. S.,
Portland, Ore.,
Feb. 1, 1937.

Mr. George H. Winters,
Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.
Sandusky, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Winters: The notice about my February payment came yesterday, but I think you'd better send somebody to take the books back.

By

JOHN REID BYERS

I have gotten as far as Alcibiades of Mitylene (fl. 600 B.C.), one of the greatest lyric poets of Greece, and I am still lonesome. In fact, I'm even lonelier than before; and it's the cyclopaedia's fault.

You see, I remembered what you wrote me about my possession of your cyclopaedia impressing people. So the last time I wrote Miss Nellie Emerson I told her about it, and it didn't work out like you said at all. She wrote back and said that she was glad she had found out in time that I didn't care enough about her to save my money to buy furniture, instead of wasting it on luxuries like your cyclopaedia. And since she had found out in time, she had decided to marry Ed. Jergens instead, and would I not bother her with any more letters.

So I guess you can see that I don't feel like making any more payments. The bookcase came all right, so you can take everything back together.

Yours truly,
ELMER B. SIMMONS.



Mr. Reynolds started to follow her, but I stepped in front of him.

Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.
Sandusky, Ohio,
February 6, 1937.

Mr. Elmer B. Simmons,
6th Street South,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Mr. Simmons: I am more pleased than I can tell you to note that your last two letters have been addressed to me personally. There is nothing that we like better than feeling that we are in close personal touch with our many pleased customers. And it should hardly be necessary for me to say that I sympathize with your present emotional state. And yet, Mr. Simmons, I cannot but feel that you have had a most fortunate escape. For Miss Emerson's reaction to the news that you had secured the inestimable benefits of the Companion Cyclopaedia definitely stamps her as your mental inferior; as one who, whatever her purely physical charms, could never have been your intellectual mate.

My seeming neglect to answer your earlier letter has been the result of my desire to give your problem my very best thought. And I have decided that the thing you should do is to give up your lonely furnished room and move to a boarding house or a family hotel, where you will find opportunities for social contacts with your fellow guests.

I know that it is not necessary for me to point out that the continued delay in your February remittance is a source of much inconvenience to our accounting department.

Cordially yours,
GEORGE H. WINTERS,
Sales Promotion Dept.

P.S.—It occurs to me that even a man of your intelligence and education might find a good dictionary helpful in the course of your readings in your cyclopaedia. I am enclosing descriptive literature and an order blank covering the Companion Dictionary of the English Language, just published by our firm. This handsome volume will cost you only

four dollars, or one additional payment on your present contract. I am sure you will want it, and will look forward to receiving your order.

G. H. W.

6th St. S.,
Portland, Ore.,
Feb. 12, 1937.

Mr. George H. Winters,
Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.
Sandusky, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Winters: I am enclosing a money order for my February payment, and I hope I have not inconvenienced your accounting department too much. I am also sending you the signed order blank for the dictionary. Even a man with a good high-school education has to look up an occasional word once in a while.

I am going to take your advice, for which I thank you, about moving to some place where I can have social contacts with my fellow guests.

Yours truly,
ELMER B. SIMMONS.

Hotel Chez Marguerite,
Hoyt Street, Portland, Ore.,
March 1, 1937.

Mr. George H. Winters,
Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.
Sandusky, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Winters: The notice about my March payment has not been forwarded from my old address yet, but I am sending you my money order, so that I won't inconvenience your accounting department again. The dictionary has come, and is a very nice-looking book.

As you can see from the address, I have moved. This isn't really an hotel, though, but a kind of a big boarding house, run by Mrs. Margaret Dolan. There are about twenty boarders besides myself, and the most interesting seem to be a family named Elgin. They are Shakespearean actors, but they are not working at it right now. Miss Elgin sits right across from me at dinner. She is little and very pretty, with dark red hair and the sort of blue eyes that seem to be full of little sparks quite a lot of the time.

Please turn to Page 43

FIGHT- WAD

Dodd didn't like spending money, his own or that of other people, but he revealed a surprising capacity to do so, on occasion

AT six o'clock in the evening Penryn Dodd, editorial auditor of the "Morning Blade," greatest tabloid newspaper in the country, known to reporters, sub-editors and editors alike as Ieebox Dodd, sat down to his evening meal in the one large room of his cabin on Hawk Lake. His tall, pale wife, Helen, bustled in the kitchen.

At ten minutes past six he was arguing with his wife over the price of the roast she produced. He said, "Was it necessary, my dear? I catch plenty of fish, and we had meat three days ago. Three dollars and thirty-seven cents is—"

Mrs. Dodd sighed patiently and wiped a little steam off her glasses with a corner of her apron, and said, "The butcher boy stopped on the way to delivering the meat to the Wests. Mr. Meeker sent it along from his shop on the chance that we might want it. It looked so nice."

Mr. Dodd coughed behind his napkin and observed, "Cyrus K. West is one of the richest men in the country. He can afford it. You will be two dollars over your budget at the end of this week."

At 6.15 there came the sound of heavy footsteps running down the path from the road that led through the woods to the cabin at the edge of the lake, and a tremendous banging on the door.

Mr. Dodd frowned. He did not like disturbances. He was in the midst of his annual month's vacation from his duties on the "Blade." For eleven months of the year he stooped his narrow shoulders over his desk on the eighth floor of the "Blade" office, scanning expense accounts, quarrelling with reporters and editors over expenditures, signing cheques, battling grimly to hold down expenses, pursuing figures from ledger to ledger, justifying his position and his nickname by coldly squeezing every penny possible out of a dollar, protesting rises in salary, and fighting what he called the "criminal squandering of money by reckless spendthrift reporters in useless pursuits of worthless stories."

But the other month, in the summer time, Dodd moved himself and his patient wife into the wilds, where he had purchased the small cabin on the edge of Hawk Lake, thirty miles from the nearest sizable village, and fringing the vast hunting and fishing estate of Cyrus K. West. West Lodge was two miles up the wild, deserted lake, the only other human habitation in the wilderness; though some of the native guides maintained fishing docks and shacks on the edge of the lake.

Fallsboro was a tiny hamlet on Hawk River—a collection of a few houses and a general store—eight miles through the woods towards Wynton. There were two trains a day that came through Wynton. A bus made the thirty-mile trip over to Fallsboro and Hawk Lake once a day likewise, with provisions and mail. For one month, then, Dodd left his books and his figures behind him. The office was never mentioned. He fished, rowed, and swam, and showed himself, for all his years—he was past fifty, thin, dry, with meagre reddish hair and a gimlet nose—to be surprisingly spry and wiry.

The heavy pounding on the door

was repeated. Dodd touched his lips with his paper napkin, said, "Sit still," arose and went to the door. He opened it cautiously first, and then threw it wide. A large man stood in the path. He was heavy-set, with a small black moustache, and was dressed in dark trousers stuffed into hunting boots, and a lumberjack shirt. There was some kind of bright badge pinned to the shirt; he had a heavy revolver slung from his hip and he carried a rifle. He was hatless and there was a cloth bound around his head. There were dark stains on the cloth. He was quite breathless from exertion, but managed to jerk out, "I'm Jackson, one of Cyrus West's guards! Have you got a telephone?"

"No," said Mr. Dodd, "I have not. I have no need for one. It would be an unwarrantable expense. Is something amiss?"

The man named Jackson swore, and ground his rifle angrily. He looked about him helplessly for a moment. "Where is the nearest telephone?"

Mrs. Dodd came to the door and peered through her glasses.

"Fallsboro. Eight miles down the road," said Mr. Dodd. "There's one in the general store."

Illustrated
by
WEP

"Are you hurt? Can we do anything?" Mrs. Dodd fluttered anxiously.

"Grieved," said Jackson. "Skip it. I got to get to a telephone. They grabbed West's kid. My partner's got a slug through his lung. They laid out the nurse with a crack on the head. They're probably beating it for the border, but they can't be far. I must get the State cops."

Dodd tightened his mouth. "Mr. West has a telephone. Why not use that?"

"Wire's cut. Haven't found the break yet. They probably did it a couple of miles down."

"Who are they?" asked Mr. Dodd.

"Dunno, but there must have been plenty. The nurse and the kid and Harris—that's my partner—were down by the lake. Three of them came out of the woods. They shot Harris before he could get his gun out, and hit the nurse over the head. There must have been another in the woods, because I got mine from there when I ran down. I couldn't shoot on account of the kid. I was out for about ten minutes."

"I heard shots," said Mrs. Dodd. "I thought it was hunters."

By PAUL GALLICO

Jackson looked at them for a moment. "Hell," he said, "I'm standing here! I got to get to a telephone!" He turned and ran off down the path to his car, staggering a little as he ran.

Mrs. Dodd was even paler. She said, "Oh, poor Mrs. West," as they went back into the room. Then she suddenly ran to her husband and clutched at him. "Penryn, we're all alone here! Supposing they are still about!"

Mr. Dodd shook his head. "We will not be molested," he said. "We have no money. Such tragedies are the penalties of the wealthy. Let us finish our dinner."

It was well past seven o'clock before Mrs. Dodd suddenly called



out from the kitchen where she was doing the dishes. "Penryn!"

Dodd glanced up from a magazine. "Well?"

"Oughtn't you notify the 'Blade'?" Mr. Dodd glanced over his spectacles and said dryly, "How, my dear?"

Mrs. Dodd came to the door, wiping her hands and looking helpless. "There's a telephone at Fallsboro."

Mr. Dodd closed his magazine. "Do you realise what it costs to telephone to New York? It is heedless expenditures of that kind that I work so hard to curtail. The information will arrive there in due time."

Mrs. Dodd was the pallid, subdued

type of woman who clings damply to an idea, and who is harder to dislodge in her meek way than a more self-assertive person.

"But, Penryn, wouldn't it be what they call a scoop if they knew of it before anyone else?"

"I am an auditor, my dear, and not a reporter," said Dodd, adding a mental, "Thank Heaven." "That is the business of others. If you would be as concerned about keeping expenditures down as you are about the 'Blade,' I would be more pleased."

Mrs. Dodd wiped her hands and her idea with slow movements. "But, Penryn, isn't Mr. West a very important man? I saw a picture of him in the 'Blade.' And little Mal-

"Don't kiss him again, Rusty," said Perry Brown. "He doesn't like it."

colm is such a pretty child. He must be going on seven. The 'Blade' might pay you something extra for notifying them first. They always make such a big fuss over kidnapping."

Mr. Dodd's voice became crisper and dryer: "I would not countenance such a payment if it came before me for approval, as it eventually would. I am an employee of the 'Blade.' I have never approved of extra payments. A well-paid employee owes all of his time to his employers, without further recompense or gratuity. I have often said that to Mr. Court, The 'Blade' pays well. It is entitled to complete loyalty from its employees." He picked up his magazine again.

"But, Penryn," said Mrs. Dodd, "then, as an employee, oughtn't you to notify them as to what has happened?"

Dodd shifted his chair around and opened his magazine again. But he found he was reading without gaining the sense of the words. He did not like Wyatt Court, the city editor of the "Blade." There was usually open warfare between them. And the expenditure of money for long-distance telephoning went against his grain. The telephone bills of the "Blade" were always a sore point with him. His job was to save money, not to spend it. And yet his methodical mind was playing with a glimmer of the pleasure that attends a first har-

binger of news, good or bad. It would give Court something of a shock to have him call up and inform him that Malcolm West, son of multi-millionaire West, had been kidnapped. He closed his magazine with a sudden snap. Mrs. Dodd looked out of the kitchen and said, "Did you say something, Penryn?"

DODD rose and reached for his hat. He said, "I'm going to drive down to Fallsboro to make a few purchases. You will be perfectly safe here. The—ah—miscreants that apprehended the West child will be miles from here by now. I shall be back within an hour."

Mrs. Dodd said, "Yes, dear," and then: "You can reverse the charges, you know. I am sure that the 'Blade' will be glad to pay for the call."

Mr. Dodd paused at the door. "I have never approved of reversing the charges," he said. "If our reporters had to pay long-distance charges out of their own pockets, they would not be so quick to run up telephone bills. I shall pay for this call out of my own funds." He closed the door, and Mrs. Dodd heard the car start, and then saw the swath cut by the headlights down the road from the garage through the woods, until it vanished.

Please turn to Page 38

ROOM 9

Concluding this unusual tale of a hospital mystery

PART II



RESTLESS atmosphere began to pervade the hospital when the patient in Room 8 announced that she had seen a man crawling on hands and knees out of Room 9.

Shortly after, Nurse Ann Smith, on duty in Room 9, announced that her patient, entered in the hospital records a few hours before as Allen Tracy, was dead. The junior resident doctor, on examination, found that the man had been murdered.

Then came the confounding news that an Allen Tracy had died the day before in the public ward, and the attendant who had removed his body had disappeared. No one knew the real identity of the murdered patient in Room 9.

A tangled mystery confronted the police. Ann Smith, who was in charge of the case in Room 9, was an unsatisfactory witness and, believing she knew more than she would reveal at the hospital, they took her to the police station for further questioning.

The story continues.

THE trouble with Ann was that she still wouldn't talk, even at the police station. She wouldn't explain why the man had asked specifically for her. And she stuck to her story which was, by this time, contradictory in the extreme.

For if the man registered as Allen Tracy was actually (as the orderlies and nurses in the public ward insisted that he was) the same person as a man called Robinson, a non-paying case who died at five o'clock the previous afternoon, then he—Allen Tracy, I mean—was dead at five o'clock, he was dead and in the mortuary and couldn't have entered the hospital at seven, walked to the lift, been shown to his room and, later, have been alive when Ann arrived by his own request to take over the case.

Things like that simply don't happen.

But the nurses in the public ward came to look at the body; and they, as well as the public ward orderly (who had been summoned to remove the body of the man in Room 9) had recognised him. For Brown, whose duty it would have been to remove the body to the police ambulance, was not to be found. And the orderly from the men's public ward immediately recognised the body. They called the young house surgeon who had direct charge, under Dr. Triggert's supervision, of the patients in that ward and he, too, recognised it.

Robinson—or Allen Tracy—had died, he said, at about five o'clock. He, himself, looked at the man and left the death certificate, made out and ready to be signed by Dr. Triggert, who came in shortly after.

It developed, greatly to Dr. Triggert's embarrassment, that he (Dr. Triggert) had not seen the patient for several days and had not seen him at all after he died. He knew what was the matter with the man; he knew that all they could do was make his last hours comfortable. It was customary, of course, he explained agitatedly to the Inspector, for the doctor signing the death certificate to see the patient; but in this case he hadn't, for the body already, due to some mistake, had been removed.

"Who removed it?" said the Inspector at this point.



WYNNE W. DAVIES

"Brown," said the house surgeon.

"That's the missing orderly?"

"Yes."

"Then you just signed the death certificate, Dr. Triggert?"

Certainly he had, said Dr. Triggert. And there was nothing at all out of the way about it.

"But didn't you recognise the man in Room 9? I mean, when you looked at him didn't you know it was really the man called Robinson, who had died in the public ward that afternoon?"

Dr. Triggert, looking indignant and red, said he hadn't. The truth is Dr. Triggert has never been noted for the attention he pays to the free patients. They are by no means neglected. Dr. MacKerry and the house surgeons see to that. But not Dr. Triggert.

I heard this conversation myself; I had gone to ask Dr. Triggert for orders governing the emergency—for something very like panic had gripped the hospital. And heard it, I must say, with some satisfaction.

But, however Robinson got into Room 9 two hours after he'd died of heart disease, he was certainly there at twelve with a revolver wound in his heart.

And Brown was still missing. He hadn't been seen at his lodgings; he was nowhere to be found, and the only trace we had of him was an empty trolley from the mortuary which was discovered in the service lift. Which proved, however, that Ann had found him and talked to him and that he had, at least, started to the third floor to remove the body in Room 9.

"But the girl won't talk," said the Inspector to Dr. Triggert. "She knows something about it, but it's something that involves her, as otherwise she'd tell us more. The way I see it this dead man in the mortuary simply couldn't have entered the hospital two hours later.

So it must have been another man who came in and died. And there's some reason why she didn't want people to know about his death. So she got this man Brown to change the bodies and—"

"Then where is the body of this Allen Tracy? Where is Brown? Why was the man shot? Why didn't somebody hear the sound of the shot?" asked Dr. Triggert. "Besides, such a thing couldn't happen. Not in my hospital."

"Oh, no?" said the Inspector in a most unpleasant way, which pointed out that, after all, it had happened and went away, without even attempting to answer the questions Dr. Triggert propounded.

"Well, what is it, Nurse Keate?" snapped Dr. Triggert. "Can't you see I've things to do?"

Well, I had things to do myself.

"I only thought you ought to know," I said, "that the whole staff is so nervous that there've been five broken thermometers and two dropped breakfast trays already this morning, to say nothing of giving No. 5 liniment instead of cascara and the char running the entire length of the third corridor screaming because a window curtain flapped—"

He looked very harassed and stopped me.

"Double the number of nurses on duty," he said. "Don't let them talk to reporters. Tell them there's nothing in the hospital that could hurt them. All patients have been accounted for and there's no homicidal maniac roving round, if that's

Thrilling Story by
M. G. Eberhart

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

Ann would not talk, even at the police station.

what they're afraid of. Tell them there's police still in the hospital. Tell them—oh, tell them anything," said Dr. Triggert rather desperately. "The entire Hospital Board is on the way to the hospital, Nurse Keate. They've all telephoned—you'd think we did the murder on purpose."

I must say I felt a slight pity for the man; the whole weight of the Board is rather crushing, and not only in the way of weight, though there's plenty of that, too.

By lunch time I was still on the third floor, hollow-eyed from lack of sleep, but trying to keep order and see that my patients were taken care of. And waiting, hopefully, for Ann.

But she didn't come. All that dreary, horrible day I waited and could do nothing but wait. I went finally to my room in the nurses' wing adjoining the hospital, after a most uncomfortable lunch, during which the nurses could do nothing but chatter of the murder and of Ann.

It drizzled, I remember, all day. A dark, soot-laden drizzle which was cold and inexpressibly gloomy. We had lights on all over the hospital. And the nurses went in twos to the basement and avoided the dark corners of the staircase and the unoccupied rooms.

There were, too, I believe, a great many calls from the friends and families of the patients, and Dr. Triggert had his hands full, reassuring them. Three patients left.

The newspapers played up the murder even to the submergence of the bank robbers' trial. "Allen Tracy murdered in hospital," were the first headlines. "They were succeeded by others. 'Where is Robinson?' was one which I thought a little beside the point, because we knew exactly where he was.

But I did want to know what had happened to Brown, for people do not disappear without good and just cause.

There were other things I wanted to know, too, such as why the shot was not heard. We are accustomed to odd sounds in a hospital, it's true, but we are vehemently unaccustomed to revolver shots.

And the sound ought to have been heard by a great many people.

And, as to that, why was the man shot at all when he was already dead?

The dreary afternoon dragged on to its close. At about six, as I was pulling myself together to go to supper, Dr. MacKerry walked straight into the nurses' wing and to my room, thereby walking also through quite a lot of rules.

He looked haggard and said he'd come back from the police station and had made his hospital rounds, and didn't know what to do about Ann.

"She won't talk," he said with a kind of groan, and put his face in his hands. "She won't talk and I'm convinced she's trying to shield somebody, but I don't know who or why."

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Illustrated by WEP

"I don't believe, sir," said Sparks, "I'll be able to—stick it."

THE seas were higher than they had been the day before; there was a fiercer, more menacing note in the wind howling past; the squalls were more frequent. Even Captain Partridge, clinging to the bridge rail, peering over the canvas dodger, had had to acknowledge to himself that conditions were bad. Outwardly he might scoff and pretend that the weather was no more than was to be expected in the Western Ocean in the month of February; inwardly, he was, for the first time in his life, apprehensive of what might come. Never in all the years he had been at sea could he remember a heavier and more prolonged gale.

For three days now the Wendover, a tramp steamer of 8500 tons dead-weight, had been hove-to, with the engines barely turning and his seas constantly sweeping over the fore-castle head and cracking furiously against the saloon bulkhead and the bridges. Twice in twenty-four hours hatches had been stove-in, and all hands labored on the perilous foredeck to replace the torn tarpaulins with new, and battened down. Two sailors had been lost overboard. The engineers' mess-room steward lay in his bunk with a broken arm. The bos'n had had his hand crushed when one of the derricks had broken loose. A saucepan of boiling water had slid off the galley stove in the rolling and scalded the cook's foot, with the result that he was unable to stand and for two days now there had been no hot food. To get forward to the crew's quarters in the fore-castle was impossible, and the hands, firemen and sailors alike, slept on the engine-room gratings.

It was very cold. Snow showers were frequent. The ship was down by the stern and had taken on a list to port that was ominous. Oil bags used for ballast did little, it seemed, to deaden the force of the seas.

Nevertheless Captain Partridge could still hope. The Wendover had come through bad weather safely before; she would come through this, also. He was by nature and instinct a fighter, one who believed that only

through fighting could anything that was worth while be won.

The mate was also on the bridge.

His rather stern, hard face was calm and composed. In his eyes, visible under the brim of his yellow sou'-wester, was a look of confidence. However bad conditions might be, however hopeless, Mr. Stacey would continue as he was now, imperturbable, unruffled, undisturbed; Captain Partridge was sure of it.

He hauled himself along by the bridge rail to where the mate stood and shouted to make his voice heard above the booming of the wind:

"The glass is down to twenty-eight, twenty-three, and is still falling."

"Ay, it can't go much lower, sir."

Captain Partridge raised his eyebrows ironically.

"Can't it?"

He smiled. A good man, the mate.

The kind of man one could trust in a crisis.

THE ship was flung high up on the crest of a huge mountain of water, then, rolling far over to starboard, slid into a deep, wide valley, where with slopes of curdled, foaming sea rising up on either side she seemed to hang, as though beaten and exhausted, until once more, very slowly and deliberately, she climbed the steep ascent to the next high ridge.

Captain Partridge shouted to the helmsman in the wheelhouse:

"She's falling off. Get her on her course, man."

"On her course, sir," the man yelled. "She's on, sir."

Captain Partridge put his lips close to the mate's ear.

"Hatches all right, Mr. Stacey?"

THE LOCKED DOOR

A vivid tale of a man's mastery over fear

"I'll go and have a look round, air."

The chief engineer, in a greasy, wet boiler suit and cap, climbed the bridge ladder.

His round face was pale and streaked with oil and dirt. He looked tired and ill. Blood was smeared all over the back of his right hand.

Captain Partridge looked at him sharply but did not speak. Had what he had feared all along but resolutely refused to contemplate happened at last or what?

"Captain," the chief engineer shouted. What else he said was lost in the roar of the gale.

Captain Partridge dragged him by the arm into the chart-room, abaft the wheel-house, where, holding fast to each other, leaning back against the table, each with one foot braced against the settee, they talked.

"Bad?" said Captain Partridge.

"Ay, bad," said the chief engineer. "Captain, the water's comin' in frae somewhere. The pumps won't cope with it."

The worst had come to pass, then. So now what?

"There's a leak aft, I'm thinkin'."

"Ay, I suspected as much, chief. We're down by the stern."

"What's mair, Captain, steam's fallin'."

Captain Partridge gave a shrug of his big shoulders and sighed.

"No more bad news, chief?"

"No, Captain. Isn't that enough?"

"Ay, more than enough."

"A-weel, we're daein' oor best. It's hell doon below, too."

"I'm sure it is."

"I thoct I'd better come an' gie ye an inklin' of hoo things were. I thoct I'd better prepare ye."

As they left the chart-room the ship's stern rose, her head sank, and a huge mass of water, the biggest sea that Captain Partridge had yet seen, a precipice of dark-green water veined with white foam, swept with irresistible might over the fore-castle head towards the bridge.

"Hang on, for Heaven's sake!" he yelled.

T

HERE was a

crash like thunder. Ice-cold spray

dove over them. The dodger was

ripped from the eyelet holes and

vanished. The whole ship shud-

dered and reeled and for a

breathless moment it seemed to

Captain Partridge, peering over the

bridge rail into the biting, tearing

north-west wind, that never would

she be able to throw off that weight

of water on the foredeck and rise to

the next huge sea. But rise she did,

slowly, unwillingly, rolling to star-

board, and then slithering with a

sickening motion into the hollow

beyond.

The chief engineer, clinging to

Captain Partridge's arm, yelled in

his ear, "I thoct the bridge had

gone!"

"No," Captain Partridge yelled

back, "never that, chief. You see."

He smiled grimly, pretending to

A Complete Short Story

By . . . W. Townend

make light of what he had imagined was death for all of them.

"I'll be away doon below again, Captain."

"Thank you for coming, chief."

Five minutes later Captain Partridge made his way down the bridge ladder and along the bridge deck, clinging to a life-line as the vessel rolled to port and a sea swept over him, and then making a dash for the ladder on the engine-room casing that led to the boat deck and the wireless house.

The wireless operator sat in a swivel chair at his table, wearing his earphones and scribbling a message.

Captain Partridge entered and closed the door. The room was so small that there was little space to spare. He stood, balancing himself to the rolling, holding on to a steel beam that supported the deck head. Water dripped from his sou'-wester and oilskins on to the deck.

"Sparks," he said, "I've got something important to say to you."

The boy had shifted one of his phones and was watching him with wide-open, rather startled eyes.

Captain Partridge, swaying to and fro, studied him in silence. What in hell was wrong with him? Was he afraid, then, after all?

"You feeling all right, Sparks?"

"Why, yes, sir."

"Not seasick again?"

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

June 4, 1938.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

First Page

BRIGHT SPOTS on the SNOWSCAPE



JEAN LEHNIGGE

- **GAY CHECKED TWEED** is tailored smartly into a single-breasted jacket, with a fresh touch in the pockets which are cut in one with the overlapping front. Navy-plus fours and a "beanie" complete the outfit.
- **TRIM AND CLASSIC** is the double-breasted red jacket worn inside gray plus fours, extra tailored about the waist, and with zippered leggings. Gloves, socks and scarf have just the right contrast.
- **THE BLUE LACED JERKIN**, looking so neat tucked inside long black trousers, has a very full cut, allowing plenty of freedom for the arms. Gay red zippered pockets are set in the raglan, and stitched braid running down both jerkin and trousers gives the suit a snappy Continental air.
- **WITH A BRIGHT**, plain polo jumper, the green suit is quite complete without the nigger jacket for a change. The matching top is shaped like a suntop, quite backless, and buttons on to the trousers. A swathe of striped material makes an attractive turban.

SNOW in the AIR



● FOR sunny hours on the snowlands the lucky pair above have chosen gay woollen sweaters tucked into navy gabardine trousers. Woollen snow gloves to match sweaters.

● AT THE TOP RIGHT is a smart ensemble which will keep chills at bay, however nippy the air. Of brown angora tweed, with slouch velvet hat in deeper brown.

● THE SKIER at the right favors a suit comprising navy gabardine trousers and white gabardine jacket with scarlet leather buttons. Scarlet snow gloves.

● EN ROUTE to the uplands, the snow sports girl at the extreme right is sensibly clad in heavy homespun green tweed, with jaunty hat of Tyrolean vintage.



JEAN BATTEN PRESENTED AT COURT

These air mail photographs just received show the famous airwoman wearing her Court dress



● MISS JEAN BATTEN photographed in the gown in which she was presented to the King and Queen at the second Court on May 12 by Mrs. W. J. Jordan, wife of the New Zealand High Commissioner. The gown is of eau de nil satin heavily embroidered with seed pearls and diamante. The train is decorated with motifs in a wing design.

An Editorial

JUNE 4, 1938

THE CHARM OF THE CHILD



cious sex-appeal.

Of course it isn't. It's wider than that. It's the appeal of childhood.

Not only to those who themselves are parents, but to every normal man and woman, there is a magnetism in children. It is a dual attraction—the fascination of youthful vivacity and the immaturity that arouses our protective instincts.

Old people find in the child a renewal of their youth. The middle-aged unmarried find a vicarious sense of parenthood. Young men and women feel the urge to have children of their own.

And if you want further proof, reflect that children are fascinating even to children, the most mercilessly critical audience in the world.

To both children and grown-ups, the little Princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, are objects of perfectly honest interest. They are not merely Royal persons, they are Royal CHILDREN, who can be just like other children.

In another sense, the popularity of the Dionne quintuplets indicates the irresistible appeal of children. The sudden discovery that five adult sisters, all born on the same day, lived in some remote corner of the world might have been a newspaper sensation for a month. Then it would have faded.

What does it all mean—this attraction we feel towards little princesses, little quins, little actresses? And to all little people?

It means that life is an eternal process, of which we, as individuals, are but a part. And, through the charm of childhood, we are permitted to share something of the future... we can establish a comradeship with the people who will be living in the world after we are gone.

In its way, it is a precious proof of immortality.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

FROM
THE EDITOR'S
MAILBAG

Time to Speak

WITH all the preparations for war in Europe isn't it time England stepped in as policeman of the peace of the world? Some definite pronouncement should be made by Britain before it is too late.

I don't think there would be so much sabre rattling in Europe if the disturbers of the peace were told in no uncertain terms where England stood. Now is the time to speak.

Mrs. V. Moore, Venn St., Cottesloe, W.A.

Minor Themes

WHY do so many preachers rant about the trivial and ignore the big problems of life?

Smoking, dancing, short skirts, the amount of neck which may be displayed in evening frocks—these are dragged into the pulpit. Why lift at these windmills when there are glorious opportunities of dealing with great themes?

People, and particularly the younger generation, who are realists, do not want to listen to scolding sermons on the relatively trivial sins of omission and commission while there are big issues crying out for solution.

Let's hear less about short skirts, the flesh, and the devil, and much more about how to solve our vexed social problems and the application of the Golden Rule to complicated modern life.

Miss Eve Liddicoat, 17 Gurr St., Goodwood Park, Adelaide.

Domestics' Union

NOTICE with satisfaction that the Trades Union Congress in England is establishing a union for domestic servants. A domestics' union is long overdue in Australia.

If this class of work were dignified with an eight-hour day, adequate wages, and healthy conditions, a better class of worker would be attracted.

If it is necessary to have more than eight hours worked in a day then two shifts should be worked as in any other trade.

Where there is a late evening meal to be provided for and cleared away, time off in the afternoon could be allowed for this.

Much has been written lately regarding schemes for training domestics, but nothing at all about training employers, many of whom are sadly lacking in the art of treating mere domestics as human beings.

Mrs. N. Childs, 14 Wolseley St., Thompson Estate, Brisbane 33.

LYRIC OF LIFE

WINTER

Withering at their roots, these many plants

That were my yesterday's sunest, Brown rotted, limp with uselessness, Abundant but ingloriously dead. This was a song I cradled in my breast,

This was adventure, this impulsiveness, All debris on the garden paths I tread.

Here grew the eager groping for some truth, And here the confidence to dare so much—

Dead with the season's change, last year's sowing, A wilderness decayed, for here was youth.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

The Game or the Prize

WE are led to believe that sport carried on between nations tends to alleviate international misunderstanding, but the recent emotional displays induce one to regard this belief as just another fallacy.

In international athletic competitions, such as the Olympic Games, the competitors think more of their personal aggrandisement than that of the country they represent, because the honor of winning goes rather to the individual than to the country. It seems the prize today is more than the game.

Mrs. A. F. Page, 91 Kingsgrove Rd., Campsie, N.S.W.



DIANA NAPIER (Mrs. Richard Tauber), seen with a friend, Mrs. Douglas Turnbull, at a London garden party. Mrs. Tauber is wearing a magnificent fox fur coat which she is bringing with her to Australia. (See story, column 4.)

Bachelor Tax

CAN anyone imagine anything more unfair than taxes and restrictions placed on bachelors in various countries?

Why should a man be called on to help support another man's family, if through personal or financial reasons he does not see fit to take on the responsibility of one of his own?

Miss Steel, Box 7, South Yarra, Vic.

Dull History

MOST schoolchildren listen with interest and get a real thrill out of the story of the Black Prince winning his spurs, or Richard the Lionheart waging war against the Turks. But they are frankly bored when it comes to the "dull" tales of the Dutch blundering onto the shores of Australia or of Cook's voyage up the east coast.

I think the blame falls on the text books provided.

Most Australian history books are uninvitingly bound, the print is small and the pictures usually non-existent.

It is a crime that magnificent deeds are to be forgotten by the people whom they concern the most.

Mrs. F. Marvin, 16 Mantell St., Moonie Ponds, Vic.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



Tauber Looks Forward to Meeting Us

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

"Always I have wanted to go to Australia," said Richard Tauber when I spoke to him at the conclusion of his farewell concert at the Queen's Hall, London, before he left on the Orontes for his Australian tour.

IN the audience was his film-star wife, fair-haired, blue-eyed, vivacious Diana Napier, and seated not far away the great violinist, Yehudi Menuhin, with his shy Australian fiancée, the lovely Nola Nicholas.

Richard Tauber, accompanied by his wife and pianist Percy Kahn, later embarked on the Orontes at Naples for a ten-weeks' season with the A.B.C. in the principal cities of the Commonwealth, opening with a concert in Melbourne on June 30.

Love to Australia

WHEN, after at least six encores, I chatted with Tauber in his dressing-room, he told me of his longing to see Australia.

"Always," he said in his stumbling English, "I have received letters from Australia asking me to go there, but always I am too busy and to make such a long trip—it was impossible."

"Now, I receive so many letters, and especially since I made my last two pictures, that I realise I must make the time and go to sing to this great Australian audience."

"It will be winter, so I shall not be able to... what you call it, surf, but then I shall be so busy always with concerts and travelling and rehearsing new numbers that perhaps it is as well. Your great out-of-doors is going to interfere a lot with my work... and he heaved a sigh."

"Last year in Vienna I heard your Joan Hammond."

"I heard her sing Schubert. It was brilliantly done by one who does not speak the language."

"I look forward to meeting and learning a lot about Australians and Australia—alas, I know very little now, but that will soon be different."

"Give them my love and say how very much I have been looking forward to this trip and how glad I am that it is about to happen. I know I am going to enjoy Australia very much."

Luxury Dresser

DIANA, too, had something to say about Australia. She spoke of clothes. "I believe they are very well dressed," she said, "so I am taking an extra interest in my wardrobe. I do hope I shall have an opportunity of horseback riding. I am very fond of riding and swimming, but I fear it is going to be too cold. I am disappointed about that."

"No," she said in answer to my inquiry as to whether she would do any film work. "I am going to have a long holiday. My husband will be very busy and I shall devote my time to him entirely."

If Mrs. Tauber's black satin, slim-fitting dress and luxurious fox fur cape, which reached almost to her knees, are any indication of the clothes she will be wearing, Australia is going to see some smart frocking.

Her hat was particularly chic, a shiny straw after the Edwardian manner, tied on with a black spotted veil.

The veil, while being a thing of great beauty to the wearer, was a source of quite a little husbandly annoyance to Richard.

As he bent to kiss his wife, who was leaving to keep an appointment, he found himself entangled in a yard or so of mesh veiling. Fashionable or not, his impatient fingers untied the veil—no mean feat, as it was secured in a firm knot on the nape of the neck—lifted it from the fair Diana's face, and kissed her an affectionate farewell.

L. W. LOWER'S Drive-Your-Own-Car SERVICE



How to Get Into Trouble and Out of It In One Lesson

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

Everybody should learn to drive a car! You never know when the knowledge might come in handy.

You might even own a car yourself some day! Or pay the deposit on one and perhaps two or three instalments and then owe the rest, like everybody else does.

DRIVING a car is easy if you're not too inquisitive. There are always a lot of knobs and things on the dash-board that don't mean a thing and it is best not to know anything about them. If you can tell the throttle from the cigar-lighter, that is near enough for a start.

There are four things to remember in a car—the clutch, the brake, the accelerator and the gear handle. Oh, yes! And the steering wheel. There are also other things like ignition switches and things, but they don't count much. Now, how to drive the car. Get in the front seat. It may seem more comfortable in the back seat, but you have to keep leaping over the back seat into the front seat to steer

and change gears and one thing and another, and it spoils all the enjoyment of the drive.

Shut the door! There is nothing looks more untidy than a car with all the doors open, or torn off or hanging on one hinge.

Turn the key in front and stamp on everything on the floor one at a time until you come to the self-starter. Keep the foot down on the self-starter until the battery is just about flat, and then pull or push the gear handle and let in the clutch.

The car will give a terrific lurch which will shake your back teeth out. But persevere with it. When you do get it going take the hand-brake off. Throw it away if you feel like it. They're only a nuisance, anyway. And now you're off!

What a glorious feeling it is when you get out of the place without knocking the gate-posts down! Hark to the engine making a noise like empty cream-cans being thrown out on railway platform! Look out for that horse and cart! Look at the speedometer! Look at the policeman! Look at the telegraph pole!

'Ware, Driver No. 2

"THAT'S not the brake, that's the accelerator, you fool! Switch the engine off!"

"Listen. If you don't like the way I drive, you can get out. How do you expect me to keep my eye on the road . . ."

"LOOK OUT!"

" . . . My eye on the road if you keep yelling in my ear? Who's driving this . . ."

"Holy Mike!"

"It's all right. I missed him, didn't I?"

"Stop the thing and let me get out!"

"BANG!"

"There you are. I knew you'd do it. What did I tell you? What have I been saying all along?"

"Ah, shut up! It's only a puncture."

"That's why we've finished up on the footpath with one of the mudguards two hundred yards down the street, I suppose?"

"You're always complaining. I'm kind enough to take you for an outing and all you do is nag at me. Help me to change this tyre."

How To Do It

NOW, if there's anything in the wide world calculated to drive a man into the asylum it's changing tyres. But I won't go into details, seeing this is a ladies' paper.

The best thing to do if you get a puncture is to leave the car wherever it happens to be and go home by tram, bus, train, or boat.

If ever you see a man covered with dust, oil, blood blisters, aching grease and gravel rashes and crying and swearing at the same time, you will know that he is changing a tyre.

All this, of course, merely applies if you drive your own car. If you have a chauffeur it's different. You simply say, "What was that loud report, James?"

"A puncture, I'm afraid, sir."

"How tiresome!"

"Yes, sir. Would you care to wait over in that hotel, sir, while I fix it?"

"Excellent idea, James. Don't you hurry yourself over the job. Take your time."

Then you go and sit in a nice cool lounge and drink ginger ale and stuff while he writhes on the roadway fixing things up.

Afterwards he comes to you and says, "We're ready now, sir."

"Ah! We are, are we? Good. Where were we going, James?"

"We were going to the Mountains, sir, to see the sights."

"Oh, yes. Well, James, you dash off to the Mountains, have a good look at the sights, and come back here and tell me all about it."

That's the best of having someone to drive you.

If you get into a taxi-cab and say to the driver that you want to go to some place, he doesn't say, "But I've been there before. Can't we go to some other place? And besides, the roads are all uphill and there's nothing to see when you get there." No, sir! You just hop in, and BING!—there you are.

Whereas if you're driving yourself you hop in and Bing!—where the devil are you? Of course, you may have a road map. But never yet have I seen a road map that didn't look back to front and askew.

What good are they, anyway? After looking at one for ten minutes and wondering what it's all about, the average driver just says, "It ought to be along here somewhere," and keeps going the way he's decided in the first place.

But as I said in the first place, everybody should learn to drive a car. You don't have to own a car. Just borrow from your friends. It's less expensive and you get more variety.

How can you get a GIRLISH FIGURE

WOMEN in their thirties who have put on weight can regain a slim, girlish figure with the aid of Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are the safe, healthy way to slimness. Just a couple nightly and that surplus fat gradually melts away, leaving slender, fashionable curves.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable—they eliminate fat-forming residues daily, and by toning up the system and purifying the blood give you radiant health and a lovely clear complexion.

Don't envy others—start now to achieve healthy, fashionable slimness for yourself.

By Nightly Taking

BILE BEANS



"Excess fat made my figure ungainly and it was a trouble for me to get about and keep up with my work. Dieting had no effect, but I soon lost weight when I started with Bile Beans. By taking them regularly each night I have reduced two stones and regained my fitness and energy."—Miss R. Morris.

"Nightly Bile Beans have certainly saved me hours of weary exercising. They have reduced my weight by thirteen pounds and I never felt so well as I do to-day. Now that I've found the secret of keeping slim, never again will I be without Bile Beans." Mrs. R. Fairley.

BREAKFAST D'LIGHT

Puts glowing health within reach of all..

New! Exciting!

FREE GIFTS

For Youngsters! now placed in every Breakfast D-Light Packet

Full of Pep!

Fit as a Fiddle!

There's no greater blessing in the whole world than health! It's a happy family whose mother knows the value of

"Breakfast D-Light"

—one of the simplest and best foods in the world; because it not only brings you real nourishment, but also the Sunshine Vitamins which are as important to health as daily sunshine.

Remember! "Breakfast D-Light" cooks in five minutes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

recommended as "just as good"

Doctors everywhere for 25 years have recommended "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT"—its food value is unequalled.

MOTHERS!

TRY THIS NEW SCONE RECIPE!

1 lb. "Breakfast D-Light"

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MOTHERS! COLLECT COUPON TOPS and exchange them for Towels, Glass, Clothes, etc.

Full details on each packet.

W. C. DOUGLASS PTY. LTD.

Foveaux Street, Sydney

Have issued a new coloured illustrated list of lovely gifts—write for a copy to-day and enclose a 2d. stamp.

Collect Coupons also from—

- "Fountain" Bath
- Relating Floor
- "Fountain" Tomato
- Sauce
- Basket Mixed Fruit, etc.

The above reference to free gifts does not apply to States where free gifts are not permitted by law.

FOR DEFENCE AND PUBLIC WORKS



INTEREST PAYABLE TWICE YEARLY

Defence Brings Security . . . Public Works create Employment . . . Buy a Share in Your Country's Security—and Progress.

The two great questions facing Australia to-day are **Defence and Development**. They are of paramount importance to the nation and to the individual.

Defence is the great task of the Commonwealth Government, whose aim is to make Australia as strong as possible—as quickly as possible.

Development is the care of State Governments, as well as of the Commonwealth Government, and in the development of a young country like Australia, there is much to be done—the building of roads and railways, and bridges, the construction of water and sewerage works, etc.

To carry out the **Defence Plan** and the maintenance of essential **Public Works**, this Loan of £10,250,000 is sought. Investment in the Loan is a National duty for the individual, and offers in return a profitable income.

Interest on Bonds is payable twice yearly, at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum. The income is not subject to State taxation, and the taxation by the Commonwealth will not exceed a stated rate.

The Government appeal to small investors throughout the Commonwealth to put some part of their savings into this Loan. It is a People's Loan.

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EARLY

£10,250,000

LOAN CLOSES NOT LATER
THAN 3RD JUNE, 1938.

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Treasurer.

FOR RICH SOUPS and GRAVIES
add one or two OXO cubes

OXO
CUBES



Sales Agents: Hodgson & Co. Pty. Ltd.
Sydney and Melbourne.

ROOM 9

Continued from
Page 7

"THERE'S no question of them charging her with murder, is there?"

To my cold horror, he didn't answer that.

"Does she still say she didn't know?"

He groaned.

"That's the trouble. That's the thing that makes them suspect her. They know—anybody knows—that a nurse must know more about her patient than she admits to knowing. They know the man couldn't have been shot without her knowledge. They know he asked for her and must have known her—Tracy, I mean. They know—well, that is what I think. The man who came to the hospital simply couldn't have been this Robinson. Robinson was already dead and in the mortuary. Well, then, who was Tracy—and where is he? And when was Robinson's body substituted for this man—for that must have been what was done. Brown would know, but we can't find Brown. This much is self-evident, and with it is a sort of corollary. That is that Ann—"

"Ann must have known that Allen Tracy and Robinson were not the same man."

"Exactly," said Dr. MacKerry. "And she won't admit it. Won't say anything. That's why she looks so—so guilty."

"But that isn't sufficient evidence to charge her with murder. Besides, any revolver shot inside the hospital—"

"The revolver was found, Nurse. It was found in the courtyard; anybody could have thrown it from almost any window. Or from the basement door. It was," he added wearily, "a small one—equipped with a silencer, which is fairly sizable, in case you've never seen one, and a little difficult to carry about in a pocket. There were no finger-prints on the revolver and the number had been filed away."

After a moment I observed rather dazedly that Ann wouldn't be likely to have such a thing in her possession.

"No," he said. "But the police wouldn't see it like that. And there's another thing that doesn't seem to have occurred to you, Nurse, and that's the fact that Robinson wasn't actually murdered. That is if Robinson actually died at five o'clock, he couldn't have been murdered later on. It is certain he wasn't shot at five; he simply died of heart failure. And the post mortem corroborates it. The wound was made after death. Nobody can say exactly how long except within certain limits. The temperature of the body—the blood flow—"

I interrupted.

"Then they'll release Ann."

But Dr. MacKerry stared down at the rug.

"I'm not so sure," he said slowly.

"If we could find Brown—"

HE went on to tell me what they were doing. The Hospital Board had demanded an investigation and Ann's immediate dismissal. He had attempted, I gathered, to defend Ann, or at least to plead for her, and Dr. Triggert had made it the occasion for an open difference of opinion.

"It'll be all over the hospital by morning," said Dr. MacKerry gloomily, for once lapsing from his professional silence regarding Dr. Triggert. "We had," he added, looking rather guilty and boyish, "words; and the girl in the office heard it. I think he's going to demand my resignation."

"The Board will refuse to ask for it."

"I'm not so sure about that either," he said, and rubbed his hands through his hair. "Good Heaven, if Ann would only talk! Look here, Nurse Keate—you know her. Is there anything that could explain—"

I shook my head.

"But she didn't murder, or—or try to murder anybody. She didn't put a bullet hole through a dead man. She didn't—"

"What happened to Allen Tracy?" said Dr. MacKerry.

Well, I didn't know; and the bell rang for supper and Dr. MacKerry got up. At the door he turned and put one hand on my shoulder and said:

"I feel just as you do, Nurse. Except besides believing in her I—I love her."

"I love her, too," I said.

He went away then.

I got into a fresh uniform and pinned on my cap and went to sup-

per. The nurses at the table, especially those about to go on night duty, were frankly apprehensive.

"After all," said Corinne Wells, "whether this man Robinson was actually murdered or not, that's what somebody intended to do."

"And where," chimed in another nurse, "is the patient in Room 9?"

"Well, he's not anywhere about the hospital," I said crisply. "You can count on that. Every inch of the place has been searched."

Which only goes to show human fallibility. My own in particular.

There were two more nurses on the third floor with us that night. But even so, after we had got the patients ready for the night and the floor had quieted, it did seem very quiet indeed and the windows behind the chart desk winked and glittered knowingly.

The nurses were inclined to do things together—for which I didn't blame them. And once when a window slid down with a bang in the kitchen a young nurse nearly jumped out of her skin, and a few minutes later the other came to me and said the woman in Room 8 just lay and stared at the door.

"She insisted on seeing a newspaper," said the nurse, "and she looks terrified and keeps watching the door."

I reached for her chart. Her pulse and temperature were all right, though, and Dr. Triggert, who had seen her that day, had ordered only a light sedative so that she couldn't be very ill. I put down the chart and the lift rumbled and stopped, and Ann herself stepped out of it. The black shadows under her eyes showed that she had had twenty-four hours without a rest.

I SENT the nurse (who was staring avidly at Ann) down to the woman in Room 8, and made Ann sit down at the chart desk.

"They let me go," she said. "Dr. MacKerry told them as long as murder hadn't been done they couldn't keep me. These wasn't any other charge they could bring. Sarah, is there a newspaper here?"

"A newspaper?"

She nodded. And looked at me with blue eyes like deep wells that held something so anxious, so terribly troubled, so appealing that I—well, I went and found a newspaper.

Ann simply took it into the dispensary and stood there, reading it as if nothing else existed.

A light went on, and I went to answer it. When I came back to the chart desk Ann was gone and the paper was folded neatly and lying on the desk. I picked it up and read. But beyond learning that Robinson had been a tailor originally, and that the hospital was a seething mass of excitement (which was not altogether untrue), that the trial of the bank robbers, which up to then had usurped the front pages, had been dismissed that day for lack of identification, and that the weather would continue to be cold and rainy, I was very little wiser.

Yet I held in my hands, then, the clue to the whole affair.

But I didn't know it. I sat there re-reading every word of the long description of the hospital, looking—with some disapproval—at the pictures accompanying the article in which Dr. MacKerry, snatched as he got into a car, had a smudge across one cheek. And Dr. Triggert looked more than ever like an enraged and nervous billy goat.

But in the main the mystery centred round three things: Was there an Allen Tracy and, if so, what happened to him? Where was Brown, and why had he gone? Why would anyone shoot a man who'd been dead several hours?

Corinne came to look over my shoulder.

"Quite a spread the old hospital's getting," she said. "Where did Ann go?"

"Back to her room, I suppose."

"Oh!" said Corinne. "Well—why did she go down the corridor, then, towards Number 9?"

"Number 9?"

"Yes," said Corinne. "And stayed there while I got some beef-ten for Number 6. Then she came back to the staircase and went downstairs. What was she doing, do you suppose, in 9?"

"Are you sure it was 9?"

Please turn to Page 15

THEN . . .

A fruit bowl typical of silverware fashions when George II was King of England

and
NOW

A silver fruit bowl of to-day—fine example of modern craftsmanship



A Reckitt's Product—Made in Australia



IN TOWN TO-NIGHT

I used to have a tendency to pick up any winter ailment that was going, colds, 'flu, etc. Friends recommended this or that to make the cold less "snuffy," or the 'flu less virulent—but never a hint of forestalling the cold or 'flu altogether.

I couldn't believe that these ailments were inevitable, because I found that coughs, colds and 'flu pass by the man or woman who is properly protected. As I ought to have known, the real protection is vitamins. Our everyday food is seriously short of these powerful protectors. If only you can get them in sufficient quantity you can enjoy Vitamin Vitality.

How? Well, I take Bemax. A table-spoonful I'm told, contains the extra 200 units of Vitamin B that doctors say are essential to complete health. No other food contains anything like this quantity.

Of course, I can only tell you what has happened to me, but ever since I began taking that morning spoonful of Bemax I've been remarkably fit.

On this subject, I have a little book, "Vitamins and Health," that I'll be pleased to send you. Just send a card to B. Max (Dept. F8), P.O. Box 3679 S.S., Sydney.

NO STYLISH CLOTHES WOULD FIT HER

So Fat She Looked Enormous

She couldn't wear anything pretty, for nothing smart would fit her. She had tried ordinary "salts" without avail. At last, a friend persuaded her to try Kruschen, and—well, read her letter.

"A few months ago, I weighed 14 stone 2 lbs. and my height is 5 ft. 6 ins. I really had got 'enormous.' It was impossible for me to walk into a shop and buy anything really pretty to fit me. One day, a friend said, 'Why don't you start taking Kruschen?' I replied, 'haven't I been taking salts for months?' 'I know you have,' she said, 'but not Kruschen. Salts, which makes all the difference.' She was so serious I bought a bottle on my way home. I am now happy to tell you I weigh 11 stone 8 lbs. I am naturally a lazy person, but I found that as I gradually lost weight, I got more and more energetic." (Mrs.) C.W.

Before the first bottle of Kruschen is finished, the fat starts to go. Then, month after month, the scales tell the same story—a few pounds less of superfluous flesh to burden the body and endanger the health.



Beauty-Wash for "difficult" Hair

... real "professional" effect

WHATEVER its natural color... and particularly if your hair is "difficult" ... wash it with our coconut-foam, and see a fascinating new loveliness. Everyone's talking about this "new way to wash hair." See the magic new luster... the new silky-sleek appearance of your hair. Watch how waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling... easy to dress! **BLONDES**... Coloured coconut oil Shampoo preserves true gold color. **BRUNETTES**... Find new highlights. Make your next shampoo a real "beauty wash." 2/6 bottle gives 14 shampoos. All Chemists, Stores or Hardware.



A Skin Clear and Lovely

SHE IS PERFECTLY FIT AND WELL.

"A number of blemishes, pimples and boils appeared on my face and disfigured my complexion," states Miss E.S. of Gympie, Queensland. "At the time I was studying a great deal, and became anaemic and run down. I was very worried, and reading that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were good for the blood, decided to try them. To my great relief, after taking a short course of these pills, my skin is now as clear as ever and I'm feeling perfectly fit and well."

One of the excellent results of taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is their splendid effect in clearing the complexion of blemishes. These pills help to enrich and increase the blood, and this good new blood banishes pimples and boils and gives rosy colour to the cheeks and lips.

Every young girl and young woman who suffers anaemia, nervousness, headaches, dizziness, and pimply skin, should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Do not delay; see how quickly the miseries disappear after a short course, and how clear and attractive the skin becomes. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams'" and take no other.



No funnel is necessary, never a grain is wasted with the patent pourer tin. **Cerebos** THE PERFECT TABLE SALT

ROOM 9

Continued from Page 14

"No," said Corinne. "But I saw her walk down the corridor in that direction and 9 is the only empty room. And when she came back she came from that end of the corridor. I didn't actually see her go in Room 9."

I put down the paper and went to Room 9 myself. And found it locked. As I stood there, the light above Room 8 went on, and I opened the door. Mrs. Beatty apparently hadn't expected anyone to answer so promptly, for she clutched the covers to her chin as if about to dive under them, and turned a very pale face towards me.

"Oh, it's you," she said then. "I only wanted to say that I don't want to be disturbed again. I'm going to try to sleep."

"Mrs. Beatty," I said. "About last night—"

She looked rigid and said, "Yes?"

"Do you still think you saw—"

"I'm perfectly sure I saw a man come out of that room at twenty minutes to twelve last night. I'm sure he was on his hands and knees. I'm sure there wasn't a sound. He closed the door and held it with his hands so that it wouldn't bang, and then crept off down the corridor. Now that's all, and that's the last time I'll tell anybody about it. Nobody believes me, anyhow. And I'm leaving the hospital to-morrow. And that's that. Now I'll go to sleep."

"Very well, Mrs. Beatty," I said, and turned out the light and went away. I was half-way down the corridor before it occurred to me that her eyes were more frightened than sullen, and that her voice had the taut hoarseness of fine-strung nerves.

It was then nearing eleven, and owing to the usual lull of that period of the night we were not particularly busy.

And when the supper bell went I sent Corinne Wells and the other girl down first, and when they returned went down myself. Once in the basement, however, I turned—and not without some trepidation—into the long corridor running the length of the basement. Brown's disappearance loomed larger and larger in its significance and it seemed to me that there might be some clue for it—or at least for that curious process by which a dead man removed from the public ward had turned up several hours later on the third floor—in the mortuary wing of the basement where ordinarily Brown was on night duty.

I found two young orderlies—one was actually one of the lift boys—but neither of them knew anything of Brown.

"Everything is in order," said the orderly. "Nothing out of place. And I say, Nurse, this man Robinson—"

"Yes?"

"Well, according to the record his family came for him."

It was true. He showed me the book with the entry in Brown's handwriting.

"Do the police know this?" I asked.

He shrugged.

"I don't know. I only came on duty at seven. I say, Nurse, is there any chance of us getting some coffee from the nurses' dining-room?"

I TOLD him certainly, that Brown always did. And omitted to mention that he always lingered over it an unconscionable time.

This lift boy looked pleased.

"It's awful gloomy down here," he said to me. "I keep thinking Brown's somewhere about."

It was really the most unpleasant sort of coincidence that at that very instant the bell over the desk rang. It rang and rang again and stopped and the whole bare little room with its whitewashed walls seemed terribly still when it stopped. I didn't move, and neither did the orderly, and the lift boy went quite green round the mouth.

And quite suddenly it began to ring again—crashily, jerkily.

The orderly turned a stricken face to me.

"It's the third floor," he said. I have no memory of getting upstairs, although I believe I did take the staircase rather than wait for the lift. I have only a confused memory of the corridor of the third floor. Lights and nurses and orderlies. I do remember that the young nurse was flat on the floor near the chair desk in a dead faint and nobody was

paying the slightest attention to her.

But there was a crowd down near the sun-room end of the corridor. And Corinne Wells ran from somewhere and clutched and jabbered at me.

For Brown had been found.

Brown had been found, and within ten minutes the police were there again, pouring into the hospital. This time to investigate what could only be murder.

The young nurse had found him. She'd gone into the sun-room for something and turned on the light, and had seen a hand protruding from behind a big chair in the corner where no hand should be. She went to it and it was Brown.

He'd been there, they decided, for about twenty-four hours. And he'd been shot through the heart and had died, probably, instantly. No one ever knew why he hadn't been found before that. I think myself that it was because the sun-room was so evidently without hiding-places. Just a big plain room with windows all round it and only one entrance. You could stand in the doorway and glance into the room and feel sure you had seen everything in it from the three potted palms to the grass rug. If I had been searching for anything in the hospital I would have looked—as the police had looked—in the cupboard, in the storeroom, in the dark corners, in every little twist and turn and out-of-the-way nook. A body in the sun-room was just about as hidden as a body in a hall. Except that, of course—and I suppose that was the real explanation of it—no one was in the sun-room on those gloomy, rainy days.

THE turmoil of the previous night was simply nothing to the sheer chaos of that night. Luckily Dr. MacKerry turned up in the middle of it and sent the huddled, chattering groups of nurses back to their several duties. I don't know when it was I thought of Ann. Nor why I felt so suddenly and strongly impelled to go to her. The place was deserted and night lights burned along the corridor. I saw no one. I reached Ann's room and knocked and she answered at once. So promptly that I knew she hadn't been asleep. She let me in and at the first glimpse of me she cried: "Sarah—Sarah!" and shrunk back, clutching a woolly white dressing-gown round her.

I told her what had happened.

"They'll be here soon, Ann. They'll come to question me—and to question you. Before they come won't you tell me anything you know? Anything—"

"Brown," she said, in a kind of whisper. "Brown." And blinked slowly and looked at her watch.

"Oh, Sarah, Sarah," she said. "I didn't know it would be murder. I didn't know."

She was trembling. She looked like a lost little ghost with horror in its eyes.

There was no time to waste.

"Ann, quick, tell me! Who brought Robinson to Room 9?"

Again she looked at her watch. Then she took a long, tremulous breath.

"I'll tell, Sarah," she said. "I think he's safe now. And I didn't know it would be murder—"

"You think who is safe?"

"Allen Tracy," said Ann. "He's had time to get away. Only it wasn't Allen Tracy. That was the name he gave them, so it was the name that had to be reported as that of a man who died. Then they would let him go. He said they'd never give up; that if he gave evidence against them nobody could really protect him. No matter what protection the police would promise him for giving evidence, somebody sooner or later would get him. And Arthur was always rather nifty. He's not very brave, you know."

I put both hands to my head and then on Ann's shoulders. I believe I shook her a little.

"Arthur who? Arthur what? For heaven's sake, Ann!"

"Arthur Smith," said Ann wearily. "My brother. The one who's a doctor. He's house surgeon at the County. That's how they happened to get hold of him. But I didn't know he was going to do it, Sarah. I didn't know who Allen Tracy was till I got to his room and it was Arthur and he told me about it. And then—"

"Wait, Ann. What did he tell you?"

Please turn to Page 18

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



Will YOU be free of money troubles at 60?

A VERY jolly old lady this week tells why she gets "a nice fat cheque" from the A.M.P. every quarter:

"When my husband and I were married we took out a policy in the A.M.P. that would give each of us £3 a week when we got to 60. We reached 60 long ago and are enjoying the nice fat cheques that come, and will come, every quarter till we die. We have no money troubles. I would advise every young couple to follow the same plan."

It is a good plan. It is one of the many good A.M.P. plans that make for the happiness and peace of mind of men and women, and for their longer lease of life.

Over 186,000 new policies were issued by the A.M.P. Society last year. Each policy will in due course ease someone's money troubles. The nearest A.M.P. office will be glad to send an experienced adviser to you to suggest how you can ease yours. Ask to-day that he be sent.

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Including fares from Australia and return and in Europe, plus accommodation and sightseeing. Naples, Nice, Monte Carlo, San Remo, Cannes, Grasse, Juan Les Pins, Genoa, Lugano, Stresa and Isola Bella; Locarno, Como; Bergamo; Brescia, Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Milan, The Rhine, Linz-on-Rhine, Coblenz, Bonn, Cologne, Brussels, Paris (one week in Paris), Versailles, Fontainebleau and two weeks in London.

From £173/5/- including Exchange.

Early Reservations are always advisable.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney.

Sydney at Its Gayest

This is the time to visit the Harbour City. A wonderful time awaits you. The Women's Weekly Travel Bureau will arrange for you an exceptional holiday which includes boat fare to and from any capital. Full hotel accommodation throughout. Wonderful trip to the Jervisian Caves, and the Blue Mountains. As much travel as you like for a whole week on Sydney's lovely harbor. Visits to the famous Taronga Park Zoo, Ferry and admission to Luna Park. Splendid tourist harbor excursion. Ticket for theatre (not picture show).

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Merry Old King Cole and His Fiddlers



THE QUEEN OF THE "QUINS." dressed up as a King. This is Yvonne, in the role of Old King Cole, one of the nursery rhymes the famous Dionne sisters are learning. Garbo, Crawford and other Hollywood stars had better look to their laurels, with so much talent coming along. These are the latest pictures received of the wonder children for publication exclusively in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Three . . . As Played by the "Quins"



"EVERY FIDDLER, he had a fiddle, and a very fine fiddle had he." Gaily fiddlers Emilie, Cecile and Annette strum away in the preliminaries of "Old King Cole."

It's a Joyful Show by the "Quins"

THIS week the world's only family of quintuplets put on their famous sister act for your entertainment. It was to celebrate their fourth birthday last Saturday.

It is a tableau of three scenes, from the nursery story of Old King Cole.

Look at the wonderful cast:

Old King Cole Yvonne
Page Marie
Fiddlers . . . Emilie, Cecile, Annette

It gives the Dionne all-star quintet a chance to show histrionic ability in musical revue. What verve, what elan, what eclat . . . what everything.

And not to be outdone by Noel Coward, who got tired playing the same show night after night, and therefore wrote himself a cycle of nine plays to be given every three nights, the "Quins" show that they can switch from tragedy to comedy, too.

There's no plot in this play. It's just a picture of an old gaffer out to have himself a time—entertainment for the tired business man.

Notice how Yvonne, as King Cole, chortles in the ensemble scene. When those fiddlers swing it, nobody can sit still.

One scene shows Yvonne as a king should be—happy as a king. There's a change of crowns between the scenes, but what's the use of being king if you can't have at least two crowns?



"TWEEDLE DEE . . . tweedle dee, went the Fiddlers Three." The famous Dionne sisters bring their show to a dramatic climax. It's a five-star act, so don't spare the applause.

—EXCLUSIVE TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.



TODAY'S message is for Rheumatic Sufferers. Valuable time and money can be lost on useless remedies. 'ASPRO' has been proved a safe antidote for Rheumatism in dissolving pain and bringing almost immediate relief. The reason is a scientific one. Medical Authorities state that two factors are responsible for Rheumatism, viz: germs and uric acid. 'ASPRO' after ingestion in the system is not only a powerful germicide — an internal anti-septic — a solvent of uric acid, but it directly attacks the causes of the complaint. When the pain disappears your attitude to illness changes — **YOU STOP GETTING ILL — YOU START GETTING WELL AND NATURE GETS A CHANCE TO WORK FOR PERMANENT HEALING.** So try 'ASPRO' and help nature to banish Rheumatic pain. Enlist this great power on your side. A packet of 'ASPRO' Tablets is a small enough matter in itself — yet for many it has been the turning point of their lives — the moment when pain and misery have been left behind for good.

'ASPRO'

BRINGS QUICKEST RELIEF in SAFEST WAY

Latest News from Users

Unable to Walk For Six Months—Now Back at Work

23 Morgan Street,
MEREWETHER,
NEWCASTLE, N.S.W.
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Dear Sirs,
'ASPRO' has been a great boon to me in recent years. I have been a sufferer from Sciatica for a long time. My doctor treated me and told me to take regular doses of 'ASPRO' Tablets. He said 'ASPRO' would not harm me and would relieve the pain. It certainly did that and after having been unable to walk for six months I am now working as a wharf laborer which speaks for itself. I can highly recommend 'ASPRO' to all sufferers from this complaint and you may use this testimonial as you wish.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) JOHN PLEASH

NICHOLAS LTD.
168/28

"Rheumatism was A Constant Companion until I tried 'ASPRO'"

50 Cecil Street,
GORDON, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,
I have been a very constant user of 'ASPRO' for many years, indeed my doctor advises me to take it. I suffer from Rheumatism and have received so much benefit from 'ASPRO' that I could really call it a blessing as I rarely suffer from Rheumatism now except in damp weather. I have nothing but praise for 'ASPRO' and you can use this if you so desire.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) L. H. DUNCALF (Mrs.)

"My Rheumatics Would Be Unbearable Without 'ASPRO'"

Rara, Murdoch Street,
TURRAMURRA, N.S.W.
17/1/37

Dear Sirs,
I am a great user of your 'ASPRO' Tablets as I find they are the only effective medicine for my trouble. I suffer with Rheumatism of the Nerves and the Headaches which come from this complaint would be unbearable without 'ASPRO'. I have sometimes been without 'ASPRO' and have had to take something else, but I never get the same relief as I do from 'ASPRO'.

(Sgd.) T. W. PRETTY.

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Rheumatism	Sore Throat	Malaria	Asthma
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Irritability	Hay Fever	Sciatica	Earache

Alcoholic After Effects.
'ASPRO' Gives Great Relief to Women when Depressed.

'ASPRO'
3 1/3 4

ROOM 9

Continued from
Page 15

"WHY, the bank robbers, you know—that trial that's been in the papers all the week. Well, you see, the whole thing hinged on their identification, and Arthur could have identified them. Because he looked after one of them; he was wounded, and they made Arthur attend to him—just happened on him along the street, and he was carrying his bag and they knew he was a doctor and they simply picked him up and took him in their car and made him dress the man's wounds. Then they let him out and threatened him if he ever gave evidence against them. They said—they said they'd get him somehow. And Arthur believed them. Well, he gave them a different name; the first one he could think of, and it was Allen Tracy."

"Wait," I said, feeling the need for a foothold. "Let me get this straight. Allen Tracy was really your brother?"

"Arthur. He's just about ready to start his own practice. It has been a—struggle. Getting him through."

"And he was forced to dress the wounds of this fellow and thus the bank robbers knew he could identify them. Right? Didn't the police know?"

"No. But the—the robbers, I mean, threatened Arthur."

"How did they find him?"

"I don't know. He didn't know. That's what frightened him. The feeling that they were—so powerful. Watching him. His evidence, you see, meant their conviction. They—"

"Terrified him?"

"Yes," she said. "He—"

"She stopped and gave up any attempt to defend him."

"So he came here; arranged to have—"

"A thought struck me. 'He must have known Brown?'"

"Oh, yes, of course. At the County before Brown came here. They arranged it between them. Brown was to bring up a man who'd died in the public ward where there was likely to be no one to claim the body. This—this poor Robinson happened to suit. As soon as he died Brown telephoned Arthur. Arthur arranged it with Dr. Trigert over the phone—"

"She made a helpless little movement with her hands. 'You heard how simple that was. They knew, you see—Brown and Arthur—they knew all the routine of the hospital. They knew Dr. Trigert was ill; they knew their only danger was that the same doctor would be called upon to sign the two death certificates—so Brown took the body of Robinson away as soon as possible.'"

"During the lull in the night when the corridor was clear, I was to report the death of Allen Tracy. Brown was to come up with his truck and bring the body of Robinson. I went down a little after eleven; Brown came up at eleven-thirty when he knew only one nurse would be on general duty, and Arthur watched his chance, and got to the staircase and simply walked down it and out of the side door and away. I waited but Brown didn't come back, and I knew I must call Dr. MacKerry, so I did, and then came up to the third floor again. You know the rest—it was horrible. But I—I had to agree to it, Sarah; I knew nothing of it till I walked into that room and saw Arthur. But he knew I would agree. He knew I—I couldn't do anything else. That's why he asked for me at the desk. But I didn't think it would be murder. Murder—"

"Where is Arthur?"

"I don't know." There was a deepening of the horror in her eyes. "He was supposed to go away—to Canada, he said. His death would be in the papers. I mean Allen Tracy's death. That's why I wanted the papers, but they had Robinson's death only to-night. He was going to get exchanged to another hospital. Going to—break the scent, he called it. He couldn't have killed Brown."

"Well, I thought he could have. I didn't like the sound of the young man, certainly. Still, he might have been merely frightened; weak—obliging his sister to help him. And, after all, it wouldn't be exactly a pleasant or comfortable situation—that in which Arthur Smith found himself."

"But there was something else."

"Ann, why were you in Room 9 to-night? How could you get in when the room was locked?"

Her eyes widened.

"I wasn't in Room 9. I was in Room 8. I went to ask the patient there about the story of the man on all fours." She hesitated, and then said: "Do you know, Sarah, I believe she suspects me. For she looked at me and said quite suddenly that I looked like the man in Room 9 who was murdered. And I do resemble Arthur—why, what on earth is the matter, Sarah?"

"THE man who was murdered—She means Allen Tracy! She means—Ann, that means—wait! Was the light in the room on or off? When we came into the room, I mean? After Arthur had gone, and Robinson's body was there."

"It was dark," she said at once. "I turned it on myself."

"Then she knew—"

"my voice dwindled. For at that moment the door behind us began to open. Ann was standing facing me and facing the door, but she was looking at me and didn't see it. But behind Ann was a mirror. And the barest

GIRLIGAGS



"THE two things every fellow likes best about his girl-friend are his arms."

flicker of movement caught my eye and there was that small, dark aperture, slowly and very silently widening.

I really was afraid—so afraid that I seemed paralysed—except that my heart gave a great bound and settled in my throat and my hands and knees began to prickle.

Ann felt it, too. I didn't move or speak—and there was no sound, but she gave a queer kind of gasp and whirled round to the mirror and screamed.

I think I jumped as she screamed. At any rate, we both went down behind the bed in a very mixed heap of dressing-gown and uniform and elderdown which slipped off the bed.

It was an odd sort of anti-climax when nothing at all happened.

Nobody came into the room and we could hear nothing, and when I finally got Ann's elbow out of my left eye and managed to peer under the bed towards the door I could see no one. But I knew I had been there. And was afraid I knew why.

For she must have realised—Mrs. Beatty—that she had admitted to knowing Allen Tracy. And she had told me she didn't want to be disturbed and had hugged the blankets to her chin, being in all probability completely dressed and ready to find Ann—and silence her if need be—and escape.

Please turn to Page 20

***BE SURE HIS LINENS MARKED**

JOHN BOND'S MARKING INK

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75,000 SUFFER

It has been estimated that in the Sydney Metropolitan area alone a total of over 75,000 persons suffer from complaints such as Indigestion, Acidity, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, Wind, etc. This is needless when the remedy is so simple and economical. Bismuth you suffer likewise buy from your local chemist for 1/4 a packet of pure TWIN BOLA. The speedy relief it brings is surprising.

Some NEW LAUGHS

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



FATHER: So this is what I pay you for.
MUSIC TUTOR: No, sir, I don't charge for this.

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

"She always dresses that way—just in case!"

WIFE: Don't you say anything about mother—she is the nearest relative I've got.
HE: Yes, and your father is the closest.



"Odds bodkins! I've dropped a stitch!"

"Every Room in My Home is 'Just Like New' yet I've only spent a shilling or two"

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Brainwaves
A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"DO you like the pie, darling?"
"It's delicious, darling. Did you buy it all by your little self?"

"DON'T you think we ought to get married soon?"
"I'd love to, darling; but I won't be able to afford a home for years and years."
"Couldn't we live with your people?"
"No; that's impossible. My people are still living with their people."

"DO you prefer blondes?"
"Yes; I'm afraid of the dark."

HUSBAND (reading newspaper): Well, well, that's remarkable! Jones has been run over by a brewery wagon.
Wife: What's remarkable about that?
Husband: It's the first time the drinks have been on him.

FIRST GIRL (on beach): Marge ought not to go in alone. She was nearly drowned yesterday and Jack had to use artificial respiration.
Second Girl: You mean Marge had to use artificial drowning.

THE cinema manager tapped the bill-poster on the shoulder. "You'll have to be more careful about these bills, Jim," he exclaimed.
"Why, what's the matter?" Jim inquired.
"Well, next week's film is called 'The Silent Woman,' and you've stuck it above a small bill which says, 'The World's Greatest Mystery'."

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Mrs. C. S., London,

KALZANA

THE MINERAL FOOD FOR BETTER HEALTH

Of all Chemists in this containing 45 and 90 tablets

ROOM 9

Continued from Page 18

AND as to her story of the man on all fours, I saw all at once that there were just two ways of looking at it. Either you believed there was a man or you didn't believe it. And if you didn't believe it, as I never had, it was very curious that she had said he came from the room at exactly the time the shooting of Robinson's body had to take place and that she described the man holding the door so that it wouldn't bang. It was a very curious note of truth, that bit of description. For the valve on that door really was out of order—but you would have had to open and close the door yourself to know it.

Further than that I didn't know and couldn't more than guess, but I was as sure as I shall ever be of anything that the woman in Room 8 was the murderer.

I had begun to get cautiously to my feet when there were hurried footsteps along the corridor—hurried but loud and not stealthy. I reached the door just as Dr. MacKerry shouted "Ann" and flung it open.

"Get her. Stop her. Arrest her," I cried. "The woman in Room 8."

He said, "Oh!" violently and I went on breathlessly:

"She murdered Brown. She shot Robinson, thinking he was Allen Tracy. She knew about the door—she couldn't have known if she hadn't opened it and closed it. I mean about the broken automatic valve. She came to the hospital that very night. Somehow they knew what Arthur was going to do or perhaps she followed him—I don't know, but I do know she did it. She shot Robinson by mistake—thinking he was Arthur. She came into the room in the dark and shot the man in bed. She thought she had killed Allen Tracy. And Brown must have come back for something or somehow have seen her go in or leave the room. Anyway, she got him into the sun-room—I don't know how—and shot him. Then she—she threw the gun out of the window. That ought to have given us a clue because only a professional criminal would be likely to have a silencer on a gun and the numbers filed off."

He didn't, which was nothing short of a miracle, look dazed. He said tersely:

"I don't know exactly what you're talking about, but I'll have her held for questioning."

"Now," I cried. "If she is not guilty she'll have a chance to prove it. But have her arrested now. She thinks Ann knows—"

"Where is Ann?"

"I'm here," said Ann, making vehement movements underneath the elderdown. "You needn't suf-

focate me in this thing, Sarah," she said, and Dr. MacKerry simply bent over and picked her up in his arms—elderdown and dressing-gown and all.

"Get the office on the telephone, Nurse Keate," he said over his shoulder. "Hurry—and I hope you are right," he added and kissed Ann. Briefly but soundly.

Well, I was. Mrs. Beatty couldn't prove she wasn't guilty. She was the wife of one of the men who'd been on trial for the bank robbery. He had been released that very day. It was a simple matter for the police to identify her. We never knew if she actually had been at Ann's door or exactly what she intended to do, but she was taken by the police as she walked out of the side door of the nurses' wing where certainly she had no business to be.

They didn't get a confession until they confronted her, two days later, with the erstwhile Allen Tracy—who proved, by the way, to be not at all a bad young fellow though a little merry. And he'd come back as soon as he saw the true story in the papers.

SHE'D been sent, quite simply, to silence Allen Tracy. It hadn't been difficult to get admitted to the hospital, for the symptoms of nerve strain she gave Dr. Triggert were quite genuine.

Brown, she said, had seen her as she came out of the door of Room 9 and into the corridor. He was in the sun-room. Why, we never knew. She thought she'd killed the man in Room 9, for she thought he was asleep and the room was dark and she simply went over, first taking pains to close the door—when she noted the valve wasn't working—and put her revolver over his heart and pulled the trigger. There was more sound, she said, than she'd expected, though she had muffled it a little with the blankets and then pulled them up over the man's chest again. But no one seemed to hear it. And she invented the story of the man on all fours to confuse us. But it had, eventually, those two betraying grains of truth in it. That fact alone, of course, wouldn't have convicted her; but it did point the way.

Ann, however, did not come back to nurse in the hospital for the very good reason that she's taken on another job. If you can call it a job.

Anyway, she and Dr. MacKerry were married almost at once.

And, believe it or not, Dr. Triggert sent them one of six carving sets, which was definitely a gesture of peace.

(Copyright).

THE LOCKED DOOR

Continued from Page 8

"WHY, no, sir." A faint and wavering smile showed momentarily on his lips. "We're in a bad way, aren't we, sir?"

"Between ourselves, yes. I'm telling you what I'm telling no one else on board—yet. We can't possibly last unless the weather moderates, and there isn't the slightest sign of its doing so."

The boy shivered. He seemed without either hope or stamina.

His father's son, after all, Captain Partridge reflected, and a feeling of despair gripped him.

He was afraid of the sea.

It seemed somehow incredible: not that he was afraid, but that he showed his fear, that he permitted his fear to be seen by others.

When the night before the Wendover had left Cardiff he had come on board in place of the wireless operator who had been rushed to hospital earlier in the day and had given him the name as Nesbury, Captain Partridge had known at once that he was Jim Nesbury's son. Jim Nesbury, who had been second mate of the old Sabrina of Liverpool when he was third. Not a popular man, but a good man in every way but the one: he was afraid of the sea. And nobody save himself had ever known.

Captain Partridge, no longer standing, but seated on the settee, holding on and inclining his heavy bulk first one way and then the other, as the ship rolled, thought of how Jim Nesbury had slipped and fallen down the bridge ladder that time he had been ordered to take away the port lifeboat in heavy weather in mid-Atlantic not so far

from the spot where they now were. He had wrenched his ankle, and the old man had shouted, "Mr. Partridge, you take the boat. Make haste!"

When he had reached the ship once again with the men he had rescued from the dismantled schooner, he had gone to the second mate's room and Jim Nesbury had shed tears.

"Are you going to tell the old man?" he had asked.

"No. Why should I tell him?" he had answered. "But why did you do it, Mr. Nesbury?"

Jim Nesbury had told him.

"Because I'm scared of the sea, I couldn't face it. I could never have taken that boat across to this schooner."

No one but Partridge had ever known that Jim Nesbury had not wrenched his ankle at all. No one ever would know.

That had been Jim Nesbury's last voyage. He had swallowed the anchor and gone ashore, without saying a word to a soul of his intentions. A sick man, someone had said afterwards; poor old Nesbury!

And this white-faced youngster who sat at the table before him, listening to the buzzing Morse, taking a message, scribbling in pencil on a writing-pad, was Jim Nesbury's son, making his first voyage.

The strangest part of the whole business was that the boy was a good boy. He was, Captain Partridge reflected, the one wireless operator he had ever known whom he had any respect or liking for.

Please turn to Page 22

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HEAD
THROB?

That Means
CONSTIPATION

Throb! Throb! Every agonising pain says "Constipation!"

It's no use trying to fix it up by drinking something. You're got to get right at the cause. You're got to start your bowels working naturally, easily and regularly. That means you've got to give your system "bulk."

Give your system this bulk by eating two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning. This nut-sweet breakfast cereal will pass gently through your system, sponging the walls of your alimentary tract, and collecting all waste matter. Fight your constipation the natural way. Order a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
Relieves Constipation the Natural Way.

BOTTLE LASTS THREE MONTHS

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.



LETTERS WELCOME!

Write to THIS page what you think about situations met with in everyday life, in your personal contacts with people. Write to the Points of View page your opinion on general news and events of the week.

HARDEST JOB

HOW often do we hear office jobs and housework compared, and the question asked, "Is greater intelligence necessary to manage a home than to hold down an office job?"

My contention is that to the average "young married" it is not! The home is small, the husband gracious and forbearing. In an office, routine must be observed—work performed punctiliously for an impersonal, exacting employer!

However, to the older woman it is! Home management, then, is more than cooking and mending. It requires a knowledge of home medicine; child nursing; sanitation; laundry; cuisine; needlecraft; child and male psychology; and the continual exercise of method, care, tact, initiative, and sympathy!

In the office the senior woman is permitted liberty and grace, and, though having responsibility, has the advantage of a specialised job with assistance if required.

£1 for this letter to Miss Merle Puddicombe, Bent Street, Greenwich, N.S.W.

NO SINGLE BLISS?

REPLYING to congratulations on the 3rd anniversary of my wedding, Dame Edith Lyons made some challenging observations. "Marriage," she said, "is a matter of mutual adjustment, and nobody can live an entirely individualistic life and make a success of it. Unmarried people may think they can be happy forever, but it is purely a temporary feeling, and the older we get the more we realise the value of mutual comradeship."

The boast of self-sufficiency in a successful single person is often merely a defence against loneliness of heart. Aren't self-made individualists overrated? Marriage is our destiny.

Mrs. S. W. Liddell, 17 Carr St., Goodwood Park, Adelaide.



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If Chivalry Is Dead, Women Are to Blame

ISOBEL KNIGHT asks whether the indifference of men to the modern miss as she stands in crowded trains and trams indicates that the chivalrous instinct in men is dead (14/5/38).

May I ask what has been done to encourage the consideration and respect shown to women in grandmothers' day? Woman clamored for emancipation and equality of the sexes—and got it.

Now, having replaced man in all walks of life, she expects him to offer her his seat and to harbor chivalrous instincts towards her.

Mrs. M. Bell, 12 Mulberry Street, Richmond, E.I., Vic.

Entitled to His Seat

CHIVALRY is not dead. In these modern times men are compelled to use every ounce of their energy in their work, and at the end of the day they are just about "fagged out."

Man is fully justified in occupying his seat in train, tram, or bus to procure necessary rest.

Lois Seager, 117 Dalhousie Street, Haberfield, N.S.W.

Women's Manners

IF chivalry is dead in men, as Isobel Knight suggests, then it is also dead in women.

Many seem to forget their manners when they go forth. Perhaps it is because they are seldom courteous enough to thank the men for giving up their seats in trams or trains that men have abandoned the habit.

Mary Allen, 27 Railway Parade, Lakemba, N.S.W.

Equal Footing

WOMEN now are on an equal footing with men, and must expect to be treated accordingly.

Often it is a case of men returning from a hard day's work, and women returning from a few hours' play. Who deserves the rest?

Mrs. V. Werris, Bonny Brae, South Arm, Tas.

Must Be Consistent

FOR the past 30 years women have been trying to establish their equality with men. The modern man finds himself in a dilemma. If he is to treat a woman as his equal, how can he be consistent, and surrender his seat to her? This would imply that she is of a weaker sex, and entitled to the same consideration as the aged of either sex.

J. Phillips, 53 Halton Terrace, Nth. Kensington Park, S.A.

Respect for Age

NO doubt Isobel Knight forgets that girls claim to be the equals of men in all things nowadays. So why shouldn't they take their share of standing in trains and trams also?

After all, one seldom sees any elderly person treated unchivalrously.

Mrs. Pat Greenhalgh, Pickering St., Enoggera, Brisbane.



What is she thinking?

Chivalry Still Exists

A BLIND friend recently remarked on the kindness of people in her travels.

In our industrial centre I have never known an aged woman or mother with young children enter a crowded tramcar and stand. Workmen will always vacate their seats for them. Men show respect to women who merit it.

Mrs. E. Frotheroe, Northumberland St., Wickham, N.S.W.

Should Girl Keep her Job After She Marries?

MISS DEXTER, earning £4 a week, with a bank balance, and engaged to a man on the basic wage, asks for advice (14/5/38). She wishes to keep on working, while her fiancé wants her to give up her job when she marries.

I do not understand why her fiancé should be unwilling to compromise. She is willing to share her life earnings towards providing a happy home for them both. Why should he, for the sake of his pride, refuse her the home she so earnestly desires?

Joyce McKaye, c/o Box 106, Lockhart, N.S.W.

Lucky Girl!

YOURS is a problem, which you alone must decide, Miss Dexter.

My advice would be to wait, and while you wait give thanks for that fiancé of yours who, when he marries, intends to provide home and living. Girl, you've picked a winner, but are you the mate for him?

Mrs. Myers, 21 Chiswick St., Enfield, N.S.W.

Modern Age

MY advice to you, Miss D. Dexter, in your dilemma, is to try and make your fiancé understand that we are living in a modern age and that man and woman, while working, can have a successful marriage.

I am a trained nurse, and once my husband was opposed to the idea of my working. Whenever my services are required, I give them, perhaps for a week, or perhaps a month.

The extra money is handy—and now my husband does not feel so opposed to the idea.

It is a splendid thing for two people to unite in building the home in this way. The funds are swelled rapidly.

Mrs. V. E. Vale, Milton St., Alpha, Qld.

Bargain-Hunting—State Joke

WHY will would-be humorists persist in trotting out each year the same silly old gibe at women bargain hunters?

It is untrue that we do battle with each other to secure a bargain.

Men make me tired with their smiles and stale jests at sale time.

Can anyone honestly swear that he ever saw women fighting at a bargain sale?

Mrs. A. Graham, 17 Denison St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Give Up Job

I WOULD advise you to leave your job and keep your bank account for a rainy day. Above all, allow the man to provide for his bride. It hurts a man's natural pride and self-respect to know that his wife, besides working, has provided the home.

Two can live on the basic wage easily. My wife, myself, and two little kiddies live on less, and are perfectly happy.

L. McIntosh, Bond St., Maroubra Bay, N.S.W.

Marry While Young

CERTAINLY you should marry while you are both young and enjoying life to the full. You could provide the furniture, but don't rob your fiancé of the right to be the provider.

After all, if you are in love, you will both be willing to make sacrifices so that you may be together.

L. V. Johnson, Caboolture, Qld.

Remain Single

MY advice to Miss D. Dexter is to remain single. If she cannot face the prospect now of living on a working man's wage she will not willingly give up her job in two years' time, as she plans.

Her fiancé is quite right—the man should be the provider, and if the woman is really in love and desires a natural married life, then she should make up her mind to live according to the man's means.

Mrs. D. Wiltshire, Margaret St., Cherride, Qld.

And Here Are The Things Women Dislike

MRS. THOMPSON would like to know our pet aversions (14/5/38). I join with her wholeheartedly in her dislike of spiders. Anything that has a lot of legs, from crickets to prawns, fills me with a nauseating dread, too. I have a friend who cannot bear to touch fur, whether it is a cat or some trimming on a coat.

The most unusual fear I have known was that held by my sister.



Your pet aversion?

She had an aversion for birds, and I've repeatedly seen her flinch when a flock of pigeons passed overhead.

Mrs. B. Fletcher, 20 Cobden St., Belmont, N.S.W.

Explaining Dread

WOMEN naturally dislike frogs, beetles, spiders, mice, and all small, creeping things. This has nothing to do with fear, because the same women who show active horror and repugnance over such may exhibit praiseworthy courage when faced with a really dangerous situation.

I have seen a woman, noted for physical bravery—on one occasion she outwitted an armed intruder in her home—lose all control of herself when a harmless Christmas beetle, attracted by the light, flew into the room, and at her head.

Mrs. S. Smith, Branside Road, Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Everyday Aversions

SOME of my pet aversions are jobs of a messy or troublesome nature; having to hurry over anything, either pleasure or work; windy weather; undesired criticism; flies; ill-mannered children; insolent servants; changing into evening dress on winter nights; camels (I lived in the East); playing cards; answering telephones; advertisements on the radio; public farewells. There are also others far too numerous to mention.

Mrs. C. K. Jeffries, 36 Erina St., Launceston, Tas.

Girls Provide Them

I HAVE two very strong aversions. First, the untidy custom so many girls follow of wearing cheap stockings, wrong side out, to give them that dull finish found in more expensive hose.

Second, the too-eager salesgirl who tells you that the hat you're trying on "suits Madam beautifully," when you know you look a perfect freak.

Eva Baker, Heron's Creek, North Coast, N.S.W.

Must Be Overcome

WE all have aversions, but they usually have to be overcome—at least mine do.

Blackleading is a job I detest. But I love the appearance of a lovely shining black stove.

And washing day—the appearance of one's hands is ruined by being dipped in the hot and cold waters for some hours.

Going out when the rain is coming down in torrents I also dislike.

Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

She Has Many!

A PET aversion implies just one thing that annoys you above all else.

But I have many such: people who bite their finger-nails; long, pointed finger-nails; people whom I meet for the first time calling me "dear"; arriving at a new guest house just at meal time, when everybody is about waiting for the dinner gong; waiting on the corner for an appointment; and people who chew gum.

Mrs. R. Campbell, Clyde St., Launceston, Tas.

TWIN BEDS

THE article in The Australian Women's Weekly on double versus twin beds reminded me of the advice given by an old sea captain of my acquaintance.

"Never tolerate the idea of twin beds," he said. "During your married life there are bound to be quarrels. Sharing a double bed you can't keep it up too long, but with twin beds it can last for ever."

I'm sure that many married couples will endorse that advice, more particularly with regard to those quarrels which occur during the cold weather.

M. Taylor, 18 Swete St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

SPEED CRAZE

ACCORDING to the overseas Press, English women are taking up cycling in preference to motorcycling on their holidays. Apparently they enjoy seeing the countryside in a more leisurely manner than present-day speed allows.

Many women in this country would like less speed also. The modern craze means that they are whisked past glorious scenery before they have time to admire the charming view. Slower motion would give us a chance to appreciate nature, and to cultivate a love of the beautiful. To say nothing of making the roads safer for pedestrians.

Mrs. A. G. Blackburn, Caracra, 25 Amara Avenue, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

DEFENCE OF GOSSIP

I CANNOT understand this wholesale condemnation of gossip, or why a woman who gossips should be regarded as next-door to a criminal.

People, who act properly, do not mind being talked about, while those who knowingly do wrong should expect to be "pulled to pieces" a little; they deserve it.

I, for one, greatly enjoy a good gossip, always provided it be true, and surely nowadays there is interest and excitement enough without going beyond the truth.

What a nice, cheery afternoon women would spend over their tea-cups discussing only the weather or the international situation!

Mrs. A. Wathen, P.O. Box 29, Casterton, Vic.

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HE did not like wireless operators. They were, he had often said, neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring: meaning that they were neither sailors, engineers, nor yet ordinary landmen, but a blend or mixture of all three categories and possessing the worst failings of each of them. But this boy, Jim Nesbury's son, was quiet and well-behaved and efficient. He had, moreover, courage.

In Buenos Aires he had, without showing the least sign of fear, passed through a hostile crowd, in the main Italians, demonstrating against England and ready to make an example of any stray sanctimonious Englishman who was unlucky enough to come their way.

In Rio, where they had loaded a cargo of coffee for Baltimore, he had knocked a man down—for ill-treating a dog, and had been promptly arrested and taken to the

THE LOCKED DOOR

Continued from Page 20

police station, where he spent the night. Only on payment of a fine had he been released.

In New York, where they had loaded wheat for London River, he had again to the rescue of a drunken fool of a fireman who had fallen overboard when returning on board the ship.

No one could have shown more courage in three entirely different ways than he had.

Captain Partridge, who had watched him carefully from the moment he had come on board, had been pleased with him. For many reasons he had kept it a secret that he and his father had been shipmates, but he had made up his mind that when the voyage ended he would write to Jim Nesbury and say how proud he should be of his boy.

And now, on the homeward voyage, he was showing that he had inherited the strange kink of temperament that had driven the father ashore.

The boy finished writing the message.

Captain Partridge rose to his feet. "Anything important?" he asked. "No, sir. A German reporting heavy weather, south of us, that's all."

"Sparks, this is what I came to speak about. Unless the weather moderates within the next twelve hours, there's very little hope for us. You understand what I mean?"

"Yes, sir. You—you told me that, sir."

"Very well, then. I want you to send out an S.O.S. Here's the ship's position as near as I can estimate it."

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A Columbia star in
"I'll Take Romance"

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finer skin... use
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it's **SUPERCREAMED**
(Skin-Cream-in-the-Soap)

Precious skin cream blended into every tablet of Lux Toilet Soap—so that you cream as you wash—that is what Supercreaming means. Your skin stays soft and smooth... radiantly young... because the supercreamed lather protects the softening natural oils that ordinary soaps dry out of the skin. Watch the new loveliness that comes to your skin when you use Lux Toilet Soap.



Make this test—and see for yourself

Take a cake of Lux Toilet Soap and test it against the soap you are using now or any other. Notice the unmistakably smoother, creamier feel of the supercreamed lather compared with ordinary lather. That's the actual CREAM you can feel. Notice, too, how much more richly and plentifully Lux Toilet Soap lathers on the instant it comes in contact with water.

The favourite Toilet Soap of 9 out of 10 Hollywood Film Stars



Say that we need immediate assistance. We may last till morning; on the other hand we may not."

The rolling threw him against the bulkhead. The boy clung to the arms of his chair. His face kept twitching. On his forehead were drops of sweat. He raised his hand and tugged at his collar.

"Well," said Captain Partridge, "I'll be getting back to the bridge. You'll manage, Sparks, won't you?"

"Why, yes, sir, of course." He added, "It's pretty bad, sir, in here, isn't it?"

"Ay, but it's that everywhere. It's worse in the engine-room."

The night was very dark.

Captain Partridge, the mate beside him once more, gazed over the dodger into the blackness and sensed rather than saw the big seas sweeping past, above the level of the top bridge.

The Wendover, rolling to starboard, staggered under the impact of a mass of water, hesitated, rose, and then, rolling to port, slid down a long slope.

"She's falling off again, sir," said the man at the wheel. "Helm's hard over."

"Get her back on her course, man."

"Not so good, sir," the mate shouted.

"Not so good, Mr. Stacey. No." And at last, after all these days, he admitted the truth. It was not so good. It was more than that: it was the end. "You're using plenty of oil, still?"

"Ay, sir, plenty of oil. No sign of any help yet."

"Not yet. The Lethbridge won't be up with us for another three hours at the earliest. Wind's against her."

"The point is, what'll they do when they are up to us?"

"Heaven knows!"

"Will we last, sir?"

"Of course we'll last."

But would they? He wondered.

"Hang on here, Mr. Stacey, I'm going to speak to the chief."

In the engine-room the air was so close and stifling that Captain Partridge found it an effort to breathe. He stood at the foot of the long steel ladders and looked about him anxiously. Water covered the front platform and surged from side to side with the rolling. The cranks moved slowly in their flooded pits until the stern rose and the propeller raced before being checked by a fireman who stood at the throttle-valve. Water drained down through the battened skylights.

THE chief engineer, grey-faced and haggard, approached.

"Captain," he said, speaking into his ear. "I'm glad you're here. The lower furnaces are flooded. I canna keep steam up much longer."

"Water gaining?"

"Ay. The bilges are full. The pump-suctions are choked and we canna budge the muck in the rose boxes. The bilge pump is verra near useless." Again he said what he had said on the bridge, "We're daein' oor best."

"I'm sure you are, chief. Help's on the way, anyhow. Two ships are coming."

"Will they be up w' us soon?"

"Not for three hours, at least."

The chief engineer clucked his tongue.

"Weel, we can but pray."

"We can but pray."

The wireless operator looked up as Captain Partridge entered the wireless house.

"I CAN'T stand much more of it, sir," he said.

Captain Partridge, listening to the buzzing of the Morse, hardened his heart.

"Can't you? I think you can."

The ship rolled to port and the wireless house shook as a big sea thundered down on the boat deck.

"There, sir. It's that that's killing me. How many more seas will it take before the whole place is overboard?"

"I don't know, Sparks. I couldn't tell you."

The dynamo was falling and the light was dim. The boy's face was lined and worn. His eyes were bloodshot. His cheeks were puffy.

"I don't believe, sir, I'll be able to stick it."

Captain Partridge, holding on to the chair and the table, bent over him. The time for pity had gone.

"What the devil are you talking about? Don't you understand, you young fool, that the lives of all of us depend on you? Will you be able to stick it? You've darn well got to stick it!" He banged his first on the table. "What do you think you're going to do? Where do you imagine you'd be safer than you are now? On the bridge? The bridge will be carried away, perhaps, any minute. In the engine-room? I've just come up out of the engine-room. If the ship sinks, they'll drown down there like rats in a trap. The trouble with you is you're yellow. You'll stay where you are and you'll do your job, whether you like it or not."

SPARKS gulped but said nothing. The rolling never ceased. The buzzing of the Morse never ceased. Even as he was speaking he was writing.

"I'm not yellow, sir. I'm scared, but I'm not yellow. I never thought it would be like this."

"Well, it is. And if I'd a man to spare I'd put him in here with you. Not for company, but to darn well make sure that you didn't bolt. I'm ashamed of you. Now, what messages have come in?"

"The Lethbridge, that American ship, sir, wants us to transmit our call-sign at quarter of an hour intervals, sir, for check on our bearing by his D.F. Our power's failing, I'm afraid. They want to know if our boats are all right, and how long we can last."

"Tell them our boats have gone. Say we're sinking. Say the main engines will stop very soon now, but we'll keep the auxiliaries going as long as we can. Say we'll have to bring the engineers and firemen up, though, if it gets much worse down below. Say they've got to hurry if they want to save us. Got all that?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then. I'll send someone along presently to fetch any more messages you may have."

"Just one minute, sir. I don't want you to think I'm shirking. I'll try to do my best, sir."

"Try! Don't talk like a darned fool! There's to be no question of trying. You'll do what you've got to do. Don't be such a coward, man. It's the same for all of us. Now see here, Sparks, listen to what I'm saying. Your father was a shipmate of mine. I've told you that before. What I've told you is he was a darn good man. Don't let him down. Understand? For his sake, if for no other reason, you'll stay here and do what he'd have done if he'd been in your place."

Please turn to Page 24

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go to Tibet to rescue **M. DUCHAMP:** Eminent Parisian chemist, who, with his daughter, **SUZETTE:** Has been taken to the cavern lands of **THE COBRA:** Wizard of hypnosis and telepathy. The Cobra is scheming for world power, and has Duchamp working on a formula for transmuting base metal into gold. Other scientists are also there, including

MELANKOFF: Who is engaged on a powerful, death-dealing gas. Mandrake and Lothar are trapped in a sealed chamber by the Cobra, who takes a tube from Melankoff, believing it to contain the poisonous gas, and hurls it into the chamber. Melankoff, however, gives the prisoners the signal that it is harmless, and Mandrake, to save their lives, tells Lothar to pretend to suffocate. The Cobra congratulates himself that he is rid of them. NOW READ ON



Continued from Page 22

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Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

I LIKE—

The piquant little whistle with which Count von Luckner attracts his wife's attention when they are in danger of being separated by a throng.

Gay Send-off

THE departure of the Monterey for America made news on Friday morning, when so many of our well-knowns left for foreign parts. Joy Barrington, after more parties than fall to the lot of most brides-to-be, and one of her bridesmaids, Bunny Wilkinson, had a tremendous number of young friends to see them off.

Madge Elliott, too, was the centre of interest as she farewelled Sydney friends.

During the few weeks he has been in town Ronald Hudson, of Texas, who also left for home in the Monterey, has acquired a number of friends, many of whom had been at the birthday party he had given at Romano's the previous night.

Valda Aveling's Tour

VALDA AVELING, our brilliant young pianist, and winner of The Australian Women's Weekly establisht prize, returned on Monday from a highly successful tour of the States for the Broadcasting Commission. She just loved the travelling and found that people were wonderfully hospitable to her in all the cities she visited. She travelled to Hobart on the same ship as Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Kipnis, and also went to Launceston with them.

Lady Gordon and Lady Jordan are taking the keenest interest in plans to send Valda abroad for further study and hope that all interested friends will come to the meeting at the Hotel Australia next Tuesday. Arrangements for the testimonial concert to take place at the Town Hall on July 14 will be discussed.

Mrs. Sam Hardy and son Charles are spending the school holidays with Daisy Osborne at Bundarbo, Jugiong.

Party in New Flat

THIS Thursday Mrs. Garnet Halloran is having a small cocktail party at her new flat at Adereham Hall. She recently moved into the present dwelling, which is delightfully furnished in green and rust colorings. The party will serve as a house warming as well as a birthday celebration for her husband, Dr. Garnet Halloran.

Among the invited guests are Mr. Justice and Mrs. Milner Stephen, Professor and Mrs. William Dakin, Dr. and Mrs. Maynard Furbur, Dr. Alan Walker, and Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McKerthan.

Daredevils' Dance

THE Daredevils' Ball will take place at Schofield House this Saturday in aid of the Children's Hospital. The committee had no particular reason for choosing the striking title for the party, but intend to have some wooden figures dressed as devils around the walls to give the requisite atmosphere.

June Withcombe, president of the committee, Peggy Asher, Val Horn, Nancy Bundock, and Gwen Mason are bringing large parties.

Holiday at Southport

MR. AND MRS. JULIAN MACKAY, who recently returned from America, are back at their country home, Merrimura, Scone. While the weather is cool they intend visiting Queensland.

Mrs. Mackay will stay with her mother, Mrs. Murdoch McKenzie, at Southport, while her husband goes further north.

Commander and Mrs. G. N. Loriston-Clarke, of H.M.S. Wellington, have taken a flat at Scotsborough, Elizabeth Bay Road, for their short stay in Sydney.

Essentially Australian

FOR the past seven years Mrs. Ninian Thompson has been working on a piece of tapestry with an interesting Australian design by Irene Mori. Sundowners, parakeets, bark huts, koalas and other scenes of the country make the fascinating pattern. The piece is still only a third completed, so intricate is the design, but it will be shown at the Tapestry Exhibition to be opened by Lady Wakehurst on June 8, in aid of the Industrial Blind Institution.

Australia House Party

LORD and Lady Gowrie made their first appearance in London's Australian circle at the reception and dance given by the Agent-General for South Australia, Sir Charles McCann, and Lady McCann at Australia House.

Sir Earle and Lady Page, Mr. and Mrs. Menzies, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bruce, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Harry Twyford, and Lady Twyford were among the six hundred guests.

Several members of the girls' tennis team, Test cricketers, and recent debutantes in Court dress, but minus their trains and feathers, were also present.



A RECENT STUDY of Miss Agnes Mackay, of Wallandoon station, Wallendbeen, who with her mother, Mrs. Kenneth Mackay, is making a stay of several months at The Astor, Macquarie Street.

Visitors from Java

DURING Paul Schramm's first visit to Australia his wife, a distinguished Dutch pianist, stayed in Java, but she has now accompanied her husband to our country and will be in Sydney in several weeks' time.

Paul Schramm is a Viennese pianist and is touring the States under the auspices of the A.B.C. He will make a stay of a month in Sydney before leaving for New Zealand.

who will wear a lovely model frock. The corsage is made of white and silver tulle, which flows into a voluminous black velvet skirt. In her party will be Lieutenant Peter Williams, Lieutenant-Commanders Nigel Willmott and Duckworth, of H.M.S. Laith.

Also coming to the party are Audrey Connell, Betty Munro, Helen Weißen, Joyce Jolley, and Pat Macken.

Great-Grandmother's Brooch

MRS. RUPERT DOWNES, of Camden, is president of the Country Women's Association Ball, to take place in the Agricultural Hall this Thursday. She tells me that Jean Coates and Mary Rofe will be debutantes, and that Chinese lanterns, flags, and greenery will decorate the hall.

Mrs. Downes will wear a severely tailored black velvet gown and on her corsage an antique pearl brooch that once belonged to her great-grandmother, Mrs. Coghill.

Captain Higham-Hodges, of the Indian Army, well known in Sydney polo circles, arrived with his wife from the East last week. The visitors are on their way to Southampton, where they will join their yacht, the Iolanthe.

Anne Gordon in London

AFTER visiting friends in Scotland and Wales, Anne Gordon has returned to London and once more has joined up with Mary Hardern in a flat at Dolphin Square. The girls are playing a lot of squash and tennis, and inviting friends to swimming parties in the pool attached to the flats.

Anne, since her appearance in Beverley Nichols' play, "Memor," has been having such a busy social life that she has not had time to take her theatrical career very seriously.

Anne and Mary make frequent trips to Cambridge to dances and dinner parties and to see young Anthony Hardern, who is studying there.

FASHION WISDOM . . . By Colette

If your face is long—thin—

Don't—

—add more length by a high-on-top hair arrangement or severe slicked-back sides. This emphasizes the thinness and sharpness of face and features.



Do—

—make your face seem shorter and wider. This can best be accomplished by the use of a side part, keeping the hair flat on the top of your head, waves swept off the face, but kept soft, low, and wide at the sides. You want a severe, simple bande to conform with the patrician beauty which the long face usually suggests. Place rouge high and far out of the sides for additional width.

If you are quiet, conservative—



Don't—

—look like a nobody and pass unnoticed in drab, mousy clothes.



Do—

—choose sparkling, joyous colors and intriguing, interesting lines to offset the effect of shyness.



Far Too Busy

MADAME GEORG SZELL, whose husband begins his Sydney season as conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra this Tuesday, finds flat life highly entertaining. At the reception given in honor of the visitors at the Hotel Australia she told me that "it is just like keeping house for dolls."

"I was far too busy cooking," she continued, "to go to the orchestral rehearsal this morning, and my lunch of hors-d'oeuvres, beautiful salad and Irish stew was most successful." She added ruefully that an attempt at peach pie was not quite so good.

Grace Curlewis left for Cowra last week and stayed with the Jim Fagans for the Picnic Races.

Happy Reunion

THERE was a happy reunion between Mrs. F. M. Wood, of Neutral Bay, and Mrs. Elsie Caldwell, of Los Angeles, when they met at the cocktail party in the traveller's honor at Violet Roche's flat last week. They had last met when Mrs. Wood was staying with her actor son John in Hollywood.

Mrs. Caldwell only paid a very fleeting visit to our city. After three days in town she boarded the Monterey for the South Seas, where she intends staying for a time before returning to U.S.A.

Variety of Sport

"I LOVE all sports," says Fay Compton, and she certainly has great variety in her choice of exercise in Sydney. On Thursday she visited the Glaciarium for a few hours on the ice. She played golf at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, and on Sunday she toured the harbor in a motor boat as the guest of Dr. Peter Bradford.

Hungarian Supper Dishes

HUNGARIAN dishes for supper proved popular at the dance given by Lesley Turner at her home at Double Bay on Saturday night. One bowl was filled with cold chicken spiced with paprika and green peppers, and another had rice as a foundation, mixed with tomatoes, red peppers, and cheese for flavoring.

Lesley wore a lovely frock of magnolia satin and a spray of cyclamen on her corsage. The party was in the nature of a farewell, as Lesley is leaving with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Turner, for England in a month's time.

Professors Like Music

AMONG the University professors and their wives who never miss an orchestral concert are Sir Francis and Lady Anderson, Professor and Mrs. W. S. Dawson, and Professor and Mrs. William Dakin. All were present at the Conservatorium Orchestral Concert last week conducted by Dr. Edgar Bainton.

I also noticed Professor Georg Szell sitting next to Mrs. Bainton, Miriam Hyde, who covered her black velvet frock with a cherry evening coat, and Gwenda Bainton in the audience.

Diamond Circlet

JOAN WILLOUGHBY DOWLING, who announced her engagement to Errol Joyce, of Edsvald, Queensland, last week, is wearing a charming diamond circlet engagement ring. She tells me that her marriage will take place this year.

Joan met her fiancé, whose nickname is Barney, while she was staying with Beryl Collins at Nindoolbah last year. At present Barney is enjoying a holiday with Joan's family at Kelvin, Bringley.

DID YOU KNOW—

That Mrs. Malcolm McCormick finds Palm Beach just as entrancing in the winter as the summer months? She is there at present with her children, Jill, Alec, and baby Lee.



**"I never realized
how attractive
I could look**

**until I began using
Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Face Powder"**

To those women eager to make the most of their personal appearance, we wholeheartedly recommend Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Face Powder. Because of the exclusive process used in its preparation, Perfect Face Powder is so light and so fine in texture that it will cling hours longer than most other face powders. It has an exquisite fragrance, and is available in six delicately tinted shades that will blend perfectly with your own natural coloring. Just what every smart woman is looking for—a face powder whose refined, velvety texture and harmonizing tints will give a well-groomed appearance—without that powdery look.

You will realize your dream of a radiant complexion if you apply Perfect Face Powder over a foundation of

Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Vanishing Cream. It will lend a perfect finish to your powder and make-up, and preserve it for hours.

Write to Potter & Birks, Ltd., Dept. E, G.P.O. Box 747-G, Sydney, for the Daggett & Ramsdell booklet on Complexion Beauty.



Perfect Cold Cream, from 1/6—Vaseline, from 1/6—Perfect Cleansing Cream, 2/6
Perfect Face Powder, 2/6—Perfect Vanishing Cream, from 1/6
Perfect Cleansing Oil, 4/-—Perfect Shampoo, 4/-—Perfect Hand Lotion, 4/-

**Now! Ease Sore Throat
Instantly!**



Remember: Only Medicine Helps Sore Throat

Modern medical science now throws an entirely new light on sore throat. A way that eases the pain, rawness and irritation in as little as two or three minutes!

It requires medicine—like BAYER'S ASPIRIN—to do these things! That is why throat specialists everywhere are prescribing this BAYER'S gargle in place of old-time ways.

Be careful, however, that you

get real BAYER'S Aspirin for this purpose. For they dissolve completely enough to gargle without leaving irritating particles.

Bayer originated aspirin and a number of other remedies for the relief of pain and disease, and they are prescribed by doctors the world over. Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, therefore insist on Bayer's when you buy. In bottles, 24 tablets 1/3, 100 4/-. Bayer means Better.



Books

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

**An unsympathetic picture
of a modern woman is presented by
Dornford Yates in "This Publican."**

DORNFORD YATES has always been considered a master of the romance-action school of fiction.

Those who remember his "Storm Music" and "Counterfeit Coin" will sigh a little over his latest novel, "This Publican."

The author has deserted the romantic background of the Tyrol, moated castles, sinister plotters, and fair ladies in distress for the background of London and a modern marriage that crashed, and some very unpleasant people who brought about the crash.

Mr. Yates says that his story is a satire on marriage. It is more than that.

In Rowena he has given us a picture of an entirely merciless woman who uses marriage as a stepping-stone to success and position in the world.

A most unpleasant person this Rowena.

She has been a schemer all her life, and when she marries David Bohun she prepares to use his position and money to consolidate herself in society, and then divorce him in her own good time.

After a stormy youth she succeeds in marrying into a noble family, and then for some unexplained reason seeks to destroy not only her marriage, but the sanity of the man she married.

Insidious means are taken by Rowena to make her husband unpopular with the servants.

She demands that David dismiss the butler and his wife, excellent servants both, and devoted to David.

After a half-hearted fight David does as she asks, and the bewildered couple leave.

Rowena tells them she has fought hard to have them remain, but her husband says they must go.

She finds them another position, and they leave the house praising Rowena's name and convinced that the "master" has gone mad.

Then David's wife installs her own servants, who are also her spies. By the same subtle means Rowena convinces David's friends that all is well with their marriage. Rowena is



DORNFORD YATES, whose "villain" in his new novel, "This Publican," is a woman.

love. So did the girl. Nevertheless, the old earl decides there is something fishy about the whole business.

ON his death his fortune is divided into two equal portions. One is for David, the other is a fighting fund to save David from Rowena.

The earl has had a dying premonition that Rowena is a wicked, designing woman who will wreck his nephew's life.

Rather a peculiar set of circumstances and not very sporting towards Rowena.

The couple are ill-matched from the start.

Rowena liked golf, David preferred to wander about the country. Rowena liked smart cocktail parties and loud conversation. David liked dogs and horses.

Out of this conflict of taste comes the unhappiness that they both must endure. Rowena is portrayed as winning everybody's sympathy by neatly turning every situation against David.

David himself finds comfort with another woman.

Eventually a divorce is arranged, and after a stormy year David finds happiness again.

The heroine of the story is a distinct contrast to Rowena. Helen Adair, known in society as "the Adair," is everything that is lovely.

The old trick of their meeting is arranged by Dornford Yates with very little originality.

David, hurt by his wife's conduct, goes for a long walk and finds a sick puppy in the fields. The puppy belongs to Helen. She is delighted to find it. She thanks the man prettily and asks him to her home.

There he meets her aunt and finds these people speak his language.

There and then he falls out of love with his wife and in love with Helen.

The rest of the story deals with the method of his disentanglement, and the sins of Rowena and her friends.

The novel would have been a good one had not the author decided from the very first chapter to take sides.

His summing up is always in favor of David, which leaves readers with a sense of irritation.

David's inability to make the best of his marriage and win happiness from it instead of posing as a defeated romantic is all against him.

As a portrait of an entirely selfish woman the book is a success; as a novel to be read for amusement, as Dornford Yates invariably is, the yarn is a distinct disappointment.

Although distinguished by no very fine character drawing there are some excellent types in the book.

Bohun himself is human if a little fatuous.

The cocktail-drinking crowd which infest Rowena's flat are conventionally unpleasant and crude.

The servants at Bohun's flat are amusing. Particularly the ones Rowena appointed in order to make her husband's life a misery.

"This Publican." Dornford Yates. Ward Lock and Co.

'DETTOL'
for pleasant
personal use

So dainty that it will not even stain linen, 'Dettol' is a highly efficient killer of germs. It is pleasant to smell, entirely non-poisonous and an excellent deodorant. 'Dettol' as part of your toilet routine gives you the assurance and peace of mind that comes from knowing for certain that you're dainty and fresh. Ask your doctor.



DETTOL

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Your chemist has 'Dettol'... price 2/-

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A great Scientist, after years of experiment, has at last found a quick, easy way to end superfluous hair. You simply wash it away with plain water. No smell, no mess or bother. This amazing discovery has been purchased by the manufacturers of "VEET" and is sold under the trade-mark NEW "VEET." Simply apply this delightfully perfumed, white cream direct from the tube and then wash off. Every trace of hair is gone! The skin is soft and velvety smooth. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. The razor method is out of date—makes hair grow faster and coarser. The modern scientific way is NEW VEET. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

**MAKE BABY'S HAIR
CURLY**



Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says: "Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. The new has strong, soft curls in place of the lack, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 2/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get GENUINE **CURLYPET**

THE MOVIE WORLD

June 4, 1938.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One



CALLING AUSTRALIA!

By JOHN B. DAVIES
and
BARBARA BOURCHIER
from New York and Hollywood

Moviedom News and Gossip

Courtly Colman's Next

RONALD COLMAN'S next drama, "If I Were King," is finally getting under way. In this version of the life of Francois Villon, the vagabond poet, Frances Dee has been chosen for the important role of lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and Basil Rathbone will play Louis XI.

Tracy May Come Here

AUSTRALIA has just missed the opportunity of meeting Spencer Tracy, Hollywood's No. 1 actor. Tracy and his wife had booked passages to Sydney on the last Matson ship.

But at the last minute the Tracys changed their minds, cancelled their Australian passages and boarded a Panama Canal ship to New York, whence they will continue on to Europe.

Tracy and his wife say that they intend to make for Australia as soon as their next holiday comes along.

Mrs. Roosevelt and Shirley

AMERICA'S First Lady, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, now wears the badge of Shirley Temple's Junior Police.

Mrs. F.D.R., during a recent trip to California, visited Shirley's set. After doing a dance for her guest, Shirley gave her the badge of the Junior Police.

This organisation started as a game, but has developed into a serious business, with almost two hundred members. All are chosen personally by Shirley.

Battling Bette Davis

THE Bette Davis-Warner Bros. feud may be nearing its end. Word comes that the studio is offering the lead to Bette in a film of the famous Emily Bronte novel, "Wuthering Heights," a powerful story of passion and character.

Bette would love to get the part, particularly since it is likely that Charles Boyer will play opposite her.

STARRING GARBO AND STOKOWSKI

LADY DUNN, a close friend of Stokowski's, who is sailing for England, says that she has invited the conductor and Garbo to visit her at her home, Canterbury Castle.

M.-G.-M. are preparing a scenario of "The Life of Franz Liszt," hoping that Garbo and Stokowski will consent to play the leading roles.

Errol Flynn's Fleet

OUTSIDE a Hollywood market we found Jon Hall, his sister Louise, girl friend Frances Langford, and her brother Tommy, busily loading his car with bags and baskets of food.

"We're just going for a little boat ride," said Jon.

"Errol Flynn has lent us a yacht, and we're making a four-day cruise."

PERIL INSTEAD OF PLAY

occupies Loretta Young in "Four Men and a Prayer," her new 20th Century-Fox picture. It is a drama of international intrigue. The four men are with Loretta (top left). They are, from left, George Sanders, David Niven, Richard Greene, and William Henry. Top centre: Burton Churchill and C. Aubrey Smith. Right: Loretta. Below, left: Lina Basquette and George Sanders. Below, centre: Edward Bromberg and Loretta.

Rainer as Madame Curie

ONE of Hollywood's most unusual deals occurred last week when Universal studios agreed to give Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer four stories in exchange for a loan of three of M.-G.-M.'s biggest male stars. Swapping stars for stories is something new.

One of the stories was "Madame Curie," and it's likely Luise Rainer will play the role of the great French radium worker.

Ballet Film Planned

JEAN PARKER'S newspaperman husband, George MacDonald, has sold a story to Samuel Goldwyn, titled "Pirouette."

It deals with the ballet, and will probably be used as a starring vehicle for Zorina, the dancer who made her debut in "Goldwyn Follies."

The exquisite Zorina is only eighteen, but like most ballerinas she looks older than she is.

SOCIETY GIRL

"A SWEET
GUM FOR A SWEET
BREATH - WRIGLEY'S
JUICY FRUIT."



Cliques in Filmdom

THE MOVIE CAPITAL IS NOT BY ANY MEANS ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY.

THE world in general knows a lot about the love affairs of screen people. But, strangely enough, very little is known about the real make-up of Hollywood "society."

Most film fans are kept well notified as to "who's whose," but have very little idea "who's who."

It used to be different in the early days of the town. When Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were

By **JOAN McLEOD**
from Hollywood

married their coterie of friends, known as the Pickfair set, ruled the roost.

This clique of pioneers, with Chaplin conspicuous among them, held aloof from the new arrivals. Joan Crawford found this out when she and Douglas Fairbanks, jun., fell in love.

Nowadays Charlie Chaplin is still a big power in the town, but in a more reticent way. He is the most distinguished member of the "intellectual gang."

These are the people who entertain and hobnob with the famous writers, scientists, and politicians who turn up in Hollywood from time to time.

Chaplin has been host to H. G. Wells, Einstein, Aldous Huxley, and others of the mental mighty.

You may be surprised to know that among the prominent intellectuals are two men who on the screen are among the toughest specimens of mankind—Edward G. Robinson (who speaks seven languages) and James Cagney.



I suppose that if any one set regarded itself as being the smartest in Hollywood it would be the dance-and-dine crowd. The town often calls them "exhibitionists"—that is, "show-offs"—because they look for amusement in public.

Mariene Dietrich and Douglas Fairbanks, jun., are well to the front here. So are Louella Parsons,

the high priestess of screen gossip writers, and Walter Winchell, another celebrated columnist.

Big producers like Louis B. Mayer and Joe Schenck, comedians like Cantor and the Marx Brothers, play-girls like Paulette Goddard and Carole Lombard—they all meet and mingle in this big and whirling group.



● Home-lover is Maureen O'Sullivan (in the top picture). Sophisticated diners-out are the company of Virginia Bruce (left). And also of Jeanette MacDonald (above, with opera glasses) snapped at the theatre with John Mack Brown and Norma Shearer.

day. But the sort of revelry in which you would expect her to join—no, she is not there.

Myrna Loy, perfect wife on the screen, is the same at home, and lives in quiet domesticity with producer Arthur Hornblow.

You might picture suave David Niven as a playboy, but he is nothing of the sort. He likes to get away on his yacht.

Sylvia Sidney, Claudette Colbert, Maureen O'Sullivan, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell, Janet Gaynor, John Boles are all early to bed. So is Joan Bennett, although her sister, Constance, is one of the most consistent sleepers-out in the film colony.

Another definite section is composed of sporting enthusiasts. Naturally this includes celebrated he-men like Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, and Errol Flynn.

Home entertainment is not for them. They like the cafes, hotels, and night clubs.

But there is another group, nearly as large, that prefers to keep away from the bright lights. And among these home-lovers you find, of all people, Mae West.

Mae goes to an occasional prize-fight, and is at church every Sun-

She Hoaxed Hollywood

MARGARET LINDSAY IS ONE OF MANY PLAYERS WHO HAVE SWAGGERED INTO A SCREEN CAREER BY AN AUDACIOUS BLUFF

WHEN "Cavalcade" was filmed in Hollywood with an all-British cast, one of the attractions offered was the "eminent English actress" Margaret Lindsay.

But soon afterwards this London celebrity turned out to be a girl called "Lizzie" Kies, from the town of Dubuque, Iowa.

Margaret has never expressed any regret for the trick, which was exposed by Walter Winchell, the gossip columnist.

She had discovered previously that no one wanted unknown Iowans, and some experience on the London stage had equipped her to put over the masquerade. "Cavalcade" launched her on a successful career.

She now prospers with Warner Brothers, who gave her a good part in "Gold Is Where You Find It."

Deception of this sort is fairly common in Hollywood. Nobody blames very severely the young players who try fraudulent methods.

By ...

Barbara Bouchier

from Hollywood

to "get a break," because the whole show business is so dependent on deception—from the bogus eyebrows worn by Marlene Dietrich to the falsehoods of the publicity departments.

Sigrid Gurle, Goldwyn's "sensational Scandinavian screen discovery," has been the latest to bluff a big producer—and get found out.

She was really born in Brooklyn, New York, and has the homely private name of Mrs. Thomas Stewart.

No very great harm seems to have been done by the deception, though the public, one imagines, may be somewhat suspicious of Mr. Goldwyn's finds in future.

Sam himself bears no hard feelings. "It was," he says, "a good piece of showmanship. I told her: 'You stick with me and show me some more.'"

In the meantime, however, it is significant that Miss Gurle, hailed as "colossal" at the time when she was guarded from the Press "while she was perfecting her English," will appear in a supporting role in her second picture, "Graustark," after making her bow as Gary Cooper's leading lady in "The Adventures of Marco Polo."

Fable by Gable

SOME of the screen's greatest careers have started with a bluff of this kind. There was Clark Gable, for instance. He was just getting started in pictures and needed work badly when he was offered a part in "The Painted Desert," provided he was an expert horseman.

Gable, as he admits himself, lied like a trooper when they asked if he could ride. He had never been on a horse in his life, but to hear him tell it, they were clamoring for him in the big steeplechase.

Fortunately, after the interview, he went to a riding school. Stiff and bruised, but if no Tom Mix at least qualified to sit a horse, he reported for the role a week later.

"The Painted Desert" was the turning point of his life.

Ginger Rogers looks an honest little girl, but she, too, has been guilty of her share of guile.

With director John Ford she pulled



● Margaret Lindsay in one of the Victorian dresses she wears for "Gold Is Where You Find It" (Warner Bros.)

off a trick at the expense of producer Pandro Berman. Her object was to prove to Berman that she could act as well as dance, and she certainly succeeded.

Posing as "Lady Almsley, famous London star," she applied for a test for the role of Queen Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland." Sponsored by Ford, she got the test, and Berman was most enthusiastic.

After he had tried for three days to get into touch with "Lady Almsley," they broke the news to him.

Recently Berman gave Ginger the

part in "Stage Door," which meant for her a first-rate acting opportunity.

When Katharine Hepburn went to Hollywood it was announced about that she was the socialite-helms to a great fortune.

She attracted a lot of attention living up to that description until a sceptical reporter discovered that she rented her shiny Hispano-Rutza by

the week, and that there really was no \$4,000,000 legacy in store for her.

Carole Lombard broke into the glamor game by a bit of mild misrepresentation which is often described gleefully by her old friend and secretary, Madelayne Fields ("Fieldsie").

In her early days Carole was a grinning beach beauty in knockabout comedies. But she had other ambi-

tions and managed to get a test at a minor studio for a "vamp" role.

Before she went along "Fieldsie" glued false eyelashes—then a great rarity—on to Carole's face and wrapped her in a long, clinging gown.

When she showed up at the studio Carole claimed considerable experience as a sophisticated player, and behaved in a highly languorous manner.

And when the boss saw the photographs of her he yelled with delight. And Carole never went back to the bathing belle sector.



● **FACES** we always welcome. Left: Eric Blore, queerest of men-servants. Centre: Midsummer madmen with spring onions. They are Alan Mowbray and Mischa Auer. Right: Enraged Edgar Kennedy.

● **IN CIRCLE:** Indignant Walter Connolly, as he appears in "Nothing Sacred." Also inset is portly Eugene Pallette as Friar Tuck in the new version of "Robin Hood." Pallette usually plays a puffing magnate.

PICTURE-STEALERS

PRINCESS CHARMING (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush."

A WOMAN smiles—and her face glows with a vivid touch of splendor.

(Dazzling white teeth set in firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.)

Another woman smiles, and her charm vanishes before your eyes.

(Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention with an unpleasant jolt.)

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS YOUR ENEMY

You can't afford to neglect your gums until

they show the warning signal of "pink tooth brush." For it is a serious matter—as dental science tells you.

The explanation of "pink tooth brush" is remarkably simple. It's because almost no one nowadays eats the coarse, fibrous foods so stimulating to the gums. Our modern, soft-food diet allows them to grow tender and sensitive through sheer inaction. And that's why the warning tinge of "pink" appears so often—why modern dental science urges Ipana and massage.

Actually, you have a double duty to perform for complete oral health. You must massage your gums as well as brush your teeth. So be sure to rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Ipana, massaged well into the gums, helps them back to normal, healthy firmness.

Change to Ipana and massage. For with healthy gums, you have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—from gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. And the brilliance of your smile, the whiteness and beauty of your teeth, will make you wish you had changed to Ipana and massage long ago.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by **CHEMISTS ONLY.**

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



THEIR NAMES ARE NOT BILLED IN BIG LETTERS, BUT THESE FAMILIAR "BIT" COMEDIANS OFTEN OUTSHINE THE STARS.

TAKE Franklin Pangborn. For instance—the mincing ass who usually plays a frock-designer. He rarely appears on the screen for more than a few minutes per show.

But if you know him your heart leaps up whenever you behold him in a cast. You know that, however flat the rest of a picture may fall, you are sure of a few great, rending laughs.

Edgar Kennedy is another. He has specialised in a particular accomplishment—the gradual rage known to Hollywood as the "slow burn."

Remember him in "A Star is Born" as the keeper of the boarding-house where Janet Gaynor put up? Or as the detective in "True Confession"? There is another welcome session of Kennedy in "Hollywood Hotel."

Many a poor picture has been redeemed by the brilliance of the man who plays the butler. These men-servants are a special group of the screen's comic "regulars."

Eric Blore, with the big, mobile mouth and the mad eyes, is perhaps the top man of them.

Blore is English, and his best friend in the screen colony is Herbert Marshall. It was Marshall who discovered Blore in a London music hall.

Treacher Ticks One

ANOTHER of the memorable men-servants is Arthur Treacher, who folds the shirts of Herbert Marshall in "Mad About Music," and befriends Shirley Temple in "Heidi."

Treacher is another Englishman, and a six-footer. He started in the pictures by playing the English gentleman, but never won cheers until he became a gentleman's gentleman.

Pomposity is his line. His version of a butler is much closer to the real thing than the fantastic Blore's.

Alan Mowbray has also done some beautiful butting, but he can make a hit out of almost any role. He tickled a great many ribs as the egomaniac producer in "Stand-In," you may recall.

Mowbray excels in the portrayal of the super-swelled head. Like most of Hollywood's other first-class "bit" comics, he has been a free-lance most of his time, not tied up with any particular studio.

Just lately he was persuaded to sign a contract with Hal Roach, the ace comedy-producer, who works for M.-G.-M.

A star fool was born in "My Man Godfrey," when Mischa Auer played the "gorilla man," the parlor parasite, who amused his patrons by imitating an ape.

Since then Auer has been eagerly sought by producers who want to build up the comedy side of a film. Auer likes best to play an asinine aristocrat. The sort of job he did in "Vogues of 1938."

Auer is a Russian, and he was an extra in Hollywood until some of his pals, astounded by his ability to keep them amused, urged him to try screen comedy.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



ALEXANDER D'ARCY

COLUMBIA'S NEWEST PLAYER, WAS BORN IN EGYPT OF FRENCH PARENTS, LIVED IN HUNGARY, STUDIED IN SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY, STARTED IN PICTURES IN FRANCE, AND REACHED STARDOM IN ENGLAND. HE DRIVES AN ITALIAN CAR, HAS A GERMAN DOG—BUT LIKES TO CONSIDER HIMSELF AN AMERICAN.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

LEARNED TO ICE-SKATE IN TWO DAYS, FOR HER ROLE IN 'YANK AT OXFORD'

PRIVATE VIEWS

★★★ SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

Walt Disney Studio.
(Week's Best Release.)

THIS picture has been another smack in the eye for the glittering lords and ladies of Hollywood.

Lately certain child stars have been drawing bigger houses than most of their elders. And now a film in which the characters are mere fantasies of the pencil has turned out to be one of the biggest box-office hits in film history.

"Snow White," first full-length job by Walt Disney and his army of assistants, deserves all the things we have heard about it.

You could dwell on its merit from a number of angles. It has plenty of the grotesque whimsies long associated with the animals of the Disney zoo. Birds and beasts who cluster round Snow White are delightful. And of the dwarfs there is one—little Dopey—who is a brilliant invention, worthy to rank with Donald Duck.

There is melodrama, even horror, notably in the scene where the wicked queen transforms herself into a witch.

In this scene you notice also the splendor of the color effects. The liquids which the queen mixes in her magic potion emit sinister and dazzling lights.

Snow White herself is a charming heroine, though more conventional than most of Disney's creations. Much of her charm is lent by the very lovely voice with which she speaks and sings.

The only weak point of the film is the prince who rescues Snow White—a pretty and uninteresting fellow.

You cannot convey the quality of the picture by talking about single aspects of it. The whole thing has a beauty that is touching; it revives for grown-ups the forgotten imaginations of childhood—Plaza; showing.

★★★ A YANK AT OXFORD

Robert Taylor. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

A THOROUGHLY amusing picture has resulted from Metro's expedition to England. Robert Taylor,

Shows Still Running

*** **Adventures of Tom Sawyer:** Tommy Kelly; childhood comedy-drama.—Mayfair, 3rd week.

*** **Mad About Music:** Deanna Durbin, Herbert Marshall; comedy musical.—State, 2nd week.

*** **Bluebeard's Eighth Wife:** Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert; sophisticated comedy.—Prince Edward, 2nd week.

*** **In Old Chicago:** Tyrone Power, Alice Faye; period drama.—Regent, 3rd week.

In his role of a conceited American who sets out to show Oxford University what is what, is a better actor than he has been before.

The students of that conservative spot pull his leg and he punches their noses. Also he loves Maureen O'Sullivan, undergraduate sister of his college enemy. And he gets mixed up in a scandal caused by Vivien Leigh, vampy wife of an Oxford book-seller.

The fun is often uproarious, and in order to keep it so the producer has not hesitated to caricature the university. It's amusing, but it's not Oxford, would be the comment of anyone familiar with the place.

The Oxford students in the film do not wear sweaters with a huge "O" on the chest, but in other respects they much resemble the youths in American college pictures.

They move about in large mobs, whereas Oxford men keep to small groups. They are never intoxicated, which Oxford men frequently are. They are all athletes, and wear tidy clothes; while many Oxford students are scholars, and none of them is tidy.

All this does not surprise, when we know that during the production of the film Taylor did not visit Oxford once. He was too busy on the set in London.

But these things do not matter much. The film is a racy bit of entertainment, and nobody will mind if the Yank comes out of it much better than does Oxford.—St. James; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★★ Two stars—above average

★★★ Three stars—excellent

★★★ SWING YOUR LADY

Humphrey Bogart, Nat Pendleton. (Warner Brothers.)

THIS hearty comedy is an inspiring change from the recent routine of streamlined craziness.

The focus of the farce is no chromium-plated playboy of the Cary Grant type, but a Greek wrestler of low mentality. Nat Pendleton, in this role, does one of the funniest jobs we have seen of late.

The film puts him among hill-billies. Louise Fazenda, a lady blacksmith, is one of these primitives. She has a murderous lover called Noah, who is also notable.

But the best of the savage comedians is the band of musicians which puts over grisly lyrics like "Dig Me a Grave in Missouri."

With Penny Singleton, a smart rhythm girl who sings "Hill-billy From 10th Avenue," this band gives an outstanding musical sequence.

A wrestling match planned for Pendleton and Louise Fazenda is a major item in the plot. The jests at: sometimes on the coarse side; the film goes in for the battle-axe rather than the rapier sort of humor, but it gets the laughs.

"Swing Your Lady" is a feeble title for this beefy and spontaneous show.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

George Brent, Olivia de Havilland. (Warner Brothers.)

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND in technical color is a superlative spectacle, and is the most noteworthy part of this conscientious film.

The picture carefully relates a phase of Californian history little known outside America—the conflict between goldminers and wheat-farmers for rights over the Sacramento Valley way back in the 'seventies.

But it tends to go slow, and does not work up very tense situations.

The acting of Claude Rains as the leader of the farmers dominates the picture. Rains has lots of character. George Brent, on the other hand, falls down on his job of portraying a vigorous, two-fisted miner. He seems always to be wondering what to do next.

The outdoor scenes and atmosphere are excellently photographed and colored. It is a pity the direction has not a bit more punch.

At the beginning and the end there are heavy speeches to the glory of California that could well be cut.—Century, opening Wed., June 1.

★ MADAME X

Glady's George. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

DURING its long history on stage and screen, "Madame X" has always appealed to a special type of person—the one who likes to spend the afternoon having a good cry, followed by a nice cup of tea.

If that is your sort of fun, this third film version of the classical "sniffer" will not disappoint. Glady's George performs sincerely as the woman who pays and pays.

But the edge of the pathos has been taken off by the number of pictures which have borrowed the theme of "Madame X." We are used to seeing the blood-relations of prisoners in a ke impassioned court-room speeches in their defence. So John Beal's plea for his mother in this film is not quite so heartrending as it was twenty years ago.—Capitol; showing.

THEATRE ROYAL

Now playing nightly at 8
Matinee Wed. & Sat. at 2
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England's celebrated actress
MISS FAY COMPTON

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"VICTORIA REGINA"

Box Plans at Pallings' Balcony
Sales at Hillier's (next theatre).

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On Lucky Day

"I wrote to Pundit Asrah and he told me that my lucky numbers should be 7, 2, 11, 20, and 29 and my lucky day Monday. I sent away on Monday the seventh and, how lucky I have shared £1000, so Pundit was right. I have had many tickets in lotteries, but this is the first time I have won," wrote Mr. M. J. Collins, of Park Street, Berouira.



MR. M. J. COLLINS. That is what he did for Mr. Collins—and then he shared the £1000 prize after acting on the advice.

Readers who would like similar advice are invited to clip this paragraph and send it with a stamped addressed envelope and the date and year of their birth to Pundit Asrah, Desk AWW3, Box 586E, G.P.O., Hobart.

Within ten days they will receive the days and numbers which may prove lucky for them. They will also be given ten simple rules on "How to be Lucky"—rules which were followed by Mr. Collins before he won.

There is no charge made for this service, but a free-will offering of a postal note for 1/- to help pay for the advertisement, etc., will be accepted.

Knuckles Ached
With Rheumatism

"My knuckles were so sore and swollen with rheumatism I couldn't hold a pen in my hand. After many remedies had failed I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil.' Almost instantly the pain disappeared and soon my hands were normal again."

"St. Jacobs Oil" is the good old remedy for the pains and aches of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sprains and Strains. It goes directly to the seat of the trouble and draws out all the pain. It works every time and does not burn the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' from your chemist and see the magic.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN

Untroubled by Teething

Avoid constipation and its attendant dangers by using Steedman's Powders. Gently and safely they keep baby regular in his habits, his bloodstream cool during teething. Used by mothers for over 100 years for children up to 14 years of age.

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STEEDEMAN'S
POWDERS
FOR CONSTIPATION

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Here's Hot News
from All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

BETTE DAVIS has called an end to her strike with Warner Brothers. She has come out of hiding and returned to the studio, declaring herself willing to go to work in "Comet Over Broadway." This is the Faith Baldwin story to which she objected in the first place.

JOAN CRAWFORD is one actress who admits getting a thrill out of her fans. On her recent visit to New York she discovered a mob of them in the lobby of her hotel. What did La Crawford do but invite them all up to her suite of rooms, where she ordered ice-cream and cake in huge quantities, and then entertained them by playing recordings of her own singing.

Joan is taking her voice culture very seriously. She practices four hours every day.

W. C. Fields spends his leisure hitting cotton golf balls on his front lawn. His secretary, whom he calls Mickey Mouse, chases the balls for him.

WHEN YOU
CAN'T EAT

Can't work, can't sleep, it is probable your digestion is out of order. Then you need a stimulating, digestive tonic such as the world-famous Mather Seigel's Syrup. It is the special combination of herbal extracts—found only in Mather Seigel's Syrup—which gives it such supreme medicinal value. Take it and you will enjoy your food; you will digest it; it will nourish you. Then you can eat, you can work, you can play; you can sleep—well and naturally. Buy a bottle to-day and try it. At Chemists and Stores 1/9 and 3/6.

LOSE UGLY FAT LIKE SHE DID

"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss D.E.C. in her letter. "My legs and bust were terribly fat and a bulge under my chin made my face look fat and ugly. I was envying the nice rounded figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and told me how fat she used to be until she took YOUTH-O-FORM. She praised it so much that I determined to try it myself, and it is all she claimed for it—and lots more. The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change YOUTH-O-FORM has made in me. Don't suffer the discomfort of obesity. Reduce by this simple, pleasant, natural way. A capsule of fatness."

YOUTH-O-FORM at bedtime banishes ugly fat. No nasty salts, no starvation diet.
DOCTORS AND ALL GOOD CHEMISTS RECOMMEND
Full 4 weeks Treatment 20/- 18-day Course 5/6
YOUTH O FORM

The Mystery of the woman who NEVER GROWS OLD



NOT a line at 45! The smooth, clear unblemished skin of a young girl. It seems like a miracle but there's a scientific reason. These are the magical effects of 'Bioel'—the astounding discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. 'Bioel' is the precious natural youth-giving element which every smooth unlined skin must have. It is now contained in every jar of Crème Tokalon Bioel. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. You wake up looking younger every morning. Lines are smoothed away. Use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing) during the day, to make your skin fresh and clear—to dissolve away blackheads and blemishes. Make yourself look ten years younger—and stay young! End those sagging facial muscles. Get rid of that sallow complexion. Get back the clear firm cheeks and soft rounded beauty of your girlhood days. You will be delighted with the almost magical effects of Tokalon's two Creams. If not your money gladly refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Good Looks Disappear

UNDER LAYERS OF USELESS FAT.

Good looks can never be really attractive and inviting if your food tract is constipated. Accumulations of poisonous matter contaminate the blood stream, spoil the skin with spots and pimples, dull the eyes, form unhealthy fat tissue and make you feel despondent and depressed.

Never be careless or neglectful of constipation and congested liver. Health and attractiveness are too precious to be so endangered. Take Pinkettes which are scientifically compounded of ingredients recognized as the best for the treatment of constipation and torpid liver. These pills encourage the bowels to exercise properly and disperse the digestive wastes regularly. See what a wonderful difference Pinkettes will make to your eyes, skin, breath, looks, and how unhealthy fat and despondency vanish. At chemists and stores 1/3 bottle...



Get the tin and you'll
get the Shine!

To give richer quality to your brass, to give it a lasting shine, use BRASSO. Swiftly this quality polish sets brass gleaming. But remember only one tin contains BRASSO.

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Real Life Stories

Menaced By Angry Rioters

Indian rioters menacing the lives of a 14-year-old white girl and her father in a tiny village where there were only seven other white inhabitants is the real life story which wins this week's £1/1/- prize.

THE village of Kargapur, 70 miles from Calcutta, is small, but like most Indian towns teeming with life.

At the age of fourteen I lived there with my parents, my father being bazaar master.

I had seen several riots among the natives themselves. But the time they marched in full force upon our home is an incident which will remain in my memory all my life.

Owing to a shortage of rice in our district, the price had risen considerably, and the native railway workers objected strongly.

My father told them he could do nothing, as the price was set by the Government.

The subject was then dropped and he thought no more of it.

But while we were eating our evening meal the Hindu workers advanced upon the house in a huge mob, waving sticks and demanding cheaper rice.

My father called to our native boy and sent him to get the white men from the railway.

A stick was flung first, catching my father, who had not moved or spoken, on the jaw.

The foremost native then flung a cask of ghee (purified fat for lighting purposes) full in my face as I stood beside my father. Other rebels followed suit, and in the next minute



THEY WERE waving sticks and demanding cheaper rice.

the pair of us were drenched with the greasy flowing substance.

I was relieved to see our servant returning with the seven other white inhabitants. They carried rifles and batons, and it was amazing to see how suddenly the mob dispersed.

I am sure only the timely arrival of the railway officials saved us from serious harm.

£1/1/- to A. E. Woodnutt, Mayo Hall, 91 Hastings Parade, Bondi North, N.S.W.

Ski Adventure

DURING a holiday at Mt. Buffalo we had to walk or ski along a track about six feet across for half to three-quarters of a mile to reach the best ski-ing ground. Light snow-falls had made the track slippery.

It was possible to shuffle along on skis. It was quite safe provided one kept to the inside of the track, but the other edge was dangerous.

One might fall amid soft snow, perhaps knock against gum trees with force enough to be stunned, or fall into the muddy ice-cold stream at the bottom.

Some of my friends had gone a little way ahead. I trudged along quite cheerfully, but kept sliding a little towards the edge. In the act of hauling one foot back I slipped in a small patch of ice.

One leg, plus ski, dangled over the edge, the other half under snow. Every time I tried to move I went further over the edge. At last I managed to draw my way back by using my stick—the stick with the little wheel at the end that is used when ski-ing.

One of my friends came back just then, and stood laughing at the spectacle of my wildly waving arms and legs. Then, realising I might fall again, she came to my assistance and hauled me back on the path.

5/- to M. Wheelton, 5 Frederick St., Welland, S.A.

Imprisoned in Grave

MANY years ago my sister and myself made it a regular outing after leaving Sunday school to visit the cemetery, where we had relatives buried. One Sunday we saw a vault open, the slab propped up by an iron bar, and decided to go down the steps. The slab fell, imprisoning us in the vault. We huddled together on the steps screaming, thinking we were closed in forever. Suddenly the slab was lifted and the caretaker helped us out of what might have been a living grave.

5/- to Mrs. E. E. Williams, c/o Mrs. Bardin, Forest Rd., Lower Fern Tree Gully, Vic.

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page. Simply set down, in a letter of about 300 words, the most outstanding event in which you have been concerned. Only authentic incidents are eligible.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best letter each week, and 5/- for others published.

Address letters: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of page 2.

I awoke to hear queer, stealthy footsteps, as I thought.

I woke my husband. The noises were nearer now and seemed all over the house. We went to investigate and found . . . several large crabs scuttling about.

My maid, who was awake by this time, explained that some friends had called while we were out with a small sack full of crabs, which she had put in the kitchen. As the sack was not tied at the top, the creatures had gone adventuring and the result was our creepy little incident.

5/- to Mrs. Molly J. Asphar, 19 Onslow St., South Perth, W.A.

Borrowed Wedding Ring

OUR wedding was arranged to take place in a tiny settlement out back. The day and the parson arrived, but no wedding-ring.

My young married friend lent us her ring, and after the ceremony it was duly handed back to its owner.

For nearly thirty years I have lived and worked in the backblocks with my husband, and reared a family, all without the aid of a wedding-ring.

My good friend of such long standing has recently passed away, but she bequeathed to me the ring which played a prominent part in both our lives.

After all these years I now wear and own the ring with which I was married. To me it is not only a symbol of wedded bliss, but a valued token of long and faithful friendship.

5/- to Mrs. H. J. Barker, Alice St., Maryborough, Qld.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet
Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is traced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Both have FAIR HAIR

—but Joan uses
the New Vitef
STABLOND

—and Mary
uses an
ordinary
soap-substitute
hairwash . . .

... What Do You Use?

There is a very simple reason why every fair-haired woman should use a special shampoo. Fair hair is of a much finer texture than brunette hair and the scalp of fair women is much more sensitive too. Sta-blond, the original fair hair shampoo, is especially made to suit the characteristics of the most delicate fair hair.

Sta-blond not only cleans your hair and makes it soft and silky (any good shampoo will do that) but it does what no other shampoo even claims to do: bridges back the true golden colour to the most faded and darkened fair hair, keeps it golden—prevents light hair from darkening.

Furthermore, Sta-blond contains "Vitef," the amazing Hair-Vitamin. This wonderful discovery prevents dandruff and brittleness. It keeps the hair and scalp gloriously soft and supple.

If you want a black don't buy Sta-blond; but if you want to keep your hair lovely and light Sta-blond is the only shampoo for you. Try it just once—try it today. Sole distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 3679 S.S., Sydney.

STA-BLOND CONTAINS NO DYES. NO INJURIOUS BLEACHERS.

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Concluding the Intimate Life Story of THE DUCHESS of KENT

By Baroness Helena Von-Der Hoven

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly — Commenced March 19

CHAPTER 18

Prince Edward and "Sister"

THE Duchess of Kent is the ideal mother. She adores her children, Prince Edward and his baby sister, Princess Alexandra.

Solemn and mischievous in turns, Prince Edward takes his expressive moods from his mother, and in his looks he is very much like his father. His colorings are lovely, and so is his personality, which, I should say, he takes from both.

He came into the hall solemnly riding behind his sister's pram in his own carriage. He had been out for his morning's outing in the gardens of Belgrave Square.

He was feeling slightly tired and a little hungry, therefore he looked rather solemn, pouting his red lips, but the moment he saw me his interest was roused and he gave me a good "look over" to make quite sure what I was like.

I did not see much of him on this occasion, but later when I went up to the nurseries I got better acquainted with His Royal Highness.

Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra have two nurses. Every day after he has had his breakfast Prince Edward goes to say "good morning" to his father and mother.

This is indeed a great time. On these morning visits to his parents, which last about an hour, toys are not really all-important, for games with his parents are far more exciting.

Prince Edward calls his father "Pappa" and his mother "Mamma," though the Duchess hopes he will soon learn to call her "Mummele," as I called my mother," she explained to me charmingly.

Friendly Child

HIS nurse is "Mimiss," which is Prince Edward's pronunciation of Miss Smith, but for Princess Alexandra he has his own special name.

He calls her "sister," which he pronounces with great gusto, and he kisses her little hand.

This performance makes her laugh, and when she laughs Prince Edward must laugh too, so there is an altogether merry party.

He is now at an age when he repeats every word you say, and if he succeeds in getting hold of a really difficult one he is delighted. At this stage he does not talk fluently, but naturally every day makes a difference.

Prince Edward is a friendly little man but very detached.

He is quite willing to show you his toys and repeat after you what they are called, but the moment you think you have enticed him into friendly conversation off he goes to the far end of the room entirely forgetting your existence for something else which has suddenly attracted his attention.

He is very lively and climbs about like a little monkey. Seeing his efforts to climb over the railings on the landing leading to the nurseries, the Duke ordered them to be wired in with wire netting to prevent the little gentleman from climbing over them.

At the moment his climbing efforts are confined to clambering on top of his father whilst he is still in bed in the morning, and I am told he generally finishes by forcing him to get up.

THE Duke adores his small son. He, like the Duchess, was always fond of children, and can play by the hour with his own children.

Princess Alexandra has also begun her morning visits to her parents, and she joins in the fun, but Prince Edward is already a little man and when romping becomes beyond her she retires to her mother's arms and watches with her large blue eyes, whilst "boys will be boys."

When the nurses have had their breakfast they come and fetch their little charges and take them out. The parents are then allowed to dress.

Prince Edward takes his meals in the day nursery which, as well as the night nurseries, is at the top of the house.

The children generally use a lift, and Prince Edward thoroughly enjoys it.

His night nursery has pretty blue chintz and a blue wooden cot which travels with him to Coppins, whilst Princess Alexandra's cot goes with her wherever she goes.

In the day nursery in front of the fire is a most exciting rug. On it you can find woven pictures and nursery rhymes accompanying them.

So Prince Edward can either sit on the spider who frightened Miss Muffet away, or crawl over to find little Bo-Peep's sheep in another corner.

He also owns a tray with the story of Cinderella in pictures and text represented on it, which considerably helps his appetite, and makes him quite familiar at an early age with the story of Cinderella and Prince Charming.

Like his father, Prince Edward never wears a hat, which fashion is followed by Princess Alexandra.

Noisy Toys

THE Duchess of Kent as a little girl was not allowed this privilege, as it would have been considered most improper in those days for a young Princess to appear hatless in Athens. In the country, of course, the Duchess could dispense with this for-

Diet for a Prince

THIS is the menu for Prince Edward, that pink-and-white little fellow with golden curly hair, blue eyes, and a rosebud-red mouth.

8 a.m.—Breakfast. Tomato juice and toast in the summer, milk always.

1.15 p.m.—Lunch. Broth. Plenty of vegetables, carrots, spinach, etc., fish, brains, chicken sometimes. Orange jelly, and milk jelly.

Tea. Brown bread and butter, and lettuce.

malty, though every time she did so her grandparents bemoaned her complexion, which, however, did not seem to suffer from the sun.

Princess Alexandra is very much like her mother, but in coloring resembles Prince Edward and she has lovely blue eyes. She begins to know people and tries to sit up in her cot and pram. She has a very happy nature and is nearly always smiling.

Prince Edward is never still. He is a very good little boy, and when he is told he is going to be photographed he is quite willing "to oblige," but beware, don't be long over it as you might find you have snapped an empty place, and Prince Edward is already on the other side of the room.

Lately he has been given a present of a little pony which is a great pleasure to him, and the Duchess encourages his riding efforts as she wants him to learn to ride properly and become a good rider.

Like his parents he is going to be musical and already the piano holds a fascination for him.

He loves to listen to his father's playing and if he gets a chance himself to get to the instrument it takes a lot of resourceful tactics to get him away from it.

Like all small boys he already likes noisy toys. Musical boxes and rattles, and other squeaky things. Princess Alexandra also owns a favorite rattle, but then with her it is still in the programme of the day.

A CHARMING family group of the Duke and Duchess of Kent and their children.

Princess Alexandra's toilet is a source of great interest to her small brother who himself, like most children, adores a bath. The children's bathroom has oilcloth curtains, and is equipped so as to allow the children to have a good "splash."

The Duchess of Kent herself loved a good "wet bath," especially in the days when her father used to come and help to bathe his tiny daughter.

There was a lot of laughter and shrieks of joy, which are repeated now at Belgrave Square and Coppins when the parents come up during the bath-time of little Prince Edward and his "sister."

"The only drawback to our holidays is that we can't take our children with us," said the Duchess whilst discussing her holiday plans, "but they are in good care and soon they will be big enough to come, too."

Meanwhile, very sensibly, though she adores her children, the Duchess considers that her husband comes first, and she loves travelling, only to look forward all the more to returning to England after a month or five weeks abroad.

CHAPTER 19

Charities & Activities

WHAT are the charities which interest the Duchess of Kent? Does she become a patroness to this or that organisation merely; just because she is asked? Does she take an interest in her works or does she not ever know they exist?

All these questions I have heard from time to time, and one day looking at the Duchess' engagement diary I asked the question.

The Duchess smiled. "You've known my mother and her work for many years," she replied. "Would you like to go over my charities?" Of course I was delighted, and after receiving a list from Lady Herbert, the Duchess' Lady-in-Waiting, I started on my round.

What can be sadder in this world than to be physically handicapped? To be an incurable cripple, pitied and despised?

Until cripples reach the age of eighteen they are cared for by various organisations for children, but once having reached an adult age they are returned to their families to be bullied or pampered to the extent of sooner or later becoming mental.

Four years ago, from a round-table conference with practically no funds except a few shillings, there sprang up a charitable organisation known as the P.O.I.P.H.

Continued on Page 34

Presented with the personal approval of Her Royal Highness, this intimate story of her life and family concludes this week.

NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART



She says she "doesn't perspire" in winter—yet underarm odour spoils all her charm!

She's a popular girl, Mary—in summertime! For she wouldn't dream of letting underarm odour spoil a summer romance! She knows that she perspires then because she sees it.

Too bad she neglects underarm precautions as soon as cold weather comes! It's so easy to think you "don't perspire" in winter—to foolishly trust a bath alone to keep you sweet.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that even when there is no underarm moisture, odour is there. A penetrat-

ing odour that clings to heavy woollens, to tight, close-fitting sleeves. An odour that can be prevented before it starts—if you follow up your bath with Mum!

MUM IS QUICK. Just half a minute to use! Apply it even after you're dressed. Mum will not harm fabrics!

MUM IS SAFE. Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, never irritates the skin. It's actually soothing even after underarm shaving!

MUM IS SURE. Mum's protection lasts all day. No worries about hot rooms or warm clothes. Mum makes unpleasantness impossible. Use Mum every day... you'll be a girl men like all year 'round.

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM



At all chemists and better-class stores. Price, 1/6; Double Size, 2/6.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Banish SKIN BLEMISHES



Nothing is so embarrassing or so apt to create a feeling of inferiority as facial skin blemishes. Rashes, pimples, blotches and such eruptive skin ailments respond quickly to a night to night treatment with Rexona Ointment washed off each morning with Rexona Soap. The soothing, healing and tonic medicaments thus applied will be materially aided in their action by a course of laxative taken during the treatment, and the skin will be restored to normal health in an astonishingly short space of time.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS OR STORE NOW!

9,204,32

WARNING

The public is to be warned against the use of ordinary bicarb or cooking soda for medicinal purposes. The safe and simple remedy for Indigestion, Acidity, Wind, Heartburn and Stomach Ailments is Pure TWIN SODA. It gives instant relief. Obtainable from all chemists at 1/6 or 2/9 per extra large packet.

END THE PAIN OF RHEUMATISM

HERE IS QUICK RELIEF - LASTING BENEFIT

Here is the remedy that has ended the chronic rheumatic pains and suffering of thousands. Its amazing success is due to the fact that it goes direct to the cause of your pain—weak kidneys. Famous for 50 years, De Witt's Pills give quick relief and lasting benefit in cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, and other kindred troubles.

De Witt's Pills end rheumatism because they prompt weak, sluggish kidneys to action. With kidneys working healthily and actively, the pain-causing poisons, such as excess uric acid, are expelled from your system. Take De Witt's Pills regularly and no longer will you sit in despair, tortured by day, sleepless at night, because of your awful pain. There is no delay. Quickly your pain goes, and goes for good.

As your exhausting pain ends you get back all the old vigour and vitality to enjoy life. Men and women of even 70 and over have benefited. So can you. De Witt's Pills will start to free you at once from the cause of your terrible pain—kidney trouble.

HEED NATURE'S WARNINGS

Watch these symptoms:—Joint pains, baggy eyes, sallow complexion, headaches, dizziness, urinary troubles, bad back, too-old, worn-out feeling. These are all signs of kidney trouble. Get your supply of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills to-day. They will surely end your kidney trouble and keep you looking and feeling strong, healthy and vigorous.



DEWITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/6, 3/- and 5/6. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

Intimate Life Story of the

DUCHESS of KENT

Continued from Page 33

THIS is a society for the Promotion of Industries for the Physically Handicapped. It was an uphill work.

People smiled indulgently and shrugged their shoulders, but few volunteered to help. "You'll never be able to do anything with these incurable." "You'll never be able to exist," were the remarks.

At this moment the P.O.I.P.H. has eighteen centres at which qualified teachers teach these incurable cripples various crafts, for the society has realised that there is no sale for bad work except charity, and to produce good saleable work they must have good teachers.

In those cases where the cripple cannot leave his home, the teachers visit him two or three times a week, and over eight hundred men and women are taught in this way to work and become useful, and in many cases contribute towards their own keep.

Not long ago I visited one of these centres in Poplar, and as I entered a bright and cheerful room I was struck by the happy, friendly atmosphere which reigned there.

Where are the cripples? I asked myself, but very soon I saw. One young woman had only one arm. With her left hand on the stump of her right arm she made some artistic and fine needlework.

Other women similarly handicapped followed her example. At two other tables I saw some charming rugs in the making, and as I watched the workers, who all of them are incurable, I wondered, and felt very humble.

THEIR teacher, a charming woman, and the secretary of the organisation, who is also one of its promoters, and who had taken me down to see the place, gave me the history of the different workers.

"Who is the patron?" I asked with interest, and the reply did not surprise me. "H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent."

People who are physically defective themselves admire beauty, and when the Duchess came to England as a radiant bride all these women adored her. "Oh, if only she deigned to look at us," they sighed.

When Prince Edward was born they all rejoiced and their one desire was to send him a present made by their own crippled efforts. But their administrators were dubious.

Would the young and lovely Duchess so full of life and happiness care to look at these poor handicapped people? Would she champion a cause which must be so foreign to her?

LITTLE they knew the Duchess then. As soon as she heard of these poor people her heart went out to them.

"Poor things! How awful it must be to be a cripple," she exclaimed when she was told about them, and she promised to champion them and become their patroness.

She accepted the present which they wanted to give her own fine healthy baby boy.

And so a white woollen lamb was created by the poor crippled people who pluckily prove to humanity that they too can be useful citizens, and a solid link established itself between healthy youth and radiant beauty whose heart could understand the suffering of others, and the physically handicapped who worship the things which themselves they have not got.

Another charity in which the Duchess takes great interest and of which she is the President whilst Queen Mary is the Patroness, is the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital which is run entirely by women.

Every doctor, every surgeon, skilful and kind, is a woman, and in this entirely feminine centre the Duchess takes an active part.

Not only does she attend functions in aid of it, but she visits the hospital, goes round the wards and has a smile and kind word for everyone.

"The Duchess is so kind and so beautiful," a patient who was there during one of the Duchess' visits told me. "The Duchess is simply wonderful with our sick children," the charming and efficient secretary of the hospital told me. "She looks at their toys and knows how to talk to them, and they just love her."

"This lamb was sent by the Duchess of Kent," a very sick little girl informed me, hugging the precious toy which seemed in some miraculous way to ease her suffering.

"We keep him for very sick cases," whispered the secretary. "If a child has to undergo an operation the Duchess' lamb is brought forward. He's been a great stand-by to these little people."

Ardent Worker

CHILDREN play a vital part in the Duchess' life and therefore children have an irresistible appeal for her. She realises how important it is both for mother and child to be healthy, and she readily agreed to be patroness of the Women's Country Holiday Fund.

"I can imagine how essential a holiday may be to a working woman, and what difference it can make to a child to pick up in the country," she remarked with her sympathetic understanding.

She also warmly responded to the request to accept under her patronage the Chelsea Play Centre for Children.

On this her interest in children did not stop, and hearing of Caldecote Community School at Maldstone, she took it as well under her own wing.

This Community deals with children whose home for some reason or other is not a happy one, and does not give a child a fair chance to start life.

"Every child must have a change and a happy childhood is so important," she said with fervor, thinking herself of her own happy, sunny childhood.

It is often said that beautiful married women cease to take any interest in other women's activities; to contradict this saying I will quote some of the other charities in which

Sniff, Sniff, Sniff!

If due to a cold in the head or catarrh get a 1/9 tube of NASAL BALM for quick, soothing relief. NASAL BALM for Cold in the Head and Catarrh is a product of The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Pty. Ltd., with a six-pointed star on the package. See you get it. At chemists and stores.

the Duchess of Kent is interested, and takes part:

Merioneth Nursing Association.
Ladies' Committee of the University College Hospital.
Iver and District Nursing Association, etc.

And last but not least the beautiful young great-niece of Queen Alexandra took over the charity in which the gracious Queen was interested up to her last day—Alexandra Rose Day.

As Queen Alexandra used to do, the sweet Duchess of Kent, looking like a rose herself, drives round the depots on the day, reviving the cherished memory of a departed Queen to whom she herself bears a striking resemblance.

CHAPTER 20

Hand-in-Hand

AND now I come to the last chapter of my story. It is not yet four years since the radiant Princess Marina became the beautiful Duchess of Kent, and meanwhile numerous important events have taken place in this country.

Three kings were in succession on the throne of England. The young Duchess sincerely grieved for King George, not only because he was the King and her husband's father, but because he had been a personal friend to her and, as she knew, was really fond of her.

His valuable qualities she quickly recognised and appreciated from the moment he bade her welcome at Balmoral on her arrival as his son's future bride.

His death was a great grief to her and she shared in the sorrow of the Royal Family and all the British nation.

Prince Edward, who had arrived not long before his grandfather's death, was a great joy and comfort to the young couple.

"He is very sweet," the Duchess would say lovingly, and the Duke like all young fathers felt a little shy of the tiny pink bundle, but very proud of him and soon, quite soon, father and son became great friends.

Time passed by and events succeeded each other. On Christmas Day, 1936, the baby Princess Alexandra was born, and over the tiny wisp of humanity, wrapped up in a cloud of soft lace, the radiant young mother smiled at her husband. It was a bright sunny day, a lovely day.

And the months went by. I saw the Duchess on the eve of her departure for a holiday with her husband.

It was the same radiant Princess Marina who talked to me eagerly of their plans, their hopes.

They were both looking forward to this trip when they would lay aside all responsibilities, all duty, and be for a few weeks together again.

I WOULD like to transport you to the eve of the Coronation; to the Queen's Hall, where the Duke and Duchess of Kent attended the Coronation "Day of United Intercession and Conference."



A PRINCE AND PRINCESS go out! The Duchess of Kent is helping little Prince Edward down the steps while the nurse carries Princess Alexandra.

They both looked very young and handsome as they entered the hall—the Duke in a black morning-coat which sets off so well his slim, elegant figure, the Duchess in a tight-fitting costume with a handsome fur slung over her shoulder and a simple straw hat daintily perched over one eye.

As they advanced they both smiled shyly, but they were happy smiles. As the Duke stepped up to the microphone the Duchess' eyes followed him and she sat motionless listening to every word.

Sacred Links

THE Duke's voice sounded very sincere and earnest as he spoke of the great day to come and especially when he said "the links which hold the Empire together are sacred and family links bound with God and King and home" one felt that those were also his own feelings.

To most of us a coronation is a wonderful pageant, a holiday, an excitement. We say: "Our King shall be crowned," but do we stop to think what this will mean to him?

First the King is presented to his people. They are asked by the Archbishop whether they will accept him as King, as leader and ruler.

No doubt that in days gone by it was a still greater ordeal than it is now, as the King who is presented now has previously been unanimously accepted, but it was not so when the ceremony of crowning was first instituted.

Continued on Page 36

You can have PERFECT SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES

through the aid of EYE CULTURE

If your eyes are causing you trouble and discomfort from:—

EYE STRAIN
EYE HEADACHES
ASTIGMATISMS
WEAK EYES
SHORT SIGHT

LONG SIGHT
SQUINT
OLD AGE SIGHT
FAILING SIGHT
GLARE, etc.

EYE CULTURE can remove pain, discomfort, and strain, giving relief within a very short time, soon followed by actual improvements in the vision.

GLASSES MERELY RELIEVE THE SYMPTOMS, and the longer they are worn the weaker do the eyes become. This is proved by the number of times glasses have to be changed, each time stronger lenses being supplied.

EYE CULTURE is a natural scientific means whereby, first of all, strain and congestion (the initial cause of eye troubles) are removed, and then the weakened muscles are strengthened until the eyes regain their tone and normal sight is restored, enabling glasses to be dispensed with altogether.

HERE IS AN EXTRACT FROM A REPORT JUST RECEIVED. "I am very satisfied with the results already achieved with Eye Culture. I feel no discomfort and have actually discarded my street glasses already. In fact, I even feel an improvement in my Cataract eye." This is wonderful after only a few weeks.

Call and see me personally . . . Consultation is Free, or send a 2d stamped addressed envelope, giving particulars of your eye trouble, to:—Eye Culture, No. 1, St. James Buildings, 107 Elizabeth St., Sydney, N.S.W.

EYE CULTURE



FARMER'S OPENS NEW Needlework Linens

Fine needlework, the elaborated embroideries that represent hours of work, deserve the sound foundation of strong age-defying linens. For gay new breakfast sets, bedspreads, supper cloths, mats (for undies, hankies and even children's wear) you'll appreciate these standard qualities in cream and guaranteed colours . . . the freshest and most vital that Farmer's could find . . . colours that will inspire your very finest and most admired work.

"OLD BLEACH" LINEN, 5/11. A new range of colours just open! White, biscuit, ivory, oyster, blush rose, rose, apple-green, daffodil, tangerine, delphinium, saxe, sky, fawn, bottle, green. 36"



54 INCH LINEN, 5/11. A good, hard-wearing linen for breakfast cloths, serviettes, etc. Five colours are pink, saxe, eau de nil, daffodil, beige. All guaranteed fadeless. Make a Lay-by!

Embroider your table cloths—on fine linen. And serviettes, too, of very super quality.

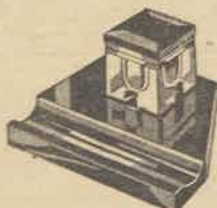
CREAM LINEN FROM 3/6. Farmer's has four widths in this cloth—helps you to cut economically into any size. For cloths, mats, serviettes, 36in., 3/6. 40in., 3/11. 45in., 4/6. 54in., 4/11.



WHITE LINEN FROM 3/3. A marvellous linen for white cloths and table linens, etc. Woven evenly with a round thread. 4 widths. 36in., 3/3. 40in., 3/6. 45in., 3/11. 54in., 4/11.

CANVAS LINENS, 3/11. Canvas linens are used for cross-stitch work. A good even basket type, easy to follow, in a holland colour. 36 inches wide. Use the easy, worryless lay-by!

Needlework Linens on the First Floor



At savings!
150 chromium
fine black glass

DESK STANDS

12/6 Crystal glass inkwell; heavy black glass base. 8/6
21/- chromium calendar; inkwell, black oval glass base. 16/6
25/- perpetual calendar. Round, black base, bevelled, grooved.
Double crystal glass and chromium inkwell. Complete, 19/6

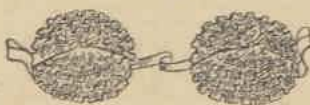
Stationery Section, Ground Floor

Blouse sets in smoky pearl.

Schiaparelli loves them. Practical—yet adorably feminine, patent shanks. White or smoked pearl, 7/11

Mother of pearl; in blue, green, yellow, pink. 4/11

Buttons—Ground Floor



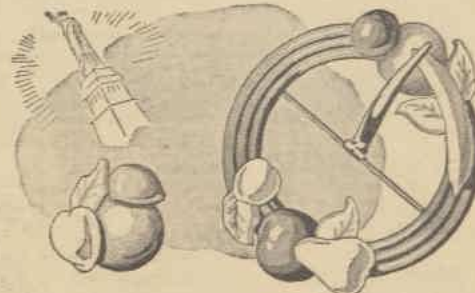
Arrival of The Gay Deceiver

BUST PAD SPECIAL

9/11

Fashion demands a youthful, softly rounded, uplifted bust . . . and maybe nature didn't give you one. These comfortable, adjustable bust pads attach to your brassiere and no one will ever suspect their presence. In tea-rose satin or fine net; in two sizes, small and large. And don't forget that they're washable!

Brassiere Section, Ground Floor



Novelties from New York

FRUIT BUTTONS

And buckles, too, gaily resplendent with bunches of luscious fruit. New York loved them for their gaiety—you'll love them, too, because they're FASHION NEWS, yet quite inexpensive. Light, natural colours. Buckles, 8/11. Buttons, 1/6.

Buckle, Buttons, Ground Floor



Get into the habit
of using a coffee

DRIPOLATOR

The goodness of coffee depends largely on the care with which it is made. The 'Lanka' dripolator brews and serves in the same pot, with good coffee the result. 1 pint size, price 14/6. 1 pint, 17/6. 2 1/2 pint at 24/6

Lower Ground Floor

IS YOUR BOY FIT TO FIGHT HIS WAY TO THE TOP?



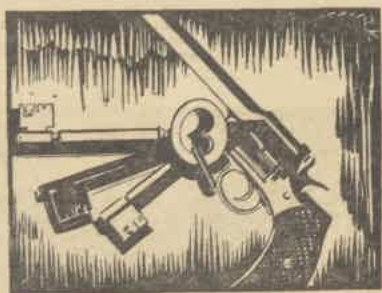
The prizes of life are for the fit in body. Feed your children three times a day with Cornwell's Extract of Malt, and be sure they are building bone and muscle and enriching the system with good healthy blood.

CORNWELL'S
Malt Extract

FAMOUS FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY



Fight epidemics with extra nourishment! Your Chemist or Grocer sells Cornwell's Extract of Malt. Buy a tin to-day.



FOR THOSE WHO
LOVE A GOOD
MYSTERY

**INSPECTOR HORNLEIGH
INVESTIGATES**

A slip of the tongue, an error of memory, a contradiction or a falsehood betray to Inspector Hornleigh the guilty party. Follow these cases and see if you can detect the flaw in the evidence. **EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT AT 7.15**

DRAMATIC MYSTERIES
Here are mysteries garnered from all parts of the world, mysteries that on the surface seem incapable of solution. You will be thrilled by the unexpected and ingenious explanations offered. **THURSDAYS, 8.10 p.m.**

2GB

THE NATION'S STATION

Who Will Be New Radio Song Star?

2GB's Talent Quest Nearing an End

What lucky girl will be the new radio song star in the 2GB quest for an outstanding Australian voice?

The public will select the winner from among the twelve finalists at a Town Hall talent quest concert on June 27.

FOR the winner it means a big chance.

She will get a contract from 2GB to sing over the air. That may mean the beginning of a brilliant career in radio and on the concert platform.

Behind this concert lies six months of intensive work by Reg Morgan, who has personally auditioned hundreds of singers, placed his wide musical knowledge at their disposal, and

accompanied those selected for their broadening appearances.

Not a little of the success of these broadcasts also goes to Charles Cousens, whose handling of each batch of singers has been done in such a friendly and courteous manner as to put many a nervous aspirant for fame completely at her ease when facing the ordeal of a first studio appearance.

The public has taken keen interest in these competitions. Each session has brought hundreds of votes by letter and telephone, and these have



MISS FRANCES HOTHAM, F.R.G.S., an English girl who has made travelling a career. She will be interviewed by Miss Dorothea Vautier in *The Australian Women's Weekly* session from 2GB this Wednesday at 11.45 a.m.

Intimate Life Story of The DUCHESS of KENT

Continued from Page 34

THE King has to be accepted on his presentation. After this has been accomplished and the lonely figure in the centre has been received as the recognised ruler it is his turn to accept his responsibilities.

The King renounces of his own will all his personal possessions, his personal life, his personal will. It all belongs to his people.

Stripping himself with his own hands he goes to receive the Holy Blessing and he consecrated body and soul to the great service he undertakes.

After taking the oath and being anointed he is invested with the kingly robes and given the emblems of power.

From this moment, this earthly life is no more his own; it is dedicated to the great service which he has undertaken—to rule his country and his people.

No wonder then that when young King George accepted the solemn oath both Queen Mary and the Queen wiped the tears from their eyes.

In a way Queen Mary was losing a son.

The Queen felt also that at this moment the King was renouncing everything and the only way for her to be with him was to make a similar renunciation on the altar of the country.

Thus those two young people dedicated their lives, and as the ancient ceremony of the King's crowning unrolled itself before our eyes I looked at the Duchess of Kent.

She sat motionless, her eyes lost in a far-away look. "Porphyrogenitos," she descended from kings. A long lineage of great names imprinted on the pages of history.

They, too, had pledged and given their lives to their people. They were fearless, they were noble, they were kind. Above all, they were loyal.

The Duchess' head was raised very high, her eyes were fixed on her young husband as he knelt down and pledged his troth to his brother. "I do become your liegeman of life and limb and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die, against all manner of folks, so help me God."

And while the Duke spoke these words the Duchess' eyes looked

very soft and the expression on her face was good to see. Both in heart and in mind she was with her young husband, and my vision went suddenly back to the day of the wedding when the Duke of Kent and his radiant young bride came back from the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, where they had signed the register after the marriage service.

They stood there hand in hand, and hand in hand they started on their journey through life together.

A quotation from A. A. Milne came back to my mind. The Princess asks what "loving tremendously" means, and the Prince tells her, "It means many things. But chiefly, I think, it means that in all your hopes and in all your fears when you soar to the sky or when you fall to the ground, always you are holding the other person's hand."

The Duke and Duchess of Kent are still holding hands and may it always be so.

(Copyright).



Right at the root of the trouble—in kidneys and liver chiefly—Warner's Safe Cure kills the poisons responsible for sciatica, rheumatism, backache, biliousness, nerve trouble, dizziness, etc.

All the many symptoms of disordered kidneys or liver have been successfully treated with Warner's Safe Cure. Three generations have proven it: three generations have gratefully acclaimed it.

**WARNER'S
SAFE CURE**

Sold everywhere by chemists and storekeepers in both the original 5/- bottles and in the cheaper concentrated form at 2/9.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet. MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.



Nancye Wynne Slashes Way to World Fame

Critics Praise Tennis Charm

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

Two Australians hold the sporting spotlight in England to-day.

While Don Bradman remains king of cricket, tall, fair-haired Nancye Wynne in tennis holds the centre of the stage.

Practically unknown in England a few weeks ago Nancye Wynne has captured the imagination and admiration of English tennis critics and players with the magical suddenness of an unknown actress made famous overnight.

NOT even Helen Wills-Moody—America's "blonde Greek goddess," who is making a comeback at Wimbledon after an absence of three years—can distract attention from Australia's slender, athletic Diana.

In spite of the fact that the boat journey had put her off her game, and she—with the other Australian tennis girls—felt the biting cold of England's spring frosts very keenly, Nancye won the very first match she played, against Miss Turner in the British hardcourts championship at Bournemouth.

Since then she has slashed her way through 28 matches, against all England's star players, and lost only four matches.

On three occasions it was a left-handed player who defeated her. Her other defeat was in the doubles, when two of England's best players—Misses Stammers and James—beat Nancye and Thelma Coyne.

There is a murmur of interest through the crowds when Nancye makes an appearance.

Five feet ten and a half inches in height, she stands a head above most of the women players. She dwarfs the exotic little Chilean, Serritza Lizana, whom she beat in the quarter-final at Bournemouth.

Her slim, sun-tanned legs showing to advantage in her brief pleated tennis skirt, her rakish white linen hat on her short fair hair, Nancye looks

like a health campaign poster as she strides easily on to the courts.

Nancye will play in the French championships before returning to England for the gala performance of the tennis season, Wimbledon, on June 20.

In the French championships she will play in the mixed doubles with Bonus. After he and Nancye had won the mixed doubles at Bournemouth, Bonus said any "first ten" player should win any mixed event in the world with her.

She has a natural genius for the game, and a crashing service and sweeping drives that are unequalled.

She has just the right proportions of nervousness, confidence, and courage. She can be patient and cool and deadly efficient.

But against this heady optimism cautious critics point out that her determination, concentration, and will to win are not yet fully developed.

She is also much too "nice."

She is apt to be too sympathetic towards opponents, she has not the slightly vicious streak that assists many champions, and she is sometimes apt to be a little dependent if her strokes do not function perfectly.

But in international tennis Nancye is a comparative infant. Very few Wimbledon champions reached the finals at their first attempt. It takes a stoic brand of courage and poise to survive the atmosphere of intense excitement and hissing criticism of the centre court at Wimbledon. Yet Nancye should do it without losing any of her youthful charm.



NANCYE WYNNE'S tennis hat is rapidly becoming famous. She takes it with her wherever she plays.



CIRCLE LEFT: Nancye writes home. Above: A charming study of sports glamor by Nancye Wynne.



AT LEFT: The tallest star—Nancye's height dwarfed her companions in the Bournemouth doubles. Left to right the players are: Thelma Coyne, Nancye Wynne, Kay Stammers, and Freda Jacobs. Right: A forehand shot, one of Nancye's most successful strokes.

National Insurance

Continued from Page 3

YOUR husband, if he is earning less than £265 a year, or is a manual worker on any salary above or below that figure, will bring home 1/6 less in his pay envelope every week.

His employer contributes the same amount on his behalf to the scheme.

If your husband is taken ill you can send for the doctor immediately, free of charge, instead of trying to treat him yourself and waiting till he is seriously ill before you call in medical advice.

Your own and your children's medical bills are not met by your husband's membership of the insurance scheme. An alteration in this regard is under consideration.

If you still belong to the scheme when you are 60 you will receive a pension of 15/- a week, regardless of whether you have any salary or savings at that age.

Supposing at 60 you are eligible to collect your insurance pension.

You may also be eligible to collect part of the Commonwealth old-age pension of £1 a week. You would in such case collect your 15/- a week insurance pension, plus old-age pension amounting to 5/-—that being the difference between your insurance pension and the present Commonwealth old-age pension.

Your husband's old-age pension when he is 65 will be £1 a week, with an allowance of 3/6 a week for any of your children under 15.

Should your husband die, whether he is a compulsory or voluntary contributor, you will immediately receive a widow's pension of 15/- a week for life, with the 3/6 allowance for your dependent children. Your pension would cease if you remarried.

A married woman who is a voluntary contributor and is widowed will receive her widow's pension and in addition—when she is 65—her own insurance old-age pension, making a total of 30/-.

These are the main points of the insurance scheme as it stands. Many alterations have been suggested to the Government, however, and some may yet be included in the scheme.



Taking the bow

Taking the bow after a successful performance is a very proud moment... even with years of study the success or failure of a piano recital depends to the same degree on the quality and reliability of the piano used...

You will find Nicholson's pianos used in all the important recitals for this obvious reason...

By master and student alike, their trust and success is secure, much the same as you can be assured of every satisfaction in purchasing for your home

a Piano by...

Nicholson's
The Musical Firm

416-418 GEORGE ST. SYDNEY

"Now my head feels clear as a bell"

Better still, if you use Va-tro-nol sooner you can PREVENT many a cold

OF COURSE that wretched stuffiness of a head-cold or nasal catarrh is quickly banished with a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. The moment you use it, you feel the tingle of its keen, stimulating action as Va-tro-nol quickly relieves irritation, clears away clogging mucus, reduces swollen membranes, drains the sinuses—makes every breath delightfully clear and cool again.

BUT WHY WAIT until your nose is stuffed up? At the first warning sniffle or sneeze use Va-tro-nol at once—and avoid many colds altogether.

Va-tro-nol is specialized medication for the nose and upper throat where 3 colds out of 4 begin. Used in time, it

stimulates Nature's own defenses in this "danger zone" to throw off a cold before it starts. Doctors have proved, in scientific tests among 17,353 people, that Va-tro-nol can often help you to escape entirely the days and nights of misery that a cold brings.

Use Va-tro-nol to banish that stuffiness you are suffering now. Then keep it handy, use it early, and prevent your next cold. At all chemists.

More people use it than all other medications of its kind put together.



HE WAS ASHAMED OF HIS SKINNY BODY!...

...But He Gained
30 lbs. Quickly
on "Vikelp"
Tablets...
Now Feels
Fine!

Like Thousands
of Others He Found
the 12 Minerals +
8 Vitamins + Food
In "Vikelp"
Quickest Way Yet
to Add Pounds, Build
New Strength and
Energy—without Drugs.

Read his actual letter...

"Gentlemen: I had been
skinny since childhood. Last
September was my ninth
birthday, so you see
how long I have been
skinny. Almost every Sunday
I was in the neighborhood
swimming. I did not go
with them, I suppose they
knew why. I was ashamed
of my skinny body. I was
nervous too. Even when
I went to pick up the
summer I was ashamed to
have my sleeves rolled up
like other fellows did. A
few months ago I started
on a pair of scales. I weighed
about 8 st. 8 lbs. and me
a young man going on
twenty. I thought of the
future—would I always
be skinny? I had seen 'Vikelp'
Tablets advertised in the
papers and magazines so I
bought a tin. I was really
amazed how much I gained
and how much better I felt.
I bought a more tin. Over
two months have passed. I
have gained more than
thirty pounds. You don't
know how much better I
feel and look and how
thankful I am for what
'Vikelp' Tablets have
done for me, so I am going
to thank 'Vikelp' Tablets
for what their minerals have
done for me—Yours truly
L. P. Corlies"

MAKE THIS NO COST TEST

If you are skinny, weak, run down, nervous, can't sleep
and if even the best food fails to build up your weight,
strength and energy, try 'Vikelp' Tablets for 10 days.
If you don't feel, sleep and eat better, have stronger
nerves and add at least 10 lbs. of firm flesh in the first
10 days, your money will be refunded. Your own
doctor will approve this way. 'Vikelp' costs but
little. Obtainable everywhere.

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Cut out this paragraph at once. Send it to us with your
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a fascinating new 40-page book on How to Add Weight
Quickly, Build Strongly, Energy, Strong Nerves, and
Rich Red Blood. Mineral Constituents of Food and their
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Tablets
Now having smashing success in England
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"Pain, muscular
cramps, headache
and sick
feeling, were so bad I had to go to bed. But
now, two Myzone tablets with a cup of tea,
bring such wonderful relief that I rarely miss
even an hour of work or pleasure."

Discover for yourself the different—
more immediate, more complete, relief
of Myzone's amazing **actenon** (anti-
spasmodic) compound.

Try a couple of Myzone tablets on
your next bad headache! No "doping".
More lasting relief than any ordinary
aspirin or a.p.c. All chemists. 2/- a box.

the ONLY
cough drop
medicated with throat-
soothing ingredients
of Vicks VapoRub.
VICKS COUGH DROP

TIGHTWAD

THE general store
at Fallsboro was crowded and
buzzing. Jackson, the wounded
guard, had gone on down the
road to meet the State troopers
coming over from Wynton, but the
local constable was there with the
storekeeper and some twenty
natives from the neighborhood, an-
grily and excitedly discussing the
raid on the West estate. Most of
them made their living from the
estate. They were talking of forming
a posse and scouting the woods
for the kidnappers.

Mr. Dodd walked in. They all
knew him. He had been coming
there for years. He quieted the
flood of information that greeted
him with: "Yes, yes, I know, I know,
Jackson stopped at my place to see
if there was a telephone. I have
known for some time. I wish to
make a long-distance telephone call."
The constable was a small, self-im-
portant man with a badge pinned
to his suspenders. He said, "Can't
I've taken the telephone over. Used
for official calls only. Troopers' or-
ders."

"But I must telephone my news-
paper," said Mr. Dodd, and then
added, "Daily Blade, New York."
"Oh," said the constable. "Pres-
s. That's different. . . . Here, let the
reporter through. . . . Mighty big
story you got, Mr. Dodd, mighty
big."

Mr. Dodd experienced the
strangest sensation in his throat.
He noticed that there was suddenly
a pulse beating there. There was a
curious glow in his breast. He
pushed through to the telephone at-
tached to the rear wall of the store.
Spreckett, the storekeeper, was
standing there.

"I want to put in a call for New
York, Mr. Spreckett. I wish to pay
for it myself."
"Sho, sho," said Spreckett. "I'll
put it on your weekly grocery bill.
Give the crank a yank first. Oper-
ator'll come right on."

Mr. Dodd turned the handle and
lifted the receiver. He wondered
why his knees were suddenly shak-
ing. He asked for long distance and
called the "Blade" number, and
when a small, fair voice answered,
"Daily Blade," said, in a voice that
was hardly his own, "Is Mr. Court
still there? This is Dodd. Auditing,
calling long distance. Please do
not keep me waiting; this call is ex-
pensive." The "Blade" operator:
"All right, Mr. Dodd," and there
was a clicking and crackling, and
then, clearer, he heard Court's own
sharp tones: "Yes, yes, Court. Who?
Who? . . . Dodd? The hell you say!
All right, put him on. Hello,
Hello. Court speaking."

**"HELLO, Mr.
Court? This is Dodd speaking from
Fallsboro. Can you hear me?"**
"Who? . . . Penryn Dodd? Yes,
yes. Well, what is it? This is Court."
"Have you heard about it yet, Mr.
Court? What has happened here?"
"Heard about what? Where are
you speaking from? . . . What is
on your mind?"

Dodd experienced a tremendous
relief. He would have been furious
had Court known. He placed one
finger to his free ear and shouted
into the mouthpiece: "All right.
Listen to me. Malcolm West, Cyrus
K. West's seven-year-old son, was
kidnapped here late this afternoon.
From West's estate on Hawk Lake,
ten miles from here. They shot a
guard and wounded another and the
nursemaid. Have you got that?"

There was a moment of such dead
silence from the other end of the
phone that Dodd looked at the re-
ceiver stupidly for a moment.

Then Court's voice fairly burst
from the instrument: "What? Say
that again, Dodd!"

"Get it the first time, can't you?"
Dodd yelled back. "This phone call
is costing money! The West child
was kidnapped here this afternoon!"

"The Fifty Million Dollar Baby?"
"I do not know the exact amount
the child is worth. Three men in-
vaded the West estate at Hawk Lake
from the woods and shot a guard
named Harris through the lung and
beat the nurse over the head and
apprehended the child."

"Yes, yes, yes, Dodd. Details. More
details. Come on, man."

"Another guard, named Jackson,
who ran to his partner's assistance,
was slightly wounded in the head.
He was unconscious for ten minutes,
and then gave the alarm, but all the
telephone wires leading into the
West estate had been cut."

"Dodd, you're a reporter! More
details!"

"That's all. Jackson, the wounded

guard, stopped at my place to see if
there was a telephone there."

"How long ago was that?"

Penryn Dodd had a sudden guilty
pang.

"Ah—a short while ago. He has
telephoned to the State troopers, who
are on their way over."

Court was gurgling insanely into
the telephone: "Oh, baby, baby! Oh,
Doddie, Doddie, old boy! God bless
you, Icebox! Twelve hours clear!
Oh, Doddie!"

The operator suddenly cut in and
said:

"Three minutes. Do you wish to
talk longer?"

"No, thank you," said Penryn
Dodd, and hung up.

"Snappy work," said Spreckett. "I
could hear him clear like he was in
this room."

"Reckon you'll be covering this
story, Mr. Dodd," said the constable.
"Glad to render you any assistance
I can in my humble way."

"No," said Mr. Dodd. "I'm not.
I'm going home. Thanks."

He had the engine in gear and was
letting the clutch in when a man
ran out of the store and shouted,
"Hey, Mr. Dodd! Phone! You're
wanted on the telephone!" Dodd
made testy noises with his lips, got
out of the car, went back to the
telephone, and said, "Yes, yes, this
is Dodd. Who is this?"

The voice that came out of the
other end was a complete snarl: "It's
Court! What the devil do you mean
by hanging up on me?"

"THREE minutes
was up and I was through talking.
I have no money to waste on long-
distance telephone calls. And please
remember that you are not speaking
to one of your reporters. Good-night,
Mr. Court."

Court's voice became a shout that
rattled the diaphragm of the instru-
ment: "Dodd! Dodd! Man, listen!"

"Yes, yes, I am still here. You
needn't shout."

"Dodd, you've got to help me out.
We're all going nuts down here. I
want more details. How many in
the gang? Were any of them re-
cognised? Is the guard dead? What
about the nurse? Are the police
there yet? Has Mrs. West collapsed?

Has there been any demand for ran-
som yet? Where the hell is Hawk
Lake and how do you get there?
Is there any statement from old man
West? Have you seen them? Are
there any other newspapermen up
around there?"

"I have told you all I know, Mr.
Court. That is all there is. It seems
to me that—"

"Yes, yes, yes. Well, you've got
to get more for us, Dodd. Find
out—"

Dodd interrupted. "Mr. Court,"
he said, "I wonder if you realise what
this call is costing the 'Blade,' when
I have already told you that—"
Court flew up like an ignited gaso-
line tank: "Shut up and listen to
me, you confounded old tightwad!
Burn your penny-pinching, miserly
body! This is big! Get me? Big!"

"I will not listen to your abuse,
Mr. Court, Good—"

"No, no! Wait! Dodd, Doddie,
I didn't mean it. I'm excited. For-
get it, old man. This is a big story.
Can you understand that—a big
story? Look, it's your story, Dodd.
You had it first. I'll give you a by-
line on it, see—By Penryn Dodd,
in ten point. Only don't throw us
down now, old man."

"Well, what do you want me to
do?"

"Get on it until I can get some-
body up there. Take charge. It's
all yours. You've scooped the town.
Now don't let your story get away
from you."

"You called me a tightwad," said
Mr. Dodd.

"Yes, yes, I didn't mean it, old
man. I apologise. Look, I'm send-
ing Perry Brown and Al Vogel up
in the amphibian with Spot Relly
to-morrow morning. They can land
on the lake if they ever find it. What
is it—Hawk Lake? . . . O.K. I
can't risk flying them up to-night.
Osgood, Rusty McGowan, the Jones
girl, Courvis and Martin Blake will
leave by train. Sew up everything
you can until they get there. The
opposition will be madder than all
hell at your scoop, and they'll do
anything to catch up. The gang
will take over when they get there,
but—"

"You said I was to take charge."

There was a moment's silence from
the other end of the phone. Then
Court said, "Ah—er—yes. Of course.
Brown and the others have a great
deal of experience covering assign-
ments, and if you will be guided
by—"

"Did you or didn't you say I was
to take charge?"

Continued from Page 6

Another pause. "Yes, but—"
"And you will so instruct those
who are coming up here?"

A longer pause, during which time
Court had his hand over the
mouthpiece of the office telephone
and was saying to Perry Brown,
"Hell throw us down to-night if I
don't tell him he's in charge up
there. You've got to kill him as
soon as you see him." And then, to
Dodd: "Yes, but, Dodd, you've got
to spend or we—you'll be licked on
it. Anything you—the gang needs,
get it for them, if you have to buy
the whole place."

"I have not sufficient funds with
me."

"Have you an account in the City
Trust downstairs, and a cheque-
book with you?"

"Yes."

"All right, I'll deposit money to
your account in the morning. You
can draw on it. How much do you
think you will want?"

"Will a hundred dollars be too
much?"

Court said to Perry Brown: "He
wants to know if a hundred dollars
would be too much?" put the re-
ceiver down helplessly and picked
it up again. "Mr. Dodd, I want all
the local police, and the sheriff, too,
with us. Can you forget just for a
little while that you are an auditor,
Mr. Dodd? You're a reporter now!"

—Court played his last card—"and
a darn good one, too."

Something happened to Dodd. He
never knew what it was. The word
"reporter," for fifteen years an-
athema to him, suddenly contained
more sweetness than he had ever
known before. . . . and a darn
good one. He heard a voice he
hardly knew as his own, because it
sounded more like Court's, saying to
Court, "Very well, Mr. Court; you
may deposit five thousand in my
name. I will account for it."

"Five thousand!" Court's voice
sounded more like Dodd's.

"To begin with," said Mr. Dodd.
"If I need any more I will let you
know. I will telephone you again
later"—and hung up. As he went
out he motioned to the constable
with his head. The policeman fol-
lowed him outside. "Ah—I do be-
lieve I shall be needing your as-
sistance after all."

"Sure. Sure. Glad to help you any
time, Mr. Dodd. Yes, yes, sure."

"And—ah—the usual thing?"

The constable grinned. "I can
count upon you?" Dodd asked. The
constable said, "You betcha. I'm
your man."

It was three o'clock in the after-
noon of the next day before the big
"Daily Blade" amphibian came
clattering over the dense pine woods
and circled Hawk Lake until Spot
Relly, the pilot, saw a woman stand-
ing on the edge of the boat dock,
waving an apron. He banked into
the wind, settled smoothly onto the
lake, and taxied over. Perry Brown,
crack reporter for the "Blade," and
Al Vogel, his cameraman partner,
climbed out of the hatch and ran
forward on the dock and made her
fast as Relly cut the twin engines.
The woman said:

"HELLO, hello! I'm

Mrs. Dodd. Mr. Dodd isn't here
now, but he left this note for you."

Brown tore it open. It explained
nothing. In Dodd's neat, precise
handwriting, it said:

Dear Mr. Brown: I shall be occu-
pied for a time. Mrs. Dodd will tell
you about accommodation. The
West estate is two miles up the road
to the left. It is guarded by State
troopers and cannot be entered. The
tall one named Woods is very help-
ful. The State troopers and the
Government men have established
headquarters in the general store
at Fallsboro, which is eight miles
down the road to the right. You will
find a car in the garage. There is
a telegraph operator at Wynton,
thirty miles from here, straight on
the road past Fallsboro. You may
say in your story that there has
been a ransom note demanding half
a million dollars for the safe return
of the child. It was found on the
spot where the miscreants assaulted
the guard and the nurse, and appre-
hended the child. This is not gener-
ally known. If you should find your-
self embarrassed for funds during
my absence, please communicate
with Mrs. Dodd.

Very truly yours,

PENRYN DODD.

P.S.: Should you find yourself in
any difficulties at times and there
happens to be anyone about, I sug-
gest that you say "Dodd" to them,
as I am well known in these parts.
P.D.

Please turn to Page 40



**A 1/2 WAY
TOOTH PASTE
CAN'T FIGHT THE
TWO-WAY BATTLE
.. against tooth decay
.. against gum infection**

Decay isn't the
only enemy which threatens your
teeth. You must combat also the
ever-present menace of insidious,
unightly, health destroying
PYORRHEA. Take the advice of
dentists everywhere, who recom-
mend FORHAN'S to both clean the
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Only FORHAN'S can give you this
double protection. Don't let
Pyorrhea start in your mouth—
start with FORHAN'S to-day,
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your teeth sparkling
white and your gums firm
and healthy.

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CLEANS TEETH
Prevents
Pyorrhea
Price 2/-
Extra large tube 3/-



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SLOGAN
COMPETITION

1st PRIZE . . . £10
2nd PRIZE . . . £5
5 Prizes at 10/- each
10 Prizes at 5/- each

For 2/6 purchase a large
bottle of "I-L-O" Eye Lo-
tion from your chemist
—clip the top lid bear-
ing the words "Open
this end" from the car-
ton and forward with
your entry to

GEORGINA BEAUTY
PREPARATIONS

107/9 Elizabeth St.,
Sydney . . . N.S.W.

Attach this Advertisement
to your Entry. This com-
petition will definitely close
on June 30th.

EXAMPLE OF A SLOGAN.
"GUARD YOUR EIGHT—USE
"I-L-O" EYE LOTION."

WRITER STARS

IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

GEMINIANS, if you want to be successful, you must think before you speak. Also, it is necessary that you learn to concentrate.

HAVING been born between May 22 and June 23, you belong to a class who, for the most part, have clever, active and restless minds and even more clever, active and restless hands.

Therefore you must be "up and doing" to be really happy, for stillness or stagnation in any form seems to upset you both mentally and physically.

You like to be busy, interested and enthusiastic over your work, and to watch the results of your handiwork taking form as your mind works over the problem.

This co-ordination of your intellectual and practical qualities will provide some of the happiest and most soul-satisfying moments in your life.

That is why the careers of writing, designing, architecture, auditing, chemistry, research, printing, commercial or other art attract so many of you.

In fact, those of you whose vocation does not allow of self-expression in this dual way should take up some avocation which will give the same opportunities. You will probably be surprised at your versatility, adaptability and general cleverness.

In fact, you might go a little further and try your abilities in the way of managing more than one career at the same time, for many Geminians find success and happiness in this way.

Your mind works restlessly and quickly, so that you are usually far ahead of the "other fellow," and nearly always a good jump ahead of your self.

Yet when your mind is on a matter you will seldom be in difficulties for

diligently for more and more knowledge and experience, and make you seek continual changes, improvements or promotions.

But there is always the danger of courting too many changes and too many improvements, since these things can be useless unless backed by stability, reliability, and worth-while capabilities.

THE DAILY DAIRY

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Quite fair prospects on June 2, 3, and 4 (early). Hard work will produce results.

TALIBUS (April 21 to May 21): June 4 (after noon), 5, and 6 (early).

GEMINI (May 22 to June 23): Work steadily and hard now, for good results are possible in the future. June 2, 3, and 4 (early) fair; June 6 (night) and 7 good. But live cautiously during June 4 (late), 5, and 6 (no dusk).

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): May 31 and June 1 fair only.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): Slight improvements possible on June 2, 3, and 4 (early). Plan wisely.

VIRGO (August 23 to September 23): Live very quietly now, for difficulties, delays, and disappointments may follow indiscretions and over-confidence.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 23): Get busy and stay busy. Don't be difficult this week. Follow your "hunches," especially if they occur on June 6 (after dusk) or 7. Ask favors, seek promotion, and make changes. Set goals, work hard, and don't be side-tracked. June 2, 3, and 4 (early) fair.

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 23): Your affairs should now be less difficult and

disappointing than recently. Small changes or ventures can be attempted on May 21 or June 1, but let important matters wait.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Don't be tempted to make changes of any kind for a while for losses, disappointments, and set-backs are likely to reward carelessness or over-confidence. This is especially on June 4 (after noon), 5, and 6. Love cautiously then.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 23): Not spectacular, but try to perfect routine tasks on June 4, 5, and 6.

AQUARIUS (January 23 to February 23): Your affairs should now take a turn for the better, so make plans and try to achieve small ambitions. Try to make changes or begin some new ventures on June 6 (after dusk), or 7. But take no risks on June 2, 3, and 4 (early).

PISCES (February 23 to March 23): Routine for the present, but make plans for the future, for your affairs take a desirable turn soon. Avoid changes or important matters on June 4, 5, and 6.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles as advisory and a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sore, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazingly making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 12.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d. sent for postage to Dept. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 45 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

LEADING AUSTRALIAN SKIN SPECIALIST

says...

"LIFEBUOY SOAP is one of the mildest available—certainly milder than some other soaps which are recommended for babies and women"

EMINENT MEMBER OF THE B.M.A. GIVES EVIDENCE BEFORE THE WORKERS' COMPENSATION COMMISSION

Tests carried out with various popular brands of soap to determine their harmful effects, if any, on human skin were described in a claim heard before the Workers' Compensation Commission recently. During the hearing an important statement about soap mildness was made by the expert who carried out the tests. Read on the left the story of his evidence.

What better proof of Lifebuoy's wonderful mildness could you have than this testimony, given on oath by a famous Australian skin specialist?

The amazing gentleness of Lifebuoy's lather is no accident. For years our chemists worked to perfect the wonderful blend of ingredients which go into the familiar, clean-smelling tablet of Lifebuoy Soap. But the most important ingredient—and one which is not found in any other toilet soap—is the famous Lifebuoy Health Element. Not only does this exclusive ingredient help to purify the skin and protect you from risk of offending with "B.O." it actually aids in making Lifebuoy milder.

A LEVER PRODUCT

EXTRACT FROM "THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD" April 1st, 1938

"Dr. — gave evidence that in the last four years he had conducted about 6,000 tests with different soaps, and had sent the results to learned societies in the United States. In his opinion, "Lifebuoy" Soap... was one of the mildest available—certainly milder than some other soaps which were recommended for babies and women."

No other Toilet Soap has LIFEBOY'S HEALTH ELEMENT

Because Lifebuoy is the only toilet soap with the exclusive element, no other toilet soap can offer the same degree of safety and gentle cleansing for your skin. It is for this reason that regular use of Lifebuoy is bound to show an improvement in the health and beauty of your complexion.

Lifebuoy is the only soap you need in the bathroom. Its famous cleansing, freckle-removing and deodorising properties have made it a world favourite. Now, thousands are finding Lifebuoy the grandest, mildest, most soothing soap for the skin and complexion.



I FIRST BOUGHT LIFEBOY TO PROTECT ME FROM "B.O." NOW IT'S MY FAVOURITE BEAUTY SOAP, TOO.



TELLING A STORY —TAIL FIRST

GEMINIANS love to tell a story and they can tell one most convincingly.

But they frequently forget what they had intended to say, because of something new, which seems more important at the moment, coming to mind.

As a result—and especially when excited—they are liable to tell the end of the story first and then be surprised because their listeners have no idea what they are talking about.

want of apt words and phrases. For this reason you are hard to face as an antagonist in a battle of words or wits.

That is why others of you make good lawyers, salesfolk, demonstrators, inspectors, complaints or inquiry clerks, and advisers.

However, there are two vital lessons for you to learn before you can be of real value either to yourself or anyone else. These are to think first and speak afterwards, and to learn to concentrate.

Without the former you are likely to say too much of the wrong thing at the wrong time, and thus bring trouble on your own head; lacking the latter, you will find that all you learn in life will avail you little if it cannot be retained as a permanent basis of knowledge and usefulness.

You must also overcome—or use wisely—that strong streak of changeability which is such an integral part of your nature.

You dislike repetition and routine immensely, and have an imagination which takes you far beyond the realms of any monotonous work you may be doing.

This is excellent only if you can combine your changeability and imagination in some really constructive way.

Of course, much can be said in favor of this restlessness of mind and body, since it will lead you to search

Disfiguring Skin Outbreaks

NOW BANISHED BY
NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

Skin specialists have now traced the real cause of pimples, blackheads and other complexion imperfections to self-poisoning, i.e., a clogged colon. Due to inactivity of the colon (large intestine) all the food waste left over from digestion is not passed out of the body. Instead, it accumulates in the colon walls and there decays. Virulent poisons and bacteria, and irritating acids, seep into the bloodstream which carries them to the face, neck and other parts of the body. These poisons break down the "alkaline reserve" of the blood. It becomes "acid" and in an endeavour to free itself from these poisons (which should have been got rid of through the kidneys and bowels) it forces them through the pores of the skin. This results in open pores, pimples, blotches and other disfiguring and embarrassing facial blemishes.

You cannot clear your complexion of pimples and blotches until you check the cause—self-poisoning. You must remove the decaying accumulations of food waste from the colon walls. Normal bowel movements do not do this—the walls become sluggish. Opening medicines only purge the lower end of the colon, so drink warm water and "Colosceptic" every morning. This simple scientific plan cleanses the colon, keeps up the colon walls giving them back their power of normal movement. "Colosceptic" neutralises acids of the blood. With the restoration of blood alkalinity, pimples dry up, open pores close in and the complexion regains its clearness and freshness. "Colosceptic" also stimulates the action of the kidneys, thus aiding the elimination of body poisons through these natural channels. "Colosceptic" overcomes those evils of self-poisoning in a simple, revolutionary yet scientific way. Get "Colosceptic" from your chemist to-day. Individual size, 2/6; Economy size, 5/6.

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No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be uncomfortable. PASTEETH, a new, greatly improved powder, sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds them firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Deodorizes. Get PASTEETH today at any good chemist (2 sizes). Refuse substitutes.

SWOLLEN GLANDS and SORE THROAT

NEVER neglect a Sore Throat, especially in children, as it may be an early symptom of German Measles, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever or Croup. Similarly, persistent Swollen Glands in children or adults are often the forerunner of a more serious complaint. Delay is dangerous—experimenting is folly. Call the Doctor, at once!

For the first-aid treatment of simple cases of Sore Throat, Chest Congestion, Bronchitis and Swollen Glands, there is no better remedy than a dressing of Iodex over the affected part. Early treatment reduces inflammation or swelling, relieves the pain and congestion and prevents the development of more serious conditions. In case of Mumps, Iodex is invaluable, quickly reducing swelling, inflammation and pain.

Keep Iodex in your home and be ready for all emergencies.

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TIGHTWAD

At six o'clock Perry Brown and Vogel rolled into Wynton in the little coupe that Perry had found in Dodd's garage. Vogel's plates were on their way back to the office in the amphibian. The State trooper named Woods had been very helpful, as Dodd had suggested. Perry had a crackling exclusive story in his inside pocket. The telephone office was in the railroad station. It was crowded with boiling, angry reporters from rival newspapers.

"Hello, Perry," one of them said. "I hope you've got something hot. You can read yourself to sleep with it to-night. We're going nuts. One wire out of this burg, and it's down. The guys been tinkering with it for two hours. You're last in line if he ever gets it up."

Vogel said, "What a shame! It won't work, eh?" Perry Brown wandered around to the tiny cubicle that housed the railway telegraph office. A stringy-looking individual looked up as Perry came in. Perry said: "Hi! Any chance of getting any Press copy through?"

"Nope. Wire's dead. Can't get a tick out of her." The operator reached over and fiddled his key, which gave a muffled thud.

Perry Brown had a sudden inspiration. He said, "Dodd!"

The operator sat bolt upright. "Eh, what was that?"

"Dodd," Perry repeated.

The operator grinned, showing stained teeth. "Reckon you're the feller I've been lookin' for. Got much to send?"

Perry flashed his copy out of his pocket. The operator winked as he took it, shoved a plug into a hole beneath his table, and his key, as he touched it, went: "Clickety-tick-de-tick-tick-tick."

"Keep it under your hat," he advised Perry. "If anyone comes in, I'll let on I'm still trying to set up the circuit. That Dodd's a slick un, ain't he?"

Dodd had not returned by ten o'clock the next morning. The eleven o'clock bus from Wynton discharged a whole reportorial army from the "Blade." There was Rusty McGowan, the plain-faced, red-haired girl who was known as the best newspaper-woman in New York; Jenny Jones, the sweet-faced, ash-blond, ex-parachute jumper

and fier, who, behind a winning, half-tremulous smile, masked more nerve and gall than could be found in any six men; Osgood, a crack photographer; Fred Courvis, flying photographer and Spot Reilly's partner; and Martin Blake, a dapper, tenacious little man who could get his teeth into a tip or a lead and hang on like a bulldog.

Two cars drove up and stopped at the outer road. Then one of them drove down to the cabin.

A man got out and said, "This is the car for Mr. Dodd," and walked back down the path and drove off in the other car.

Perry said, "It's beginning again."

Three more cars arrived. Two of them drove in. The men driving them said, "These are for Mr. Dodd," and went away in the third car.

A motor cycle ricketed up the road and turned in. It was the constable. He had a gun strapped to his belt. He looked inquiringly at the group. Perry, in a weary voice, said, "Dodd."

"Uh-uh," said the constable. "Two G-men are going off to Eagle River. I think they got a tip. That's eighteen miles from here. Thought I'd go over that way myself."

"Good," said Perry. "Marty, grab one of those cars and follow him over. Take Osgood with you. If possible, we meet back here at four. It's a forty-five-minute drive to the wire in Wynton. The operator holds the wire for us at 5.30. 'Dodd's' the password."

A horse and cart came down the outside road and stopped, and a scraggly native walked down the path from the direction of the West estate, carrying a wire basket in which there were half a dozen bottles of milk. He gave them to Mrs. Dodd, and likewise slipped something into her hand, and turned and walked off. Mrs. Dodd held up a tiny slip of white paper and said, "I wonder why he gave me this?"

"LET me see that," said Perry. The note read: "Mr. West has gone over to Pine Lake with his brother-in-law, Colonel Corbin." It was unsigned.

"Jeepers!" said Perry. "Come on, Rusty. . . . Courvis, come with us."

"I am going to call on poor Mrs. West," said Jenny.

Dodd returned on the morning of the third day. He said: "How do you do, Miss McGowan, Miss Jones, Brown, Blake, Vogel, Osgood, Courvis. Is the story still—ah—served up?"

"Tighter than a kid in his winter underwear. But there's no break. The amphy will be in at ten."

"It will no longer be necessary to return to New York," said Mr. Dodd. "Mr. Court has sent up a portable wirephoto set to Tropola. The photographers can wire their pictures in from there."

"Blake and Courvis are going back to Pine Lake again to-day. The sheriff stopped by this morning. The G-men are back there again."

"If they will go to Colton's Landing on the south end," said Mr. Dodd, in his dry voice, "they will find a small motorboat there I have purchased. It is the only one."

"Jeepers!" said Perry Brown. "Can we count on the sheriff, too?"

Mr. Dodd consulted a small notebook that he drew from his vest pocket. "Ah—yes," he said. "The sheriff is with us."

"What about that almy telegraph operator?" inquired Rusty. "He is going to double-cross us very shortly. He has that look in his eye."

Mr. Dodd turned a page in his book: "We will not need him any longer. I have been able to purchase a short-wave radio-transmission set with a hand dynamo. We will set it up in the shack and communicate directly with the office."

"And who is going to run it?"

"I—ah—was also fortunate in being able to purchase an operator. He will be here this afternoon."

"You can't operate without a Government licence," suggested young Blake, "and there's a good stiff rap if they catch you running an unlicensed transmitter."

"Young man," said Mr. Dodd, "we will worry about that after we have transmitted our stories."

"There's one thing I want to know, Dodd," said Perry: "How did you know about the ransom note? We've had it exclusive and it hasn't been denied."

"I purchased one of the maids in West Lodge," said Mr. Dodd coolly, "for"—he consulted the book—"two hundred and fifty dollars."

Continued from Page 38

"She was the one, then, that sent the note by the milkman," said Rusty admiringly.

"No," said Mr. Dodd, "that was the cook. One hundred dollars. The maid sends by the mailman."

"Mr. Dodd," said Perry Brown, "may I ask how much you have spent on this story so far?"

Mr. Dodd consulted his book. "Eight thousand, three hundred and thirty-five dollars and fifty cents."

"Jeepers creepers!" said Perry Brown, and Jenny Jones screamed a little.

"Mr. Court called me a tightwad," Mr. Dodd said stiffly.

The mailman came down the path. He slipped a note to Dodd.

It read: "I think the ransom has been paid." Mr. Dodd read it aloud after he had gone, and then said: "I have suspected that the miscreants have remained in the neighborhood, hidden. It was logical. Mr. Brown, I believe what you call your break will occur very shortly."

"Jeepers," said Perry, "let's get going! If the others get on to this—"

"They are finding it very difficult to obtain transportation, Mr. Brown. I—ah—have options on most of the automobiles and boats in this vicinity."

THAT night, Rusty did not return to the Dodd encampment. She had gone off by herself on what she claimed was a hunch.

At nine o'clock, Perry said suddenly, "Something's happened to Rusty."

"Aw, Perry," said Vogel, "she can take care of herself. She'll be back."

"She's in trouble. I know. I'm going out to find her."

Mr. Dodd said, "You can find no one in these woods at night."

Jenny went over to Perry and put her hand on his arm. "I saw her car outside of West Lodge when I came back this afternoon. It was half-past four. Don't worry, Perry. She'll be all right."

Perry got his hat and put it on. "Rusty's in a jam." He held his arms out a little. "I—I can feel it all over. We're that way. I'm going to see whether her car has gone from the lodge."

Vogel got up lazily, picked up a camera and flash gun, and said, "I'll go for the ride, Perry. I like the fresh air."

Mr. Dodd's dry voice surprised them all: "Ah—I will go with you. I may be of some assistance."

It was raining outside, a straight, heavy downpour that fell past the headlights and glistened from the pines. Two miles down the road, the headlights were reflected back from glass. It was Rusty's car. The keys were still in the ignition.

Mr. Dodd said sharply, "Mr. Brown, do not be foolhardy. We will find Miss McGowan. Remain here in her car, in case she should return while I am gone. I shall be back within an hour."

Perry and Vogel watched him turn around and drive off. The hour was an agony.

Perry sat looking at his wrist-watch, marking the minutes. At the end he said, "If he isn't back in five minutes, I'm going out to find her."

The woods straight down the road suddenly sprang into light. A car turned around the bend, followed by another and still another, until there were six. Men piled out until there were with Dodd some twenty. They carried lanterns and most of them had rifles.

Perry said, "God bless you, Dodd. Where did you get them? You're a wonder."

"They know the woods," said Mr. Dodd. "I—ah—purchased them some time ago."

They made a thin line and spread out fanwise.

At eight o'clock on the grey rainy morning that followed there were three sharp shots from the extreme right end of the line, followed by three more. "Come on!" said Perry. He and Vogel scrambled, slipping and falling over the wet pine-needle floor and through the undergrowth of the forest. Rusty was lying beside a ragged hole in the ground. She was unconscious, soaked, and there was a large lump on the side of her head. Perry knelt and cradled her head, and Rusty opened her eyes.

The girl put her hand on his face and said, "How did you find me?" "That doesn't matter," said Perry. "The important thing is, what happened to you?"

Please turn to Page 42



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What Women Are Doing

Secretary Retires

MRS. K. T. BOURNE, who for 18 years has been honorary secretary of the linen auxiliary of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, recently retired from the position. Mrs. Bourne was one of the founders of the auxiliary, which, starting with six members, now has 63.

As a mark of appreciation for her work Mrs. Bourne was entertained by the auxiliary and presented with a piece of Sheffield plate by the president, Mrs. R. M. Sly, on behalf of the hospital. Mrs. J. Paton, who has been elected secretary in Mrs. Bourne's place, presented the guest of honor with an electric clock from the auxiliary.

Visited Nine Countries in Europe

TIGER hunting in India and witnessing a Hindu religious festival are among many adventures enjoyed by Miss Helen Jean Beegling, who has returned to Sydney after three years of sight-seeing in far-flung corners of the world.



Miss Beegling

Miss Beegling visited nine countries in Europe and claims to have seen every notable work of art on the Continent. In addition to hearing many famous musicians and attending grand opera.

She is an accomplished pianist, and was the first woman in Sydney to organise a women's session over the air from 2BL. She is also the author of many travel and fashion articles.

She Walked Right Round England

AFTER twelve years with the famous Times Book Club in London, Miss Margery Marshall, an attractive English girl, has come to open a library in West Australia. If Miss Marshall's plans eventuate, in addition to a book club in Perth she will open a series of bush libraries, operated from different centres in the country.

Miss Marshall speaks German, French and Spanish, and much of her work with the Times Book Club was in the foreign department.

Two thousand new books are purchased each day by the Times Book Club and these are distributed among the club's twenty-three branches in England and on the Continent.

Miss Marshall is an enthusiastic sportswoman, but her favorite recreation is walking, and she modestly confesses to having walked right round England.

Every Woman's Face Mirrors Her Mental State

"EVERY woman's face is the mirror of her mental state," says Madame Alnee Claude, a charming Russian, who recently opened a Parisian beauty salon and laboratory in Sydney. Madame specialises in individual beauty treatments and has made a study of psychology, as she recognises its value in her work.



In Paris she studied with two well-known women skin specialists, Dr. N. G. Payot and Dr. A. L. Comperic, who practise the latest methods of skin hygiene.

Parisian women pay more attention to the care of their skin than to dress, says Madame. They consider that a beautiful gown is wasted if the face of the wearer shows neglect. It is Madame's ideal to bring Australian women up to the same recognition of beauty.

To Confer in Edinburgh

THIRTY-FOUR Australian women will attend the Jubilee Conference of the International Council of Women in Edinburgh in July. Twenty-five of them will be full delegates. Miss A. Rienis, honorary State secretary of the National Council of Women, New South Wales, will be one of the N.S.W. delegates.

A fellow-passenger aboard the Ormonde is Miss Isabella Jamieson, a member of the N.C.W. of New Zealand, who will act as proxy for the Dominion president at the conference. Well-known Australian women present will include Dr. Irene Schire, Miss Mary Jay, and Miss Gladys Marks.

Baroness Boel, president of the International Council of Women and president of the Belgian N.C.W., will preside.

Special Diploma Course at London Hospital

MISS MARGARET FOX is back in Melbourne with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Fox, at their Malvern home, after spending more than a year abroad in the study of orthoptic work.

She obtained a special diploma at the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, where she trained. This course is designed to benefit both children and adults affected with either an inward or outward turn of the eyes, which in the past had to be operated on to effect a cure.

Although a number of women in England have the diploma and are registered workers, Miss Fox is the only Victorian woman to hold it.

She Sends Christmas Gifts to Missions

MISS BEATRIX HAUSSMANN, of Brisbane, who is assistant secretary to the Australian Board of Missions for the Anglican Church in Queensland, has a varied and interesting occupation.

She has entire control of sending out Christmas gifts to the missions, and in July her work of organising will begin.

She looks after the labelling, classifying, valuing and allotting of all gifts to the Mitchell River, Lockhart River, Torres Strait, New Guinea, Mandated Territory, and Melanesian Missions, and has first-hand knowledge of mission life, having visited the missions in New Guinea and Yarrabah.



Miss Haussmann—Poulton.

Awarded London Academy Dancing Scholarship

MISS CORNELIA LODDERS, a charming twenty-year-old Victorian dancer of Dutch and Danish extraction, has been awarded a dancing scholarship by the London Academy. The examination took place at the end of last year, when Mr. Felix Demery visited Australia on behalf of the London Academy, and the scholarship, which is valued at £100, will enable Miss Loders to study and dance with leading overseas ballets.

Miss Loders has studied under Jennie Brennan's direction since she was six years of age, and the numerous theatrical productions she has danced in include "Balalaika," and "Waitress from Vienna." She was also with the last Grand Opera Company in Melbourne.

Had Sole Training Of Cup Winner

TO Mrs. Jack Harvey, of One Tree Hill, South Australia, goes the distinction of having trained Dartford, winner of the 1938 Adelaide Cup. Although the horse is owned by her husband, Mrs. Harvey has sole charge of him, and even if her method of training is a little unorthodox it has brought most successful results.

Each morning Mrs. Harvey takes Dartford for a two-mile ride through hilly country, finishing with a gallop round the paddocks on their property. Returning home after the exercise, Mrs. Harvey removes his saddle and cools him off with a quiet walk up and down the stable for half an hour.

Enjoying World Tour After Serious Work

IN the course of a world tour, Dr. Dorothy Hare recently arrived in Australia. She is accompanied on her travels by Dr. Elizabeth Lepper, who, like Dr. Hare, has now retired from practice.

Dr. Hare has the distinction of being one of the only four women who have been made Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians. For sixteen years she was on the honorary staff of the Royal Free Hospital, one of London's largest medical training schools for women. She opened the first infantile welfare clinic in 1910.

Dr. Lepper specialised in pathological work and was in charge of that section at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, London, where she did a great deal of research work.

Found Time to Write Poems

ALTHOUGH she is kept busy on behalf of an overseas book firm in placing modern educational books with the principal schools all over the Commonwealth, Miss Enid Moodie-Heddie has found time to write and publish a book of poems.

Miss Moodie-Heddie travels alone all over Australia. She has driven many thousands of miles in every State and thoroughly enjoys the life.

This young and attractive Australian is a niece of Captain E. Moodie-Heddie, who, before his recent retirement, "kipped" the S.S. Katoomba for twenty years.

With Fairbridge Farm School Society

THE work of the Fairbridge Farm School Society in England was described by Miss Evelyn Marindin, who recently assisted in conducting a party of twenty-eight children from England to the Northcote Children's Farm, at Bacchus Marsh, Victoria. Before the children leave England, the society enlists the aid of voluntary helpers to assist in preparing them for the trip.

Miss Marindin, whose home is in Perthshire, Scotland, will spend about six months in Australia visiting Fairbridge Farm Schools in West Australia, Victoria and New South Wales.

Youthful Band of Charity Workers

MISS JOAN CHARLTON, who was from the East, is an enthusiastic member of the young contingent of the Victoria League in Auckland, New Zealand. These younger leaguers number about 100 and are a most energetic band. They organise concerts, bridge parties and dances.

Last year they Miss Charlton arranged a concert, the proceeds of which went towards educating a young Maori girl at the Queen Victoria College, Auckland, and the year before the crippled children benefited by their efforts.

Miss Charlton is on the entertainment and arts committees.



—Poulton.

Stage and Film Success Overseas

SINCE arriving in London five years ago, Miss Lucille Lisle, young Australian actress, has achieved much success in stage and film work. She has appeared in six pictures and has played in three of the longest-run plays seen in London in recent years.



Miss Lisle

She was in the cast of "Christopher Bean" with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and played the role of Silver Stream in "Lady Precious Stream" for fourteen months, when she was taken out of the cast to play lead in "Anthony and Anna." Miss Lisle also played opposite Herbert Marshall in New York.

More recently she did a broadcast of "Berkeley Square" with Leslie Howard. She has just completed work on "The Minstrel Boy" at Elstree. With Miss Lisle in the film "Special Edition" was John Warwick, former Sydney actor.

Miss Lisle's London home is an ultra-modern flat, with streamlined furniture. At the week-ends she drives herself about the English countryside in a smart little cream car.

Interested in Helping Wayward Children

MUCH interest is attaching in South Australia to the Council for Mental Hygiene, which is working towards the establishment of an Institute of Psychology. Among those on the executive committee is Mrs. Stanley Seymour, who is particularly interested in the scheme from the point of view of helping wayward children.

Mrs. Seymour, who is a graduate in English and Philosophy of McGill University, Canada, has had experience of free holiday camps for children in Canada. For four years she did volunteer work with the camps, which are supported by the Federated Charities.

These camps were grouped so that Russian children occupied one tent, French another, Jewish children another, and so on. About 70 or 80 attended altogether, and although they were holiday camps the children were drilled in such matters as personal hygiene.

Enthusiastic Worker For Peace Movements

MRS. ALBERT McLEOD, of Brisbane, has two main interests—the International Peace Campaign and the Queensland Women's Peace Movement—to which she devotes much of her time. For the latter organisation she is an enthusiastic worker, and as a member of the social committee assists at all social gatherings.

The Peace Campaign was formed early last year, and since then has roused much interest. Its chief objectives are to educate adults and children along the lines of peace, and also to discuss the four-point programme of the Brussels Peace Congress of last year.

Mrs. McLeod is also interested in the Brisbane Unity Theatre productions.

Finds Housekeeping in Tropics Expensive

ACCORDING to Miss Molly O'Grady, a former Adelaide girl now living in New Guinea, the cost of living is very high in the tropics.

At Salamua, where Miss O'Grady has a clerical position with the Government, eggs vary from two and nine to four shillings a dozen, bread is one and a penny a loaf, and butter costs two and six a pound.

Residents obtain their daily supply of milk by plane from Wau, a distance of sixty miles away.

She Has Won Many Musical Honors

MARJORIE SUMMERS, the young Melbourne pianist who was heard recently at one of Melbourne's




Miss Summers—Gunter Shier.

celebrity concerts, has many musical achievements to her credit. She was only 13 years old when she took her L.A.B. degree, and in the same year attained her L.Mus. degree with honors.

Later she won a three years' scholarship for the Conservatorium, but, being too young, had to work unofficially the first year.

After doing a Bachelor of Music course she came first in the examination, carrying off first-class honors and the Wright Prize. Marjorie is a pupil of Miss Riecke Parker.



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Feel 10 Years Younger

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex.

Many of them can not praise it highly enough. For instance, Mr. B. M. recently wrote: "For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness caused me to suffer from backache, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, rheumatism, and a thoroughly rundown condition. My appetite was gone. I couldn't sleep well, and I felt only half a man. I learned of Cystex and although sceptical, decided to try it. Within 24 hours I noticed a marked improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so decided that I knew I had found a remedy that would restore me to health. After a 11-day treatment my health and vigor were completely restored. I can eat anything, sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."

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You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 3-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that this new pain-killing treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.

TIGHTWAD

"FELL down their hideout," replied Rusty, and pointed to the hole. "It's a regular dugout. They must have planned this job over a year ago. I hit my head falling down. They've been living there. I've got the boy's hat. I crawled out some time during the night—I don't remember when, I didn't dare leave. They've moved on."

"I guess it's good I brought my flash gun and camera," Vogel said, and climbed down the hole.

Mr. Dodd came over and merely said, "Ah, yes. It seemed mathematically certain that they had not left the neighborhood. The child will be returned shortly."

Rusty said, "I want to see you, Mr. Dodd." The auditor bent over her and Rusty kissed him.

At one o'clock, back at the camp, a message came through on the short-wave set, relayed from New York, from Spot Reilly. It was impossible for him to get the amphibian out of Tropolis, owing to the weather.

"Confound!" said Perry. "We've got the only pictures of the hide-out. A couple more hours and the rest of them will have them, as soon as the police get there. . . . Dodd, we can't get any stuff out of here. Reilly's grounded in Tropolis."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Dodd. "That was always a possibility. I—ah—have been fortunate in acquiring the—rights to a small Alhambra on pontoons, owned by a sportsman over at Pine Lake. He has rather a penchant for adventurous trips. If it is clear in the vicinity of New York, I am sure he will be glad to undertake to deliver them. If you will mention my name to a Mr. Warren at the north end of the lake—"

"Don't kiss him again, Rusty," said Perry Brown. "He doesn't like it."

THAT evening the "Blade" staff was dining in the glade back of the cabin, with the exception of Blake, who was keeping a watch at the Lodge. The discovery of the dugout in the woods, nine miles from the Lodge, well stocked with food and giving evidence of recent occupancy, had redoubled activity on the part of police and Department of Justice agents. Mr. Dodd had taken this activity calmly and had kept the staff close to camp. "It seems mathematically obvious," he said, "that the miscreants are well organized and, therefore, will not be where the police are looking."

They could hear an old car chugging up the road. It was still half daylight. It turned in at the camp. There was a gaunt man in jeans at the wheel. There was a small, dark-haired, bright-eyed boy sitting beside him, dressed in khaki shorts and a green sweater. The gaunt man pulled on the hand brake, switched off the engine with a "Here we are, sonny. We'll have mother in a minute."

The boy said, "But I don't live here. You said you would take me home. I want to go home," and began to cry.

The man called out: "Hi, Mr. Dodd! I've found the kid!"

Perry Brown upset the table. "Doddie!" he yelled, and slapped the auditor on the back. "Doddie, you've done it again!"

"Mr. Meeker," said Mr. Dodd—"that is, Mr. Meeker, who has brought the child back—was—ah—perhaps, the most reasonable of my purchases." He consulted the little notebook: "Twenty-five dollars."

"Let's get going!" Perry said. "Let's get the kid down to the Lodge! Right in our laps, Doddie! Right smack in our laps! Come on, gang!"

Dodd placed a thin hand on Perry's arm. "Ah—might it not be better if—ah—we kept it in, as you say, our laps until the photographs have been taken?"

"Doddie," said Perry, "when this is over, I'm coming up to the eighth floor to take lessons from you on how to sew up a story. . . . Hi, Jenny, whip down to the Lodge. You can get in. Tell the Wests that a child has been found down here that we think might be theirs, but we are not sure, and to come down and identify him. Tell 'em he's safe and in good health, but don't tip them off. Al . . . Freddy, set up in the living-room and get ready for the shot of your lives. . . . Osgood, catch 'em coming up the path. . . . Come here, Malcolm, you rascal, and tell your Uncle Perry

what happened, so that he can put it in the paper. You're a grand kid."

Rain fell again, in torrents. A large car swept around from the road and down to the lake. Osgood's flash went off twice. A tall, slim, lovely woman burst into the room, gathered the child to her and sobbed. "Oh, youngster, youngster, let me hold you again! Let me hold you! Oh, close, close!"

Courvis and Vogel's flash bulbs went off. Vogel said, "I can't see!" wiped his wet eyes on his sleeve, changed plates and bulbs, and fired again. A tall man with a fresh face and greying hair who had come into the room said angrily, "Here, here, what is this?"

Mr. Dodd said quickly, "Mr. West, this man"—pointing to Meeker—"found the child on the road and brought him in here. He was afraid to drive farther."

West's tone changed. He said, "Yes, yes, I'm sorry. I was excited. Oh, heaven bless you all! Go ahead and make all the pictures you want! Oh, heaven bless you! . . . He's all right, mother; see, he's unharmed." The little room became filled with State troopers and Government men.

The short-wave transmitter sent the story through. They heard Court's voice come back through the crackle of static as the violence of the storm increased: "Greatest clean-up in the history of the business. . . . Get those pictures in."

Vogel suddenly said, "How are we going to get them in?" "Jeepers!" said Perry Brown. "We're sunk! You couldn't get a plane through to-night!"

Vogel tapped the package of plates. "We got fifty thousand dollars' worth of pictures here. To-morrow night they won't be worth more than a hundred dollars!"

Perry snapped, "Drive 'em down! It would take seven hours to get to Tropolis in this storm. An hour to put 'em on the wire. We'll miss every edition. There's no train out. We're sunk. The greatest news pictures the world has ever known, and they're sitting in plate-holders."

Vogel looked helpless and on the point of tears. "Mr. Court is going to be sore if he doesn't get them in to-night."

There was another silence. Rusty sighed and said, "Try saying 'Dodd!'"

"Dodd!" Perry yelled. "Dodd!" The auditor came into the radio shack, shedding water.

"Dodd," said Perry Brown, "we're sunk. Those pictures will fetch fifty thousand dollars if we get 'em in to-night. Reilly's in Tropolis. That other plane of yours has gone to New York. Anyway, we couldn't fly anything on a night like this. There's only two trains a day out of Wynton, and they're gone. If we drive, we'll miss every edition. We can't make it in less than seven hours in this weather. We're sunk. There goes our story. Go on, pull a miracle."

THE auditor looked shocked. His small eyes travelled from one to the other. "En?" he said. "Is this true? I wouldn't have thought it possible."

"It's true, all right. You wouldn't have thought what possible?"

"That—ah—my foolishness should be thus rewarded. Not possible."

"What are you driving at, Dodd?"

"Ah—we will get those pictures into Tropolis in time to wire them to the 'Blade.' There will be a train out to-night—that is, in a way."

"Dodd, are you crazy? What the deuce do you mean?"

The auditor looked again from one to another. Rusty said later that he looked positively guilty. He spoke hesitatingly: "Ah—well, you see, I—ah—bought a locomotive."

"You what?" It was a shout from the group, and Mr. Dodd winced.

"I know I should not have done it. But it was quite cheap. An old one, you know. But it will go. You see, I—ah—had never bought a locomotive before. It was rusting in the yards, so to speak. A very small one."

"Jeepers, Dodd! Who'll run it?"

"I—ah—also bought an engineer and a fireman—just in case of emergency. They are—ah—retired, but have agreed to work for me if I need them. After I had made the error of purchasing this locomotive, it seemed the part of foolishness not to have someone to operate it. The railroad has agreed to permit me to use their right of way if I should need it. I believe I enjoyed pur-

chasing that locomotive perhaps better than anything else on this—ah—enjoyable holiday. If you will drive down to Wynton, I will telephone from Palisboro. It can make the run from Wynton in two and a half hours. Is—ah—that satisfactory?"

Perry Brown led the yell that followed.

Perry Brown went directly from the great West kidnapping to cover a murder trial in New Orleans, thence to Chicago on a labor strike, and from there straight to Kansas to work on the drought story. It was more than two months before he returned to New York and the "Blade" office. He tossed his hat onto his desk and ran up to the eighth floor to see Dodd. He had a great corner in his heart for the old man. If it hadn't been for Dodd, Rusty might never have come out of those woods. He shuddered. Good old Dodd. Heaven bless Dodd! What a pal. Old Dodd, who had gone haywire and spent eleven thousand dollars on a story, and then, when the picture and syndicate rights were realised, had showed a profit of thirty-seven thousand dollars.

Perry banged into the auditor's department. Dodd was sitting at his desk, a pencil to his lips, poring over some papers. Perry Brown stalked up and clapped him resoundingly on the shoulder.

"Hi, Doddie," he said, "how's the Aladdin of Hawk Lake? Just got in. Had to come right up and see my old partner Doddie. I'll never forget that West assignment as long as I live. What's going on here?"

Mr. Dodd took his pencil from his lips and screwed his head around so that he looked up at Perry Brown sideways. There was no friendship and very little recognition in his face. He said:

"Don't do that, please, Mr. Brown. And my name is Dodd, not Doddie. And while you are here, I just happen to be going over your expense account from Chicago. Was it necessary to take a cab from—ah—Randolph Street to—ah—Willamette? I—ah—see you have charged three dollars and seventy-five cents. It is possible to make the trip on the elevated for ten cents. I shall have to tell Mr. Court that I cannot allow this item."

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If Your Ears Ring with Head Noises.

If you have catarrhal deafness or head noises, go to your nearest chemist or store and get a bottle of Parmit (double-strength) and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Grogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has catarrhal deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial. Get Parmit to-day.

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Take Park's Anti-smoking Mixture. A genuine prescription for overcoming the tobacco habit. See testimonials. Price 5/-, Post Free. Sole Agents, NOEL F. FORD, M.F.S., Chemist, 217 King St., Newtown, N.S.W.

NEVER Be LONELY

Continued from Page 5

"But I wouldn't ever do anything like that, Miss Elgin," I told her. "And I'm sorry that you should have such a poor opinion of me."

She looked at me for a minute with her head on one side. "No, I don't believe you would," she admitted. "You may have your faults, Mr. Simmons, but you do look straightforward and—well, dependable. Which is more than I'd say for most men. And please don't think that poor pop in just an old sock either. It's just this lying around and doing nothing that sometimes gets him down. But I'm afraid the poor dear is going to have to get used to it. The boys and I have good jobs here, and we're going to keep them. We can take care of pop, and we're not going to let him talk us into tramping the sticks in Scenes from Shakespeare ever again. We're through! Mr. Simmons, I've been doing Scenes from Shakespeare in tents and churches and town halls and high-school auditoriums ever since I can remember. How would you like that?"

I told her that I guessed I wouldn't

like it much, and that I was very glad to know that she was going to stay in Portland. I'd been wondering some about that. And all at once I thought I'd ask her something. "Listen, Miss Elgin," I told her. "Of course I'm working nights now, so I can't. But if I ever get transferred to day work, so I can—I mean, if things were so I could ask you, would you be willing to go to a show or something with me sometime?"

She didn't say anything for a minute. Then she gave a funny little laugh. "Isn't that invitation—if that's what it is—hedged around pretty tightly with ifs and buts and whereas, Mr. Simmons?" she asked me. "I'm afraid it is. But when, as and if you can make it a little more definite—well, I might just possibly say yes."

I felt pretty good that night. And when I talked to the night superintendent and found out that he was going to transfer me to day work on the first of the month I felt even better.

Please turn to Page 45

HER first name is Cordelia, out of a play by Shakespeare, and she has a job in the gas company office. She has two brothers who sit down at the other end of the table.

Their names are Horatio and Mercutio, also out of plays, and they have jobs downtown, too. I haven't met Mr. Elgin, their father, yet. He stays in his room all the time, and I thought he was sick, until Mrs. Dolan said he wasn't. She says she has known the Elgins for years, and whenever Mr. Elgin is out of an engagement he just goes to bed and stays there, reading Shakespeare.

I think you will be glad to hear that most of my fellow guests seem pretty impressed with all that the ownership of a Companion Cyclopaedia implies. The second night I was here, Miss Price, a school-teacher, about forty-five, happened to say something about the Swiss Alps. I was able to tell her quite a lot of interesting things about them. And when she asked how I came to be so well informed, I explained about my readings in my cyclopaedia. Nearly everybody at our end of the table was listening by then, and they all seemed impressed except a Mr. Reynolds, who sits beside Miss Elgin across the table. He seemed to think it was funny. At any rate, he laughed. I am glad to say that Miss Elgin didn't. Mrs. Dolan tells me that Mr. Reynolds takes Miss Elgin out evenings quite a lot. I'm pretty surprised that her family lets him.

I'm still pretty lonesome, and I still think about Nellie some, but it's much pleasanter living here than the way I was living, and I'm very grateful to you for suggesting that I move.

Yours truly,
ELMER B. SIMMONS.

Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.
Sandusky, Ohio,
March 6, 1937.

Mr. Elmer B. Simmons,
Hotel Chez Marguerite,
Hoyt Street,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Mr. Simmons: I am delighted to learn that you are so happy in your new surroundings, and to think that you owe it all to your Companion Cyclopaedia.

I am enclosing a folder and order blank which describe the Companion Atlas and International Geography. This handsome volume will make a splendid addition to your

"Old-Looking" Nervy Wife

Nerve exhaustion puts lines in a woman's face. Nervous women tire easily—often the least effort seems to exhaust them. Strained nerves destroy restful sleep—upset digestion. Keep your charm—your strength to deal with things. At the first sign of "nerves" take Phosphorated Iron.

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The whole goodness of Phosphorated Iron is concentrated in tablets, and you simply take two tablets with each meal. Get a package of Phosphorated Iron (60 tablets) at any chemist to-day.

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External treatments seldom banish piles.

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To quickly and safely rid yourself of piles you must free the circulation—send a fresh current through stagnant pools. Internal treatment is the one safe method. Ointments and cutting won't do it.

J. B. Leonard, M.D., a specialist, set at work some years ago to find a real internal remedy for piles. He succeeded. He named his prescription *Vacuoid*, and tried it in 1,000 cases before he was satisfied. Now *Vacuoid* is sold by chemists everywhere, under guarantee. It is a harmless tablet, easy to take, and the makers will gladly refund the purchase price to any dissatisfied customer.

library, and its cost is purely nominal—simply two additional payments on your contract.

Cordially yours,
GEORGE H. WINTERS,
Sales Promotion Dept.

Hotel Chez Marguerite,
Hoyt St.,
Portland, Ore.,
March 11, 1937.

Mr. George H. Winters,
Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.,
Sandusky, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Winters: I am enclosing the signed order blank for the atlas to add to my library, as I'd naturally like to be able to look up the places I read about.

I guess you'll be interested to know that another of my fellow guests is very much impressed by my library of your books. I was just sitting in my room the other afternoon, reading about the Amalekites, a warlike nomadic tribe in the S.W. of Palestine, when somebody knocked at my door. When I opened it there was a very tall, kind of gaunt old man in a dressing-gown and slippers.

"It is, I believe, Mr. Simmons whom I have the pleasure of addressing," he said to me. "I, Mr. Simmons, am Raymond Elgin. The Great Elgin, admirers called me in those halcyon days when my Hamlet and Booth's were mentioned in the same breath." Then he gave his head a pretty mournful shake. "But, ah, Mr. Simmons, who of us can guess to what vile ends a sardonic Fate may bring him? You see before you, Mr. Simmons, a broken man."

Of course, I shook hands and asked him in and told him that I knew his daughter and was very pleased to meet him. "I have been informed, Mr. Simmons, that you possess the several volumes of a compilation of general information—in short, a cyclopaedia," he told

Avalon

When the sun is fading westward
Comes a tremor down the hill,
And a moon is riding slowly
O'er the silver sea-sand; still
Over Avalon come creeping
Shadows sad and grey and wide,
But the falling of the evening
Is the advent of a bride.
—Edith Beckett.

me. "And I have permitted myself to wonder if you would loan a broken man that one of its volumes which contains the account of the life of the divine Shakespeare."

Of course, I got him the RAMSTY volume out of the bookcase and told him to keep it as long as he wanted, because I was only a little more than halfway through Volume A-ARC. He thanked me, and then he said a lot of very nice things about the cyclopaedia and the book.

The mere possession of such a reference library, Mr. Simmons, bespeaks a character at once elevated and generous, noble and sympathetic," he told me. "In short, a golden nature. A nature which would never allow you to neglect the sacred rites of hospitality. And so, Mr. Simmons, if you are thinking of offering me—" Then he sort of coughed. "In short, Mr. Simmons, have you anything to drink in the room? He finished in a sort of an eager whisper.

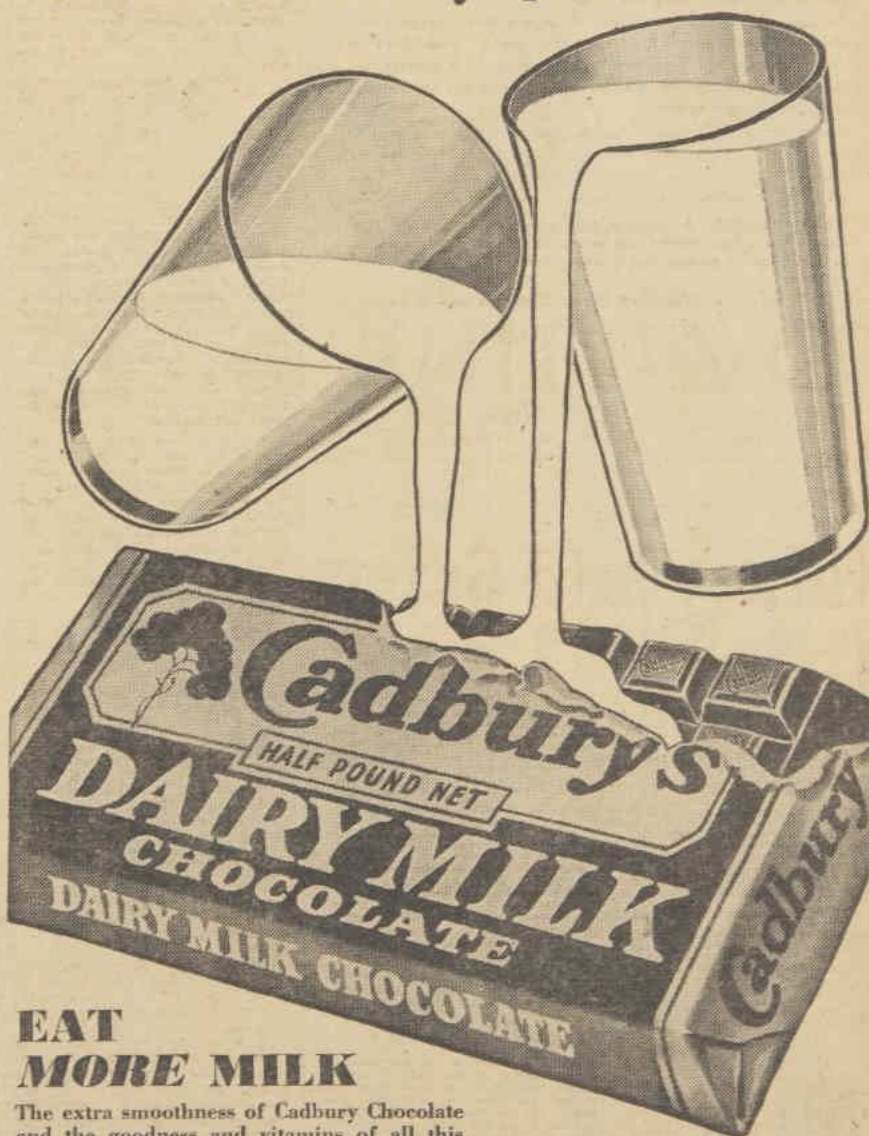
But I had to tell him that I neither drank nor smoked, so I didn't have any hospitality to offer him. I didn't think much more about it until after dinner that evening, when I started for the post office and Miss Elgin followed me out onto the porch.

"Listen, Mr. Simmons," she said. "I understand that my morose parent has been visiting you among your books. Did he ask you for a drink?"

"As a matter of fact, he did, Miss Elgin," I told her.

"I thought as much," she said. "Well, I've warned everybody else in the house, and now I'm warning you. If you ever give pop anything to drink, I'll probably have Harry and Merc beat you into a very soft pulp. And on top of that, Aunt Maggie has promised me that she'll have the guilty party's baggage out on the sidewalk so fast I'll leave him badly dazed. So don't let your generosity run away with your judgment! Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

There are one and a half glasses of full-cream milk in every 1/2 lb block.



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One dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will always relieve indigestion and stomach pain. The moment it reaches the stomach, it neutralises the burning, ulcerating acid. Pain stops, and soon normal, healthy digestion is restored. Doctors everywhere use and recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia for the Stomach. Get a bottle to-day.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense. "Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Hichy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

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When the muscles ache and the sinews of the back, arms, legs or neck are distressed with pain, whatever the cause, use WAWN'S WONDER WOOL. This "Magic Wrap," on application, instantly attacks the centres of pain, breaks up congestion, dispels inflammation, and brings soothing, comforting warmth and relief to the affected muscles and sinews.

The dreaded, painful agonies of NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM or kindred complaints, quickly respond to this simple treatment. With the first twinge of muscular pain seek speedy relief with

WAWN'S WONDER WOOL

Obtainable everywhere at 2/6 per packet

NEVER Be LONELY

Continued from Page 43

OLD Mr. Elgin came down to see me the next afternoon to borrow the volume of the cyclopaedia with what he called the Baconian heresy in it. He had to explain it a little bit, but I found it in Volume ARC-BRA all right, and told him he could take his time on it, because it would be anyway a month or six weeks before I finished Volume A-ARC. And he said some more nice things about the cyclopaedia and me. "As an expert physiognomist, Mr. Simmons," he told me, "I can see at a glance that to a broadly sympathetic mind you join a generous heart. And if you wish—as I am sure you do—to make a broken man happy—Then he kind of leaned toward me with his eyes shining. "The gift of a bottle of whisky, Mr. Simmons!" he whispered. "Any good brand of rye!"

He looked so hopeful that I hated to say no, but I did. I told him I couldn't do it, and to please not ask me again.

I was afraid he was so angry he'd never come back to see me, but just a couple of days later he came and borrowed the volume with the article about Christopher Marlowe, and he's been back just about every day to borrow another volume to look something up in. He has more than half the cyclopaedia in his room now, and I think it is doing him a lot of good. He is much more cheerful when I see him afterwards, and Mrs. Dolan tells me that he gets dressed and goes for a little walk every morning now, which is something she never knew him to do before, but which I'm sure is good for him.

I still feel pretty lonesome at times, when I think of Miss Elgin going out with a man like Mr. Reynolds; but I hardly ever think about Nellie any more.

Yours truly,
ELMER B. SIMMONS.

Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.
Sandusky, Ohio,
March 15, 1937.

Mr. Elmer B. Simmons,
Hotel Chez Marguerite,
Hoyt Street,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Mr. Simmons: You have probably noticed that your edition of the cyclopaedia was published in 1927. While this is a very recent publication date for so comprehensive a reference work, there have been many additions to the sum of the world's knowledge since then, and in order to make our service to our purchasers wholly complete, we have just brought out two supplementary volumes, and I am enclosing an order blank. As you can see, the supplementary volumes cost only four dollars apiece, or two more monthly payments on your contract.

Inasmuch as this will provide you with several more volumes than your bookcase was designed to hold, I strongly urge that you order an additional bookcase while we can supply them at the present low price.

Cordially yours,
GEORGE H. WINTERS,
Sales Promotion Dept.

Hotel Chez Marguerite,
Hoyt St.,
Portland, Ore.,
March 21, 1937.

Mr. George H. Winters,
Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.,
Sandusky, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Winters: I have signed the two order blanks you sent me, as I suppose I ought to have the supplementary volumes and another bookcase. But I am feeling pretty lonesome right now, in spite of the cyclopaedia. Though I suppose I would feel even worse if Miss Elgin told Mrs. Dolan, and Mrs. Dolan asked me to move.

You see, for the first couple of days after our talk on the porch, Miss Elgin used to speak to me in a real friendly manner. And then all at once she started just barely nodding when I said hello to her, and I didn't know why. So, finally, one evening I waited on the porch till she came home, and asked her if I'd done something that had offended her.

Her eyes were very full of those little sparks when she looked at me. "I don't think you've forgotten how I feel about letting pop get started drinking, Mr. Simmons," she said. "And I can tell that he's been having a little something every day."

I tried to tell her that I hadn't given him anything, but she just

shook her head. "I'm afraid the weight of circumstantial evidence is against you, Mr. Simmons," she said, in a pretty scornful voice. "I see to it that pop hasn't any money, and there's no place that he could borrow any, unless from you. And there'd been no sign of anything like this until he started cultivating your acquaintance."

"But honest, Miss Elgin, I haven't given him anything," I told her. "Nor any money, either. I promised you I wouldn't, and I haven't. Won't you please believe me?"

She looked at me for a minute, and some of the sparks sort of faded out of her eyes. But then she shook her head again. "I'd like to believe you, Mr. Simmons," she said. "But I'm afraid I can't quite manage it. I haven't said anything to Aunt Maggie yet, though; and if you—if it stops, we can just let the matter drop."

And then she walked past me with her chin very high in the air, and she never talks to me at dinner any more. And I'm awfully worried, for fear she'll tell Mrs. Dolan what she thinks, and Mrs. Dolan will ask me to move. And I can't see that it's going to do me any good to start working days, because Miss Elgin won't ever go out with me now.

I have been reading every afternoon, and have got to Amga, a rapid river of Siberia; but it doesn't seem to help any, as I am feeling very lonesome again.

Yours truly,
ELMER B. SIMMONS.

Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.
Sandusky, Ohio,
March 27, 1937.

Mr. Elmer B. Simmons,
Hotel Chez Marguerite,
Hoyt Street,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Mr. Simmons: I am very sorry indeed to learn that there has been a slight rift in the lute of your happiness in your new surroundings. But I am sure that, with a little intelligent management on your part, Miss Elgin can be brought to see that she has misjudged you. And in this connection I wish to recommend to you a book which our firm has been privileged to offer to a few of its most valued customers. This handsomely-bound, profusely-illustrated volume is entitled "Love in Song and Story," and it is a book from which any young man can glean much that will be helpful to him in his relations with the fair sex. We are able to offer this valuable book for a short time only at the low price of four dollars, or the addition of a single payment to your contract. I am sure that you will want a copy, and I am enclosing an order blank which I suggest that you use at once.

Cordially yours,
GEORGE H. WINTERS,
Sales Promotion Dept.

Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.
Sandusky, Ohio,
April 12, 1937.

Mr. Elmer B. Simmons,
Hotel Chez Marguerite,
Hoyt Street,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Mr. Simmons: The head of our accounting department has asked me to remind you that your April payment is now past due. I have assured him that this can only be an oversight on your part. Won't you, therefore, let us have this remittance by return mail?

Cordially yours,
GEORGE H. WINTERS,
Sales Promotion Dept.

P.S.: I have been expecting to receive your order for a copy of "Love in Song and Story" every day. I am sure that this is a book you will want, and I have instructed our stock clerk to lay aside a copy for you, as only a few copies of this valuable work are left. Won't you please let me have your order by return mail?

G.H.W.

Hotel Chez Marguerite,
Hoyt St.,
Portland, Ore.,
April 22, 1937.

Mr. George H. Winters,
Companion Cyclopaedia Corp.,
Sandusky, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Winters: I hope you'll excuse my not answering your last two letters before this. But a very great deal has happened, starting almost immediately after the last time I wrote you.

The first thing was that old Mr. Elgin suddenly stopped being more cheerful, in spite of the fact that he had nineteen volumes of my cyclopaedia to read in addition to his Shakespeare. And then one afternoon he asked me for that bottle of any good brand of rye again. And when I told him that I was sorry, but I couldn't do it, he went away looking pretty mournful. But the next afternoon, while I was reading about the Amphipods, an order of small sessile-eyed crustaceans, he came back and asked to borrow by Companion Atlas. I told him he was perfectly welcome, but to please bring it back right away, because I used it pretty often myself.

And then all at once he seemed to change his mind. "No, Mr. Simmons, I shall not trouble your atlas," he said in that kind of hollow voice. "I shall not trouble you. No, Mr. Simmons, Raymond Elgin will soon trouble no one. The die is cast; my decision taken." And then he gave one of those pretty ghastly laughs of his. "Do you know what subject has most occupied my mind of late?" he asked me. "Self-destruction, Mr. Simmons. In short, suicide! Suicide—and poison!" And then he gave another of those laughs and stalked out of the room.

I felt pretty worried, and that night after dinner I told Miss Elgin about it. It was the first time I'd talked to her since she told me that she couldn't quite believe me. She was pretty stiff and scornful when I went up to her, but she listened. But when I got through, she just laughed. "Think nothing of it, Mr. Simmons," she told me. "Obviously you've never moved in theatrical circles. Pop plays that particular scene an average of four times a year."

After that I didn't see Mr. Elgin for several days, but Mrs. Dolan told me that he had stopped going for his walks, and was spending all his time in bed.

That was on the afternoon of March thirtieth, which was the last day I would have to work nights.

Please turn to Page 46



Michel

Good Enough To Eat!

★ Of course you really wouldn't eat a lipstick. But certainly you want one that's pure and good enough to eat!

MICHEL Lipstick passes every test for purity and quality. You know it's superior because it spreads evenly—because it gives a feeling of freshness to the lips—because its colors are clear. Michel chemists leave no stone unturned in testing and checking the quality of the ingredients that make this famous lipstick pure enough to eat.

6 ENTHRANCING SHADES
Blonde : Cherry : Vivid
Cupcake : Raspberry : Scarlet
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

He's got a VIROL constitution —

your child needs one too



Thousands of children are relying on their robust Virol Constitutions to protect them against illnesses.

Virol is a complete food — it provides all the elements, including the vitamins and mineral salts, needed for sturdy growth and sure protection.

A spoonful of Virol regularly after meals gives an all-round increase in fitness from the beginning. And the benefits last.

Arm your child against infections of all kinds — give him a Virol constitution.



VIROL

FOR SEWING MACHINES

Sweepers and
all household
appliancesLUBRICATES
CLEANS
PREVENTS RUST

3-IN-ONE OIL

BOILS AND PIMPLES

People who take a regular dose of TWIN SODA are surprisingly free from blood troubles, such as Boils, Pimples, Skin Eruptions, Prickly Heat. Should you suffer from any of these complaints, buy a 1/4 packet of pure TWIN SODA from your chemist and purify your blood simply and easily. These complaints are needless when the remedy is so simple and economical.

To get from my room to the stairs I had to go right past Mr. Elgin's door. And it was open a crack, and I could hear a funny noise from inside his room. It sounded like somebody choking and snoring and kind of gasping all at once, and I thought maybe he was sick, so I tapped on the door and asked if he was all right. But he didn't answer, even after I'd knocked two or three times, so I pushed the door a little wider open and peeped into the room. Mr. Elgin was in bed, and he was making all those noises, and his face was kind of purple and blotchy. I walked over to the bed and tried to wake him up; but he didn't wake up, even when I shook him. And then I remembered what he had said about self-destruction and poison, and I was very badly scared.

Mrs. Dolan was out shopping. So I ran to the telephone and called

the police and gave them the address and told them that somebody had taken poison, and to send a doctor quick. And then I ran back upstairs, and Mr. Elgin was just the same. The policeman I had talked to hadn't seemed at all excited about it, but it wasn't more than three or four minutes till I heard the ambulance come screaming down the street.

I ran back downstairs to open the door for the two men with the stretcher. One of them had on a white coat and the other one didn't and they didn't seem particularly excited, either.

I took them up to Mr. Elgin's room, and the man with the white coat went over and felt Mr. Elgin's pulse and leaned down and kind of sniffed at him. And he was sort

NEVER Be LONELY

Continued from Page 45

of grinning when he straightened up. "He'll probably sleep it off all right," he said. "Still, he's pretty old. But we won't have to take him to the hospital... Mac, you go down and get the stomach pump."

The other man went back downstairs and the one with the white coat sort of looked around the room. "Where's the bottle?" he asked me. "You mean the poison bottle?" I asked.

He grinned a little more. "Well, I've heard it called that," he said. He was still looking around him, and now he bent over and pulled a bottle out from under the bed. It was a quart bottle with only half an inch left in the bottom, and the label said, "Old Colonel Peters' Choice Rye Whisky."

Mrs. Dolan came back just when the man in the white coat had finished with Mr. Elgin, and I explained what had happened. But she had to see about getting dinner, so I said I'd stay with Mr. Elgin, in case he wanted anything. But he didn't seem to, though he was awake now. He just lay there, groaning kind of privately. He only spoke to me once. That was when he turned his head and saw the Old Colonel Peters' bottle, where the man in the white coat had left it on the table. "Take it away!" he said then.

Mrs. Dolan must have told Miss Elgin what had happened before she came upstairs, because her eyes were just blazing when she came into the room. "Where did you get it, pop? Who gave it to you?" she asked, sort of through her teeth. Mr. Elgin didn't say anything, and she walked across and stood right over him. "I'm going to find out if I have to shake it out of you!" she said then. "Who gave it to you?"

I guess he could see that she meant what she said. "Jerry Reynolds," he groaned.

"All right! I'll settle with Jerry Reynolds!" Miss Elgin said. And then she turned to look at me, and her eyes kind of stopped blazing. "Mr. Simmons, I guess I owe you a lot of apologies," she said to me. "I'm very sorry, and I hope you can forgive me. And thank you very much for all you've done. I'll take care of him now."

The rest of us were all at the table when Miss Elgin came downstairs. She walked around the table and stood behind her chair, but she didn't sit down.

"Do you know, I don't think I want to sit beside you to-night, Jerry Reynolds!" she said in a very quiet kind of tight voice. "To-night, or any other night. But I know you won't mind changing seats with someone. With Mr. Simmons, say."

He looked up at her for a minute, but he didn't try to say anything. Then his face got very red, and finally he got up and walked around to my place. I got up, too. I guess my face was just as red as his, but I was very proud to be sitting beside Miss Elgin.

After dinner I went upstairs to get my hat and coat. When I came down to start for the post office, Mrs. Dolan was talking to Mr. Reynolds in the front hall. Mr. Reynolds' face was still pretty red. "All right!" he said, in a kind of angry voice. "All right. I'll pack to-night and move out in the morning." Just then Miss Elgin came out of the kitchen with some things on a tray and started for the stairs. Mr. Reynolds moved over to meet her. "Look here, Corrie," he said. "I'm sorry, of course. But he kept after me,

and I didn't know he'd try to drink it all at once. And he said that Small Town here—and he jerked his thumb at me—'had been slipping him a little every day for weeks.'"

Miss Elgin didn't answer him. But she looked at me, and her eyes were just blazing again. "So you did, after all!" she said. And then she turned and ran up the stairs. Mr. Reynolds started to follow her, but I stepped in front of him.

"Miss Elgin doesn't want to talk to you, Mr. Reynolds," I told him. "And what you said about me wasn't true, either. You—you're just an Ananias, Mr. Reynolds!"

"Small Town, in about a minute you're apt to find yourself short of a lot of teeth!" he said to me.

"If you think you can knock them out, just you come out into the back yard and I'll give you a chance!" I told him. I was getting kind of angry, too, by then.

So we went out into the back yard, but it wasn't very much of a fight. Mr. Reynolds was taller than me, but I guess there's one good thing about being brought up in a place like Wee Lamb, and that is that you get to know a lot about fighting and wrestling. He only hit me twice, and it didn't hurt at all. And when he'd said he had enough, and promised not to bother Miss Elgin any more, I let him up, and he went back into the house. I waited a minute, and then I started for the house, too.

I didn't know that Miss Elgin was there until she stepped out of the shadows on the back porch. And her eyes weren't blazing any more, and she was even smiling a little bit. "Was that just for a lady's honor, Mr. Simmons?" she asked me. "Or was it just for the joust's sake?"

"I thought you didn't want him to follow you upstairs, Miss Elgin," I told her. "And honest, Miss Elgin, what he said wasn't true!"

"I didn't want him to follow me," she said. "And I know now that what he said wasn't true; though I guess he thought it was. Pop has just confessed that he's been selling off your cyclopaedia at the rate of a volume a day and fifty cents a volume. That was just enough to provide him with a half-pint of very poor whisky per diem; and that was just enough to whet his appetite. And so to-day—"

Then all at once she stopped smiling and moved a little closer and sort of put her hand on my arm and looked up at me. "Mr. Simmons, I want to apologise again. And if you'll forgive me this time, I'll never doubt your word again—about anything!"

That was three weeks ago, and Corrie and I have gone out somewhere almost every evening since.

But now I've come to some pretty bad news, Mr. Winters. I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to send somebody to take everything back. And Corrie says to be sure and make you see that I mean it this time. We've gotten back all the volumes of the cyclopaedia that Mr. Elgin had sold, and they're not hurt a bit; and the supplementary volumes and the extra bookcase have never even been unpacked. You see, Corrie and I are getting married next week, and Corrie says she can think of many better ways to spend four dollars every month for the next three years, so I'm afraid that settles it. And besides, I won't ever need the books again. Because when we're married Corrie's two brothers and old Mr. Elgin are going to come and live with us. So I guess you can see that I'll never be lonesome again.

Yours truly,
ELMER B. SIMMONS.
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ESCAPE FROM THE WASH-TUB

TO WIN BRILLIANT DRAMATIC SUCCESS!

Thrilling experience
of Housewife after
changing to the
Rinso
2-MINUTE
BOIL METHOD

I hear they want you to take the lead in the club's next play. How exciting!

But I can't! They rehearse on Monday nights.. and I'm so dead tired after washing all day.



What old-fashioned nonsense! Haven't you ever heard of the RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL?

Oh, I've heard of it, of course... but only 2 minutes' boil?... it's hard to believe



NEXT WASHING DAY

Now, doubting Thomas... how's that for dazzling whiteness?



Congratulations, darling! Positively glamorous!

A marvellous performance! Your husband must be proud...



Look! Here it is—
The Time-Saving... Work-Saving,
Fuel-Saving Method!

- 1 Make good Rinso suds in warm water (about 1 heaped tablespoon to a gallon—more in hard water). Soak white articles for 30 minutes, rubbing a little dry Rinso on stains and marks.
- 2 Bring to the boil and BOIL FOR 2 MINUTES ONLY.
- 3 RINSE THOROUGHLY.

NOTE: Very dirty clothes should be left to soak in Rinso suds for an hour or so before boiling.

Lukewarm RINSO suds
wonderful for SILKS,
COLOURS, WOOLLENS

Give them a few minutes' gentle run through—without rubbing—in rich, lukewarm Rinso suds. Rinse well. Don't twist or wring.



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For Men

Many men have the impression that a Savings Bank Account is suitable only for women and children, and that it is neither convenient nor dignified enough for business men.

Certainly those business men who have many payments to make over a considerable area need cheque accounts, but even those, in common with all other men, will find the Savings Account a most useful and convenient aid to money accumulation.

There is nothing undignified in the transaction of Savings Bank business, but there is interest profit to be earned on such monies as would otherwise lie idle.

Throughout Australia there are Branches and Post Office Agencies of the

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

June 4, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One



HOW LUXURIOUS your skin feels after massage! Follow the advice given in this article and with your own two hands smooth away lines and bring new life and loveliness to your skin.

Without Doubt, There's... MAGIC in MASSAGE

It banishes lines and wrinkles, tightens up muscles, and brings new life and beauty to your skin...

By **OUR BEAUTY EXPERT**

FACIAL massage, correctly carried out, is the best treatment for preserving youth and beauty.

Incorrectly performed, however, it can quickly wrinkle and sag the most attractive skin.

Correct massage, whether carried out by a beauty specialist or by yourself at home, is not only beneficial to the outer skin, but also has an invigorating effect on the underlying muscles.

It removes any scurfy tissue adhering to the outer skin, cleanses the pores, increases the blood supply, and hence the growth of the new underlying tissues, and will revive muscles which are weakened and relaxed.

Like all other treatments, carried out occasionally it is practically valueless, but if done systematically for a period of three or four weeks four times a year will soon give results.

The best time for your massage is the early morning, although, of course, you can give a very light, quick treatment at night when removing the day's make-up.

Of course, if you can afford it, and have the time, it is best to go to a beauty specialist for the treatment. But it is good to have a knowledge of the massage movements, so that you can, on occasion, undertake the treatment yourself. For, just as expert movements will correct wrinkles and lines, so will inexperienced ones deepen and encourage them.

All you need to learn the movements, so that you can massage your own face, is a little patience and diligence.

All movements must be light and quick, the first three fingers of each hand being used.

Before attempting the massage remove every vestige of make-up. You must have a clean skin, otherwise impurities will be worked into

the skin, and enlarged and open pores will result.

For the cleansing use cleansing cream or soap and water, and see that your hands are quite clean as well. Then dry the skin properly, and grease the face with a massage cream.

Now carry out the following massage movements:

First, stimulate circulation and soften the muscles and tissues by placing the tips of the first three fingers firmly on the face, and moving them all together in a circular motion all over the cheeks, forehead and neck.

Iron Out Lines!

WRINKLES on forehead above nose and eyes can be removed by placing the finger-tips on the eyebrows, and then drawing them up towards the roots of the hair at the forehead. As one hand is drawn upwards place the other in position, so that throughout the treatment one hand is always stroking against the wrinkles, and at no period is the massage interrupted.

Concentration lines above nose can be removed by placing the first finger of each hand together in the centre of the bridge of the nose, and lightly drawing them apart from the centre towards the temples.

Crows feet need very careful treatment and are hard to eradicate. Place the thumb of the right hand near the outer corner of the right eye, and the first finger of the

left hand immediately below the thumb, then gradually draw the finger and thumb apart, stroking in opposite directions, the thumb upwards and the finger downwards.

Tired eyes will quickly respond to a gentle stroking of the upper eyelids. Start from the inner corners of the eyes and work outwards.

The nose is usually neglected, and the skin becomes flaky and discolored. Treatment is quite simple, and consists of grasping the nose between the thumb and first finger and gently stroking it both upwards and downwards.

Cheek massage is carried out with the knuckles. Place them against the cheek, and move upwards and outwards with a kneading movement. This will help keep the cheeks softly rounded and firm.

To remove nose to mouth wrinkles, cross the hands in front of the face, placing the right thumb on the left side of the nose and the left thumb on the right side of the nose. Gradually draw the thumbs outwards away from the nose and towards the ears. Nose to mouth lines respond well to correct treatment.

Double chins can be lessened by lightly pinching the chin for two or three minutes. Take care not to pinch too hard, otherwise the skin will bruise.

If these movements are carried out while you are still young, they will help preserve your looks and delay the approach of those aging lines and wrinkles.



**Pond's Creams
bring to Women
the active
"Skin-Vitamin"**

no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, as well as large and small jars for your dressing table.

• "Listen to Your Cavalier," 1CH at 11:00 a.m. every Tuesday, 1ET at 2:30 p.m. every Tuesday, 1DB-LK at 2:30 p.m. every Tuesday, 1AW at 3:00 p.m. every Thursday, 4BK-AK at 10:30 a.m. every Monday, 1AD-MU-PT at 10:30 a.m. every Monday.
• SML-WB at 11:30 a.m. every Monday.

"The new ingredient makes them better than ever."
Lody Mory
Rose Hovoy.



To-day—Pond's two creams do more for the skin than ever before! They contain a vitamin which helps your body to rebuild skin tissue and aids in keeping skin beautiful—the "Skin-Vitamin".

For years Pond's tested this "Skin-Vitamin" in Pond's creams. Then Pond's gave the creams to women to try.

They said, in four weeks: "My skin is smoother," "My pores look finer." Try Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" creams to-day—Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Vanishing Cream as a powder base.

And remember, Pond's Creams cost

FREE! Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" creams—Cold and Vanishing.

You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Bachel) (), Light Cream (), Rose Cream (Natural), (), Naturrelle (Licht Natural) (), Rose Brunette (), Dark Brunette (Sauten) ().

POND'S DEPT. X-12 Box 1131 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name..... Address.....

KEEP FIT AS YOU GROW OLDER

Otherwise you may become a victim of a most distressing form of neuralgia.

PATIENT: I suffer from severe neuralgia in the side of my face, which occurs in spasms during the daytime. Can you tell me how I may get relief?

THIS is a rarer and more distressing form of common neuralgia, which the doctors call "trigeminal neuralgia." It was first described over a century ago by Dr. John Pothergill.

As its name indicates, this is a disorder of one of the trigeminal nerves, of which there is one on each side of the face. As a rule this painful condition is found only in persons of middle life. It is rarely, if ever, suffered by children and young adults.

Much new knowledge of trigeminal neuralgia, or "tic douloureux" as it is also called, has been gained within recent years. But in spite of this the actual cause of this pain-

ful disturbance and a sure cure for it still remain unsolved problems.

At times the trouble may be traced to some centre of infection, such as diseased teeth, tonsils, or nasal sinuses. If infection exists, all abscessed tissues must be drained and the proper treatment applied to clear up the local trouble. After this, relief of the neuralgia is likely to be obtained.

Every effort should be made to improve the general health and to increase the resistance against infection.

A well-regulated routine of living is of the greatest importance. Adequate rest, nourishing food, moderate exercise and freedom from worry have their place in effecting a cure.

The victim suffers from severe pain in the face. This is sudden in its onset, occurring in spasms, and travelling along the course of one or more branches of the nerve.

What My Patients Ask

By A DOCTOR

Though the attacks of pain last but a few seconds, the severity of it and its weakening after-effects make the disease a dreaded disorder.

Like other neuralgic pains, it is increased by pressure, even of the slightest touch. Chewing, speaking or touching the side of the face may be sufficient to bring on an attack.

It differs from other neuralgic pains in that the sufferer has complete relief from pain when he goes to bed at night. Other neuralgic pain often persists during the night.

Alcoholic injections have been used with success. In this treatment, alcohol or some other chemical is injected into the nerve, the nerve centre, or ganglion. The effect is in a sense to deaden the nerve, with relief from all pain.

The ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN" now in Pond's Hand Lotion

Hands grow lovelier

Four year ago scientists first learned that a certain vitamin, applied direct to skin, heals burns and wounds quicker and better. Then Pond's put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now you get its benefits for your hands in Pond's Cream Lotion. Now Pond's restores to your hands the precious "skin-vitamin" lost by washing and exposure. Now you can keep your hands soft, smooth, youthful, no matter how busy you are.

Use Pond's every time you wash your hands.



Only 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists.

BLEACH for superfluous hair: Allow two teaspoons of full-strength peroxide of hydrogen to one-half teaspoon of ordinary household ammonia. Dab on with a piece of cotton-wool.

FINGER-TIP LOVELINESS

Dry, brittle nails spoil hand beauty. Here is the way to treat them

By EVELYN

THERE'S nothing I like better than delving into the history of the beauties of the past. And it is a continuous surprise to me how smart some of those women were in ways of enhancing their charms.

They hadn't the beautifying equipment that we women have to-day, but they had many tricks up their sleeves that modern women still practise.

The sirens of ancient Rome, for

instance, painted their nails a bright crimson, in order to call attention to the loveliness of their hands.

There really are few women to-day who neglect to keep their nails well groomed, and yet there are some girls who, though they manicure their nails regularly, have very unattractive finger-tips.

This is due often to the fact that the nails become dry and brittle, and break easily. The reason for this is that they do not treat their finger-tips properly.

Need Treatment

DRY, brittle nails require both internal and external treatments for their correction. They are caused by excessive dryness and lack of proper nourishment when the nail is in the process of formation.

If a person's diet is deficient in fats and oils, nail dryness and brittleness may easily result.

So a woman thus afflicted should first add more of the fatty foods to her diet.

If the dryness is due to external

conditions alone, however, you can make up the deficiency in lubrication by external applications.

A little warmed olive oil, or nail cream, massaged into the base of each nail nightly will help a great deal. The business girl should keep some oil or cream in her desk and lubricate her nails after washing her hands.

A good deal of benefit may be derived, also, from applying one of several coatings of a heavy liquid polish out to the very tips of the nails.

Such a polish, if heavy enough, helps to prevent the breaking, splitting and peeling that occur when the nails are dry and brittle. And it is possible to do this while still preserving the whiteness of the nail rims, too.

The trick lies in employing two polishes—a colorless polish and a colored one. The nails should be buffed briskly first with a chamois buffer, in order to provide a smooth surface for the application of the nail enamel.

Then apply the colored polish over the central part of each nail, but not over the rims or half moons. And, when this coating has fully dried, the colorless polish should be applied over each entire nail.

In this way the nail-tip receives its protective coating of polish, and yet remains appropriately clear and white in appearance.



NEVER cut your nails with scissors. Use a file and finish off with an emery board.

FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

Nervous Habit in Babes

that Needs Early Checking

By A TRUBY KING EXPERT

ENURESIS, bed-wetting, is a troublesome habit which is often the cause of much worry, especially when it persists beyond the first two years.

When it is not cured before the child has become old enough to be very sensitive and self-conscious about his failing, it presents a difficult problem. With tact, patience,

and perseverance the little babe can be taught self-control at a much earlier age than many mothers imagine.

A normal, healthy baby can be carefully held out regularly from the time it is a week old.

A baby's feet and legs should not be allowed to get cold, as this can be a cause of bed-wetting. If baby gets very wet at night, be sure to see that he lies on an old piece of blanket with a strip of mackintosh sheeting beneath it. In cold weather put on warm socks, and over the napkin put a flannel triangle which will help to prevent the baby from getting chilled.

When the 10 p.m. feeding is discontinued after the weaning still continue to hold out baby at that time. This may have to be done until the child is five to six years old.

Seek Medical Advice

AFTER three years of age, if the habit is becoming established, medical advice should be sought to see whether there is any bladder or kidney trouble. As a rule, however, bed-wetting is simply a bad habit.

To overcome it, check up the management, diet, and general health of the child. It is wise to see that fluid is restricted during the latter part of the day. The drink of milk usually given at tea time should be given about 4 p.m. and no drink at all given with the last meal. During the first part of the day it should be seen that plenty of fluid is taken and the milk ration is not cut down.

A toddler is often so busily engaged with objects that capture his interest that he does not always spare

time to empty his bladder or bowels completely. If he does not settle to sleep at once, he should be lifted after he has been in bed for about a quarter of an hour.

Overfeeding should be avoided, as this causes wind, indigestion, and restlessness at night, all causes of bed-wetting. Constipation, even in a slight degree, will also tend to keep up the habit. It is a good plan to encourage a bowel action before putting the child to bed.

Anything that causes restlessness at night, such as teething, obstructed breathing, caused by bad adenoids and enlarged tonsils, will also encourage bed-wetting. All irritation tends to keep up the habit.

The type of child who is a victim of this habit is usually a hypersensitive, whose nervous stability is not too good, and who has little confidence in himself.

Parents should always remember that, to help a child overcome the trouble, scolding or punishing will tend to make the habit worse.

Their concern and anxiety regarding the habit should never be shown, as a sensitive child reacts at once to the anxieties and fears of its parents and those around it.

The subject should never be discussed with others in his hearing. Praise when there is some improvement and an effort to restore the child's confidence is a far better line of treatment than scolding, which makes the child lose confidence in himself.

Sea-bathing is excellent, and a morning cold sponge or cold shower is a splendid all-round tonic which helps a great deal to overcome the habit.

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RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS...

relieved with

Genuine

VINCENT'S

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POWDERS TABLETS

WOMEN...relieve PAIN regularly with VINCENT'S

MODESS

ABSOLUTE PROTECTION
... SOFTER
... SAFER

SANITARY NAPKINS that give absolute protection because of a special moisture proof backing.



BOX OF 12

Bachelor Girls at Home!



WALL SHELVES and cupboard made from pine, brightly painted, cost little.

THEY use their brains and their hands to transform dull spots into cheerful, one-room homes.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

ARMED with efficiency, plus a fine sense of color and artistry, hundreds of business girls have contrived to make liveable one-room homes for themselves out of the dull, most uninviting material at their command.

Not every girl can afford a decently-equipped flatlet or furnished room to begin with.

Instead, she is forced to take one of those poorly-equipped and sometimes ill-lighted rooms which, plainly speaking, are a blot on our civilisation.

Many are the ways taken to transform such dull places into inviting, cheerful spots:

If she is handy with the needle, and the great majority of Australian women are, she buys a few yards



CLEVERLY-PLANNED SHELVES which serve as sideboard and china cupboard in a one-room flat. The outside is painted a maize color to match walls, blue lines the inside.

of cheap but attractive material, and soon pretty curtains flutter at the windows, and a matching spread covers the divan by day and bed by night.

And by the disposition of its furniture, by various manoeuvres that almost amount to conjuring on the part of its occupier, this single room can be given the aspect of living-room, dining-room, and bedroom when occasion demands.

Her office training helps her. She does not clutter her little home with non-essentials. And what



UNIT FURNITURE is used with splendid effect in this charming one-room flat. Recess, not shown, serves as kitchenette.

is most surprising, she can serve a little meal (often with the aid of the delicatessen shop, to be sure) that is tempting to the eye and jolly good to eat.

I was in a most charming little flat the other day. The whole scheme was carried out in white and pastels and looked ever so bright and refreshing.

The secret was white walls and painted furniture—very simple and remarkably inexpensive.

Apple-green was the color chosen for the furniture. Curtains, cushions and divan cover were a pale lemon.

The shabby linoleum on the floor was painted grey and a couple of gay rugs were added.

Plain and dyed hessian has proved a blessing to many bachelor girls. It makes a splendid, hard-wearing furnishing material and is exceedingly cheap to buy.

Two girls who share a flat have used it extensively with splendid effect. They experimented with dyes and found that blue was the best.

So they distempered the walls a warm maize and hung curtains at the windows, fashioned from the blue-dyed hessian. The edges of the curtains were fringed. This was easily done. A half-dozen strands were pulled out, and the effect, I thought, was charming, despite its simplicity.

Decorative Effect

COVERS were made of the blue hessian for the two beds—just single mattresses, mark you. Cushion covers were also made to fit the four pillows. The cushion covers, also bed covers, were finished with fringe to match curtains.

The beds were placed along two walls of the room; the bed "heads" being separated at the corner of the room by a small table, holding a table lamp. This ingenious arrangement cut down lighting costs.

Above, fitted to the wall, were bookshelves like those shown in the sketch at the top left of this page. On one of the opposite walls (note sketch on this page) another shelf does service as a china cupboard and sideboard, etc.

These shelves, made from pine and then painted to match the walls, cost the girls very little for construction.

The inner part of the shelves was colored blue—a happy contrast.

MRS SIMPSON TURNS THE TABLE!



TAUBMANS DYNAMEL will give a brilliant color finish to all your furniture and accessories—inexpensively, and easily! Anyone can do a good job with Dynamel. It flows on smoothly without leaving any brushmarks, dries in one hour, and becomes a hard, mirror-bright washable surface.

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"The Colorful Home", Anne Stewart's, contains 24 page book in full color, shows how easy it is for you to make YOUR home more inviting and modern at very little cost. Get free copy, mail this coupon today.

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Anne Stewart, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peter, Sydney.

Please send me my FREE copy of "The Colorful Home". I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage.

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Write to Anne Stewart every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, 3.00 p.m. to 4.45 p.m. or 11 a.m. to 12.15 p.m., 10.15 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.

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No matter how hard you brush, your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste — Pepsodent, containing the thrilling new dental discovery, IRIUM. Irium ends Scrub-Hard disappointment. It gets you results from proper brushing, makes your teeth sparkle with a brilliant natural lustre.

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Pepsodent gently floats film away—instead of scraping it off. —Thorough!

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Pepsodent Tooth Paste leaves your mouth feeling clean and wholesome. —Refreshing!

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ALONE among dentifrices CONTAINS
IRIUM THE 2- SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

THE PEPSODENT CO. (AUST.) PTY. LTD. (INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA)

A 11/1938

Do KNIT Him THIS!

Every 4- or 5-year-old will proudly wear this cosy Breton Suit.

MADE up in purl and plain this hard-wearing, cold-resisting suit is copied from the sturdy jerseys of the gay fishermen of Brittany.

The color scheme suggested is a jolly one—pale blue and beige stripes, collar, cuffs, trousers, and buttons in navy-blue.

Here follow full, accurate directions for making:

Materials: 5 ozs. of 4-ply knitting wool in dark blue, 3 ozs. in fawn and 4 ozs. in light blue, 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 10 knitting needles, and 14 dark blue buttons the size of a sixpence.

Measurements (Jersey):—Length from shoulder at armhole edge, 12 ins.; width all round under the arms, 26½ ins.; length of sleeve seam, including cuff, 13½ inches. **Trousers:** Length down side fold, 13 inches; width all round widest part, measured above the gusset, 30 inches.

Tension (Jersey):—6 sts. to 1 inch in width, and 11 rows to 1 inch in depth. **Trousers:** 13 sts. to 2 inches in width and 9 rows to 1 inch in depth.

Abbreviations:—K. knit, p. purl, sts. stitches, rep. repeat, dec. decrease or decreasing, w.f.d. wool forward, tog. together, st-st. stocking-stitch, ins. inches, patt. pattern.

Always work into the back of all cast-on sts. to produce firm edges.



HOW the suit will look when finished.

THE JERSEY

Begin at the lower edge of the back. Cast on 80 sts. using light blue wool and No. 10 needles and work 11 inches in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 9 needles and the striped patt. as follows: K. 3 rows light blue. Cut blue, join on fawn and p. 3 rows. These 6 rows form the patt. and are rep. throughout. Rep. them until the work measures 8½ inches from the beginning, finishing after 3 rows in fawn.

ARMHOLE SHAPING

Still keeping the stripes correct,

cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of the next 5 alternate rows, leaving 58 sts. Continue without dec. until the armhole measures 3½ inches on the straight, finishing after one row in blue. Cast off in blue.

FRONT

Work this exactly like the back until 10 fawn stripes have been worked from the beginning. Cut fawn, join on blue.



WEARING THE SUIT designed for 4 and 5-year-olds. The trousers button on to the jersey, which has a charming double-breasted "bib." The color scheme is pale blue and beige stripes, contrasted by navy-blue.

1st Row: P. 26, then k. 1 and p. 1 alternately for 27 sts., p. 27.

2nd Row: P. 27, then k. 1 and p. 1 alternately for 20 sts., k. 2 tog., w.f.d., then k. 1 and p. 1 alternately for 5 sts. (54), turn, putting the remaining 26 sts. on a spare needle for the present.

3rd Row: Rib 28, p. 26.

Now continue working the 26 sts. in the striped patt. and the 28 sts. in the ribbing in blue, but at the same time make a buttonhole at the front edge as on the 2nd row on every 12th row following until there are 4 in all to neck and when the side edge is the same depth to armhole as on the back, finishing after 3 rows in fawn, shape the armhole as follows:

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then dec. 1 st. at the same edge on the next 5 alternate rows, leaving 43 sts. Continue without dec. until there are 2 rows past the 4th buttonhole, finishing at the neck edge after 2 rows in blue.

Neck Shaping: Cast off 18 sts. at the beginning of the next row, rib 9, p. to end. Now continue right across in the striped patt. but dec. 1 st. at the neck edge on every alternate row until 20 sts. remain, then work 6 rows after last dec. and cast off.

Join blue wool to the neck edge of the other 26 sts., then cast on 14 sts., p. to end. Continue in the striped patt. on these 40 sts. until the side edge is the same depth as that on the back, finishing after 2 rows in blue.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then dec. 1 st. at the same edge on the next 5 alternate rows, leaving 29 sts. Continue without dec. until there are 17 fawn stripes from the beginning, finishing at the neck edge.

Neck Shaping: Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then dec. 1 st. at th's edge on every alternate row until 20 sts. remain. Work 5 more rows, then cast off.

THE SLEEVES

Begin at the lower edge. Cast on 50 sts. using dark blue wool and No. 10 needles and work 3 inches in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 9 needles and the stripe patt., but at the same time, inc. 1 st. at both ends of the 9th row, then at both ends of every 10th row following until there are 64 sts.

Continue without inc. until the sleeve measures 12 ins. from the beginning, measured down the centre and finishing after 3 rows in fawn, then shape the top by dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 40 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE COLLAR: Cast on 30 sts. using dark blue wool and No. 10 needles and work 3 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Cast off in the rib.

MAKING-UP

Press the work on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join the shoulders, sew in the

sleeves and press the seams. Sew up the side and sleeve seams and press them. Sew the 14 cast-on sts. at lower edge of right front under left.

Sew the cast-on edge of the collar to the neck edge, meeting the right front edge, but leaving 14 sts. of the light blue ribbing free on the left front.

Sew 4 buttons on the right front to correspond with the buttonholes, then sew on 4 more down the other side of the panel in a line with the first 4.

Sew a button on each side seam, then sew one on each side in the centre under those above, these to be sewn on the third fawn stripe above the ribbing. Sew 2 in the centre of the back to correspond with those on the front.

THE TROUSERS

Begin at the top of the left leg. Cast on 86 sts. using No. 10 needles and dark blue wool and work 6 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

7th Row: Rib 12, k. 2 tog., w.f.d., rib 28, k. 2 tog., w.f.d., rib 12. Work 6 more rows in the rib, then change to No. 9 needles and begin the shaping as follows:

1st Row: K. **2nd Row:** P. 20, turn, k. 20. **4th Row:** P. 30, turn, k. 30.

6th Row: P. 40, turn, k. 40. **8th Row:** P. 50, turn, k. 50. **10th Row:** P. 60, turn, k. 60.

12th Row: P. 70, turn, k. 70. **14th Row:** P. 80, turn, k. 80. **16th Row:** P. 86.

Continue in st-st. beginning with a k. row, and at the same time inc. 1 st. at the end of the 7th row (long edge), then at this same edge on every 8th row following until there are 90 sts., then continue without inc. until the short edge measures 10 ins. from the beginning, finishing after a p. row.

Shape the leg by dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 74 sts. remain, then change to No. 10 needles and work 4 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib, still dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row (66). Now work 6 more rows in the rib without dec., then cast off in the rib.

For the right leg work like the left until the ribbing has been worked at the top, then p. 1 row right across. Begin the shaping as follows: K. 20, turn, p. 20. Inc. at the beginning of k. rows instead of at the end, and finish in the same way as for the left leg.

Gusset: Cast on 21 sts. using dark blue wool and No. 9 needles and work 3 ins. in st-st. Cast off.

MAKING-UP

Press the work on both sides with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the shaped part of the legs, then sew in the gusset. Sew up the back and front seams and press them.

You call it NERVES- but the Doctor calls it Faulty Elimination

Beware of faulty elimination! It is insidious and a menace! Mere constipation is easy enough to recognize and correct, but faulty elimination causes unsuspected poisons to be absorbed, which liver and kidneys—those vital cleansing organs—are unable to remove from the blood stream. Thus the child becomes slightly poisoned, and the nervous system is upset—nerves, temper and sleep are dangerously affected. These hidden poisons are a constant danger to a child—causing nervousness, bad temper, crankiness, etc. Immediately you observe any such warnings, give genuine Laxettes—the cleansers which promote complete bowel action and relieve the overworked liver and kidneys. A course of genuine Laxettes is the only treatment that will thoroughly rectify faulty elimination. Children love the delicious taste. Laxettes are equally effective for adults. All chemists and storekeepers stock genuine Laxettes—6d. the sample tin and 1/6 the large tin. **WARNING:** unless they're in a tin they are not genuine Laxettes.

LAXETTES

Rectify Faulty Elimination



THIS WAY to GARDEN GLORY...



In order to get the very best from your soil you must know the right way to feed it — and here's the way . . .

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

WITH June begins the coldest time of the year, when bleak westerly winds, frost and rains take the place of sunshine and warm weather, and when flowers cease to bloom and gardens seem colorless.

It also begins a very busy time for gardeners, who must use these months to prepare the soil—trench, weed, fertilise in preparation for a glorious spring display.

For only if you work the soil in perfect condition now may you enjoy the beauties of poppies, ranunculi, anemones, pansies, violets, stocks, when it is spring and time for them to bloom.

It is essential for you to have a thorough understanding of plant life and what it requires, especially of the soil and fertilisers, for on these depends the success of all plant life.

Plants depend for their life on whatever nutrient they can get out of soil and air, for they feed through their roots and leaves.

As a plant that does not get enough sunshine withers and soon dies, so a plant that is not getting the right nourishment from the soil starves to death.

Consequently it is essential that they should be supplied with the right food.

You must watch the type of soil

to use and the supply of plant food, as well as seeing that the plants have plenty of sunshine, air, and light.

Especially must you have a knowledge of fertilisers, which are used to supply the nutrient the soil lacks for successful growing.

For it is only by supplying the correct food to a plant that it will thrive and grow beautiful, as Nature intended.

Unfortunately, the average gardener knows little about correct plant feeding, and, thinking that fertilisers are a short cut to success, is inclined to sit back and let the garden take care of itself after applying them.

This is a grave mistake, for fertilisers will not do their work unless the soil has been thoroughly prepared beforehand.

Why They're Good
FERTILISERS are valuable, but only if they are allowed freedom to act.

So, just because you are applying a fertiliser, do not neglect the digging, weeding, drainage.

Any material such as farmyard manure will enrich the soil.

Applications of lime are also good, but must not be used at the same time as manure. Frequent light

dustings are more beneficial than occasional heavy dressings.

The method of supplying this humus to the soil is important.

You must take into consideration the size of the bed to be treated.

For small areas, humus can be supplied by trenching and filling in with all kinds of vegetable matter, old leaves, refuse from the garden, kitchen refuse, animal manure, old straw, grass. All these add humus to the soil, and build up its fertility.

Thus heavy soils are made lighter and more friable, and light, sandy soils are closed up and made more tenacious.

The supply of water is important, for it is by this means that food is carried into and distributed through the plant. Water also is a plant food in itself, as it supplies necessary hydrogen and oxygen.

Then again the soil must be well drained. If drainage is good, the roots of the plants penetrate deeper in search of moisture, and the deeper the roots go down the stronger and healthier are the plants.

As for the fertilisers, remember that, while you are applying them to enrich the soil, this is only to supply the plants with their correct food.

It is their requirements you must watch, and you must not apply more than they need. Otherwise you run the risk of losing the plants altogether.

Your aim then in using fertilisers is to supply the soil with deficiencies it lacks.

The chief foods generally lacking in the soil are nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash.

Also Necessary

OTHER necessary elements in the soil are magnesium, silica, sodium, iron, sulphur, and calcium, but these are generally found in sufficient quantities for you not to have to worry about them.

It is necessary to know then what foods plants require, and where they can be obtained.

Nitrogen is found in nitrate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, blood and bone, nitrogenous products, and also from the atmosphere.

Phosphoric acid is obtained from superphosphate, basic slag, and bone dust.

Potash from muriate of potash, sulphate of potash, soot, and wood ashes.

Of these, nitrogen is the most important ingredient. It promotes growth of root, stem, and foliage, as well as deepening the color of the leaves.

With an insufficient supply in the soil, the crop grown will lack necessary protein content, and so will be of little value as food.

Thus you will see how necessary it is in the growing of vegetables, for instance, that you should supply the soil with a sufficient amount of nitrogen.

Lettuce, cabbage, and other vegetables grown for their thin leaf parts only require a fertiliser containing a high percentage of nitrogen.

Vegetables grown for their fruit and seed should have one in which phosphoric acid predominates.

HERE you glimpse autumn glory . . . Feed the soil now, as advised by the Old Gardener in this expert article, and you'll reap a bounteous harvest in the springtime.

To stimulate healthy, rapid growth and obtain large blooms in flowering plants, have a mixture containing three-parts of superphosphate, one part of sulphate of potash, and one part of either sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda. This should be applied in the proportion of one ounce to every gallon of water, once a week.

Many failures occur because people do not realise what an important part manures play in the nourishing of flower-bearing plants.

Perfume, color, shape of the blooms all depend upon a proper amount of nutriment being in the soil.

The better a plant is fed, the more vigorous its growth, and the stronger its resistance to injury and disease.

A good general mixture to use in the flower garden is one ounce of superphosphate, one ounce bone dust, one ounce sulphate of potash, and three-quarters of an ounce of sulphate of ammonia. Mix thoroughly, dust over the ground, using 4 ounces to the square yard.



Now—he eats like a horse

Hubby was losing pep and appetite, but he found a "horse's" when Flo started using "GRAVOX." He loves the rich, tasty relish that "GRAVOX" gives all dinners.

SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS in one blending.

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Asthma Cause Dissolved in 1 Day

Doctor's Prescription Acts 3 Ways To End Asthma

Do you wheeze, choke, strangle and gasp for breath—are you unable to sleep at night and find that your vitality is sapped and your health ruined by Asthma or Bronchitis? If you are a victim of this dread disease, there is now hope of health and happiness for you in the prescription of a physician with 40 years' experience. This new prescription has brought freedom from Asthma to millions the world over who had despaired of ever again living a normal life.

3-Way Action Dissolves Cause

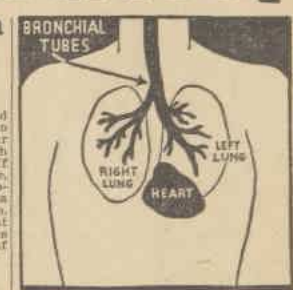
This physician's prescription, called Mendaco, is scientifically prepared and compounded to act directly in removing the true and underlying cause of choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma. This is accomplished by its 3-way action. First, it liquefies and dissolves the mucus or phlegm that causes the choking and gasping. Second, it relaxes the muscles of the bronchial tubes so that you can breathe freely and deeply and thus get the benefits of health-restoring air and oxygen in your lungs. Third, it promotes body vigour and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood. This Mendaco acts in a natural manner to overcome Asthma, restore sound, reinvigorating sleep, and actually makes you feel five to ten years younger.

Helps Millions

Millions of former sufferers from Asthma and Bronchitis in all parts of the world are now enjoying vigorous health and sound sleep through the use of Mendaco. Sufferers who formerly had to sit up all night and others who had to take hypodermic injections are now able to work and enjoy life. Mendaco does not contain any narcotics or habit-forming drugs, yet it brings sound, restful sleep the very first night. This is because it acts to dissolve the cause of those terrible choking, gasping attacks of Asthma. Sufferers are high in their praise of Mendaco. For instance, Mr. W. G. D. Wilkinson, of Toronto, Canada, recently wrote: "I could hardly breathe and had to take injections of Adrenalin about every three hours to keep going. I was down to about 30 pounds. At last I tried Mendaco and now feel better than I have for four years and have not lost a day's work since starting Mendaco."

3-Minute Action

Dr. James Russell, widely known scientist, physician, and surgeon of



London, England, recently stated: "I am happy to tell Asthma sufferers that the new prescription called Mendaco dissolves and removes the underlying cause of Asthma. Mendaco, through its 3-way action, offers real hope of bed and normal life to those who are afflicted with this dread ailment. One of the ingredients in Mendaco starts circulating in the blood in three minutes and that is why this remarkable preparation so quickly brings freedom from those terrible choking, gasping, strangling spells. The average patient breathes freely and sleeps soundly the very first night. Ends his appetite returning and that he can eat normal food within the first two days, and a complete cessation of asthmatic symptoms by the end of the first week. I can conscientiously say that I consider Mendaco a boon to Asthma sufferers."

£2000 Guarantee

There is no need to suffer another day from terrible choking, gasping Asthma, because Mendaco is offered under a written guarantee that it must free you from your Asthma, make you feel years younger, stronger, and healthfully alive, or you merely return the empty package and the small purchase price is refunded immediately without question or argument. Your word is final. This guarantee is backed by a fund of £2000 deposited with the leading banks of the world, such as: Bank of New South Wales; Westminster Bank, London, England; Canadian Bank of Commerce, Ft. Erie, North, Ont., Canada; and Bank of America, Los Angeles, Calif., U.S.A. You can't afford to suffer another hour—you can't afford to waste time—you can't afford to take chances with cheap, inferior or drastic drugs. The longer you wait the more harm Asthma will do to your heart and body, and your life may be endangered. Get the doctor's guaranteed prescription Mendaco from your chemist today. The £2000 guarantee protects you. 23783

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Old Dutch
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Sprinkle some Old Dutch on the back of a plate and rub with a coin. You'll hear no harsh grinding sound, because Old Dutch is made with Seismotite. Try the same test with any other cleanser and note the difference.

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Millions of moderns won't use any cleanser but safe Old Dutch. They're wise. . . Old Dutch is made with Seismotite and doesn't scratch! Its flat, flaky particles clean and polish in one operation, saving the surface, saving your time.

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FLATTERING MODE
WW2273.—Front fullness in bodice and skirt is a lovely touch on this charming day-time frock. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

CONTRAST BANDS

WW2274.—This lovely afternoon mode has smart bands of contrast. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

EVENING MODEL

WW2275.—Glamorous evening gown with full skirt and slim waist-line. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

THREE FROCKS FOR SMART STREET WEAR

Three-in-One Pattern Costs 3d.

THIS week our three-in-one concession pattern is for three frocks, for smart street and business wear, cut in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d in stamps, and send to our pattern department. For directions see coupon.

Material required, 36 inches wide:

For No. 1 frock, 3½ yards.
No. 2 frock, 4 yards.
No. 3 frock, 4 yards.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

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NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 9115, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 42997Y, G.P.O.

If calling, 165 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.

TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE Size Pattern Coupon 1/6/38

GIRL'S FROCK

WW2268.—Smart frock and bolero for girl 8-14. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

TENNIS CULOTTES

WW2269.—Very new, and smart for tennis or sports wear. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SMART BLOUSE

WW2270.—Particularly neat and attractive for sports wear. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FITTING SKIRT

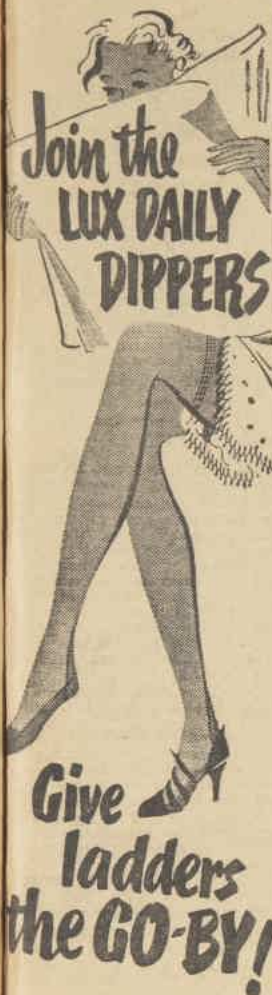
WW2271.—Inverted pleats back and front are smart touches on this plain skirt. Sizes 36in. to 42in. hips. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WINTER SUIT

WW2272.—A new and charming design for afternoon wear. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



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Give ladders the GO-BY!

BREATHES THERE A GIRL in this Daily-Dipping age who suffers ladders meekly? No! A dash of Lux, some lukewarm water, and in a couple of minutes at most, to-day's stockings are safeguarded against to-morrow's runs.

Lux is the secret. Lux preserves the elasticity of stockings on which their life depends. Daily Lux-dipped stockings are springier—they stretch when the big strain comes—resist laddering. Not so the stockings worn a second day. The run-resisting elasticity, enfeebled, is likely to give at the first sudden bend and break into costly ladders.

Fewer foot holes reward the Daily Dipper, too. You see, stockings that get warm during the day tend to stiffen on the feet while you sleep. Then rot sets in, weakens the threads, saps their elasticity. My, the number of holes that Daily Dipping saves!

It must be Lux for Daily Dipping. Only Lux is so pure, so safe. All the dipping in the world can't hurt with gentle Lux. There's no soda in Lux. Hurry, take up Daily Dipping!

A LEVER Product—



LUX preserves stocking elasticity—saves ladders.

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Embroider Them Yourself!

DAINTY Bedroom PIECES...

Exquisitely-designed, heart-shaped, traced linen duchesse set, with pillow-shams to match.

FASHIONING lovely things for her bedroom is the homemaker's chief delight, be it curtains, bedspread, or dressing-table covering.

For it is her own private province she is adorning, and she may indulge in any dainty, feminine decoration she fancies.

And here is the sweetest duchesse set imaginable, traced with an unusual design; admirable gift for a young bride, attractive for any dainty bedroom.

And for charming uniformity you may have pillow-shams to match in the same attractive design.

In the three-piece duchesse set as illustrated, two small side mats are shaped like hearts; centre piece has heart set in an oval.

Bluebirds, emblems of happiness, are traced for embroidery in the centre, while flowers are grouped in a dainty design around the edges.

Centre mat measures 12 x 18 inches, and the side mats 9 x 9 inches. Set is obtainable in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green best quality pure Irish linen.

Price, 2/9 complete set, postage free.

To complete your bedroom scheme, pillow-shams 17 x 28 are available. They are traced on white, cream, blue, pink, yellow or green linen, in the same heart-shaped design and

traced with bluebirds and blossoms for your swift embroidery.

Price, 4/6 each, or 8/3 the pair complete, post free.

Make Your Own Pictures

This Koala Design is Traced on Fine Linen for You to Embroider and Hang Upon Your Walls

WOULD you like an attractive novelty for your walls, a quaint and homely picture that will give new interest to your decorative scheme? Do you want to send abroad a gift of your own making, with a real Australian flavor? And would you also be in the forefront of fashion with your needlework?

This quaint needlework picture, traced on fine-quality linen for embroidery, featuring the lovable, cuddlesome koala in happy attitude, will supply all these needs, and may be yours at little cost and with the minimum of trouble.

Needlework pictures of past days often took a long time to make; they had strict rules of stitching, every inch of material was covered, and the subjects were often too serious.

To-day's little picture is a thing of beauty and homely charm. Symbol of Australia, sunshine, and the bush, the koala is shown perched upon a branch, with a young bear on its back.

Bears and branches may be worked in outline-stitch with bear's button nose filled in, leaves in outline-stitch, adding a bright touch of green.

The picture measures 14 x 10 inches, and is traced ready for working on deep cream linen of good quality. The cottons for working are also included with each picture.

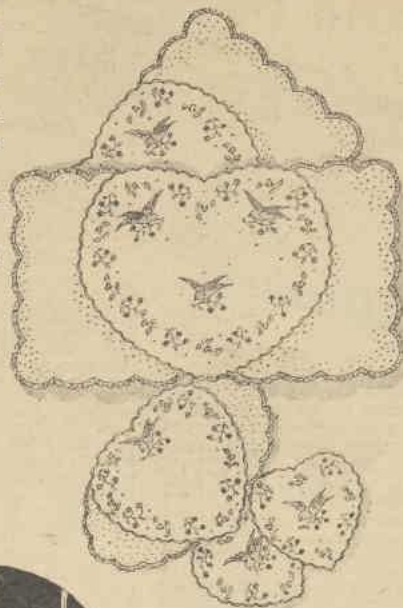
Price, 2/3 each, postage included.



NEEDLEWORK pictures are the latest craze from abroad, and the novel koala design provides interesting work for needle-lovers, and a particularly suitable gift for friends abroad. You may obtain this design, traced on cream linen, from our Needlework Department, for 2/3, post free.

STOMACH AILMENTS

Stomach pains occur and are relieved by taking food, only to recur a few hours later. Obviously, the patient cannot be fed at intervals of only two hours, as this overloads the stomach and results in further trouble. The safe remedy is a teaspoonful of pure TWIN BODA before each meal. If taken regularly, this brings the digestive system back to normal. Buy a 1/6 packet from your chemist and try it to-day.



ABOVE: Sketch of the attractive heart-shaped traced linen pillow-shams and duchesse set obtainable now from our Needlework Department.

LEFT: Two views of the one bedroom, showing how attractive the pillow-shams look on bed, and the duchesse set on dressing-table. These are most attractive, and make easy and interesting work for needlewomen.

Work the bluebird in blue in satin-stitch, the flowers in pastel shades in burtonhole or stem-stitch, the stems in stem-stitch, and the leaves in satin-stitch.

Choose a color scheme to harmonize with your bedroom, using same for duchesse set and shams.

These linens are now available from our Needlework Department. We regret no C.O.D. orders.



your mother
since a little girl
has always used

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threads, braids,
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after nearly two centuries.

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needlework stores . . .

How to Reduce Varicose Veins

Rub Gently and Upward Toward the Heart, as Blood in Veins Flows that Way.

Many people have given up hope because they have been led to believe that there is no remedy that will reduce swollen veins.

If you will get a two-ounce original bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil (full strength) at any first-class chemist's and apply it night and morning as directed, you will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins are reduced to normal.

Moore's Emerald Oil is a harmless, yet most powerful germicide, and two ounces last a very long time. Anyone who is disappointed with its use can have their money refunded. The leading chemists sell lots of it under this rigid guarantee.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE TERRIFIC STRAIN ON HEART

The most outstanding medical triumph of modern times is the discovery of a remarkable prescription—Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS—which corrects and controls High Blood Pressure.

Blood pressure is the force of the pressure of blood against the walls of the arteries. When the pressure becomes higher than normal it strains against the arteries and heart, causing painful illness through heart failure and haemorrhage. Do you know that over 30 gallons of blood are filtered through your kidneys each day to separate 3 pints of urine? The need to keep blood pressure at normal in order to prevent dangerous Kidney, Stomach and Bladder troubles is therefore apparent.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids correct High Blood Pressure; they also rid the blood stream of the toxins which cause Arthritis, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Muscle Pains.

Read what this Doctor says:

Menthoids Save Doctor's Eyesight

"I am a medical man and have practiced for 35 years. Some months ago I had a retinal haemorrhage caused by raised blood pressure. . . but the retinal condition did not clear up at all until a friend persuaded me to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. He himself had a pressure of 250, which he says he now keeps in normal through your remedy. Since taking them, my sight has steadily improved, and my colour tells me that the vein in the retina which had been blocked is now functioning again. I propose to continue taking Menthoids and to recommend their use to my patients. Yours faithfully, L.H. MACKENZIE, M.D., etc."

Arthritis Victim Cured

Mrs. R. L. writes:—
"Recommended by the Chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been. My shoulder and knee are now free from pain the first time for years. My sister suffers from Arthritis and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a box of Menthoids and she felt so much better after that bottle that she continued taking them, and I am thankful to say she is now up and about, and does her housework and washing again. My husband has been suffering from Lumbago and swollen knuckles, but since taking Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled again since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

FREE DIET CHART

With every box of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is included a valuable Diet Chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure.

MENTHOLIDS

Month's treatment, 6/6
Twelve-day box, 3/6

THEY WIN!

... so why not try these excellent home-tested recipes ...?



HOT soup
for chilly days!
An enterprising reader
wins the first prize this week
for a splendid selection of nour-
ishing, easily-made soup recipes.

All you do
is write out the
best recipe you know,
attach full name and address,
and send in to us.

There are no arduous rules,
but your recipe should be un-
usual, economical, and home-
tested.

Here follow this week's prize-
winners:

BROWN SOUP (ITALIAN)

Four tablespoons flour, 2 table-
spoons margarine, 1 quart water, 1
pint milk.

Melt margarine, stir in flour and
brown to a rich golden color; add
boiling water, stirring constantly,
season with salt, pepper, and a little
nutmeg, then add milk, and boil up
twice before serving.

COCK-A-LEEKIE

Boil a young fowl in stock or water
for 1 hour, and remove from sauce-

pan. Into liquid put 6 or 8 big leeks,
well washed, and cut heads into
short lengths of 1 inch long. Add 3
tablespoons cooked and well-dried
rice, and a little seasoning to taste.
Boil for fully 1 hour, then add fowl,
cut into small pieces, and serve very
hot.

CREAM OF SAGO SOUP

Melt 1 tablespoon good dripping
in a saucepan and slice in 6 potatoes,
striving well to prevent them from
getting brown. Add 4 pints water,
and boil till potatoes are quite soft.
Strain liquid, and return to sauce-
pan with 2 tablespoons sago and 1
pint milk, and boil for 30 minutes.
Parsley (chopped) may be added if
desired. This quantity is sufficient
for 6 persons.

POTATO SOUP (FRENCH)

Six large potatoes, 4 onions, 4
carrots, 1 breakfast cup milk, 2
quarts water, and seasoning.
Wash and peel vegetables, grate
finely, and chop onion. Melt 2 table-
spoons of margarine and lightly fry
vegetables in it; add water, cover
saucepan with lid, and simmer gently
for 1 hour, then add milk (boiling),
seasoning, and serve.

WHITE SOUP

Bring to boil 3 pints milk, rind of
1 lemon, small onion, and a blade



WELL-MADE SOUP appeals instantly to the appetite. It stimulates
the flow of digestive juices, supplies needed nourishment and promotes
digestion. See recipes on this page.

of mace. Let soup simmer for 5
minutes, then strain. Make a paste
of 1 tablespoon corn or rice flour,
add to milk, and boil up again. Beat
2 eggs with salt and pepper and pour
1 pint of the milk very slowly on.
Return to saucepan, add a small
quantity of macaroni boiled and cut
in very short lengths, and see that
the soup is very hot, but don't let it
boil. Sprinkle a little chopped
parsley on the soup as it goes to
table.

UNEXPECTED GUEST SOUP

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons
chopped onion, 1oz. margarine, and
a little cornflour.

Put milk on with onion and a
little salt, and slowly bring to boil,
set aside and simmer for 5 minutes
or so; add margarine and cornflour
beaten to a smooth paste; bring to
boil again, and serve at once.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Joan
Graham, 59 Bland St., Ashfield,
N.S.W.

COTTON TOPS

One and a half cups self-raising
flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons

cocoa, 1 egg, 1 cup sugar, 1lb. butter,
2/3 cup milk, halves marshmallows.

Sift flour, salt and cocoa to-
gether. Combine butter, sugar and egg. Beat
well. Add dry ingredients alter-
nately with milk. Beat till smooth.
Place batter in greased patty tins.
Bake in moderate oven about 20
minutes. Just before removing
from oven, place a halved marsh-
mallow on top of each cake and let
it melt slightly. Remove from
oven as soon as marshmallows
start to melt.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Gals
Nelson, Herbert St., B17, Bris-

ARROWROOT CAKE

Three ounces arrowroot, 2 eggs,
rind of 1 lemon, 4oz. castor sugar,
4oz. butter, 1oz. self-raising flour,
and some milk.

Cream sugar and butter, drop in
eggs whole, one at a time, and beat
till mixture is smooth. Add grated
lemon rind. Sift flour with arrow-
root, and stir in gradually, adding a
little milk to moisten.

Mix lightly, place in a greased tin.
Bake 1 hour or a little longer. Test
with a skewer.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss
G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

SPINACH LOAF

Two cups chopped cooked spinach,
1 large onion (chopped) 1 cup water,
2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 cup peanut
butter, salt and pepper.

Cook spinach and onion in water
for 20 minutes. Add breadcrumbs,
peanut butter and seasoning. Turn
into a greased dish and bake in a
moderate oven for 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D.
Thomas, 39 Merriwa St., Nedlands,
W.A.



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are made with
'Fountain'
BAKING
POWDER

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Light, Fluffy Cakes! Brown, Crunchy Scones!

Can be made by every housewife. The secret is "FOUNTAIN"
BRAND PURE CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER.
Prove it for yourself!

Make this practical test in your own home!

COFFEE CREAM CAKE

4 lb. plain flour 1 lb. butter 1 lb. sugar 1 pint milk
1 1/2 teaspoons "Fountain" Baking Powder 3 eggs Walnuts
1 tablespoon "Planet" Coffee Essence Mock Cream Coffee Icing

METHOD: Cream the butter and sugar well and gradually add the well beaten
eggs. Add the coffee essence, and lightly stir in the well sifted flour and "Fountain"
baking powder alternately with the milk. Cook in two well greased bar tins in
a moderate oven (Temp. 350°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. When cold join together with
mock cream, flavoured with "Planet" coffee essence, and chopped walnuts. Ice
with coffee essence, and decorate with walnuts.

Save on every Cake you bake!

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KITCHEN-TESTED

Baking Powder

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states where free gifts are not permitted by law.

SATISFACTION
OR MONEY
REFUNDED

THIS WEEK

How to Cook and Serve Corn

NEARLY everybody likes "green"
corn, which is now obtainable
in most districts.

THREE WAYS TO COOK CORN

TO BOIL: Remove husk and "silks" sur-
rounding corn and place cobs in a pan with
boiling salted water to cover. Cook gently
for 20 minutes, or a little longer. Remove
any strings and serve on a hot dish, with a
little butter, salt and pepper to taste. The
grains can be sliced off cob, if desired.

TO ROAST: Remove husks and silk from
three ears of corn, dip them in salted butter,
put on a greased fireproof dish in hot oven
until grains are soft and nicely browned—
i.e., about 25 minutes. Turn occasionally.
Serve in dish in which they are cooked.

TO COOK GRAINS ALONE: Remove
husks and silk from 4 ears of corn, and
slice grains off with sharp knife by cutting
downwards under them. Simmer them for
half an hour in boiling salted water to
cover, drain, melt 1oz. butter in a pan, add
1oz. flour, blend well, then stir in 3 gills
milk. Stir till boiling. Add boiled corn,
season, and reheat.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. A.
Davison, North Arm, N.C. Line, Qld.

CORN SOUFFLE

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour,
1/2 cup milk, seasoning, 2 cups corn pulp,
2 eggs.

Make a white sauce, using butter, flour,
milk, seasoning. Add corn to mixture. Cook
slightly, then add well-beaten egg-yolks,
and fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Turn
into a greased baking dish, set dish in a
pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate
oven (325 deg. F.) until egg is set—about
30 minutes.

CORN OYSTERS

Two cups corn pulp, 3 eggs, 2 table-
spoons flour, 2 tablespoons butter, salt and
pepper.

Grate corn from the cob with a coarse
grater. Beat egg-whites and yolks
separately, and add to the grated corn, with
flour and butter, also seasoning. Drop the
batter from a spoon into very hot fat, and
fry light brown, drain on soft paper and
serve hot.

BAKED CORN AND TOMATOES

Two cups cooked corn, 2 cups shredded
tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, and
sugar, 1 cup fresh breadcrumbs, 2 table-
spoons butter.

Mix seasoning with corn and tomatoes,
and pour all into a greased baking dish.
Spread crumbs over top, dot with butter,
and bake in a moderate oven for half
an hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M.
Ingile, 7 Brown St., Subiaco, W.A.

CORN OMELETTE

One cup tinned corn, 4 egg-whites, 2
tablespoons butter, 1/2 cup milk, 1 table-
spoon cream, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper to
taste.

Mix corn with beaten egg-yolks. Stir in
cream, pepper and salt to taste. Fold in
stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Melt butter in an
omelette pan, and when commencing to
brown, pour in mixture. Cook over a
gentle heat until set below, then slip knife
beneath and allow liquid to run below and
cook. When the omelette is set on top,
but still moist, fold quickly in two and
transfer to a hot dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Stan-
son, 21 Cornistown Avenue, Concord, N.S.W.

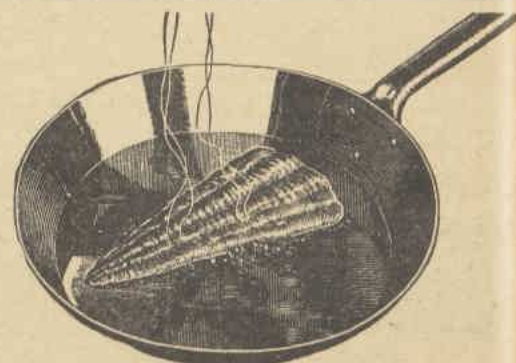
CORN RABBIT

Two cups tinned corn, 2 tablespoons but-
ter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cups grated
cheese, 1 tablespoon mixed pimiento, 1/2

tablespoon minced onion, cayenne pepper,
1 desiccated onion, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup
breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup corn pulp, 1/2 cup
butter.

Melt butter in saucepan, add onion, and
fry slowly for 3 minutes. Mix flour with
corn and add, simmer for 10 minutes, stir-
ring frequently. Add pimiento and season
to taste with salt and cayenne pepper. Re-
move from fire and stir in cheese. When
mashed pour on to toast. Garnish with
pimiento.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Cow-
den, Koolba, Vic.



Brown with Bisto instead of breadcrumbs when frying

Fried fish makes a delightful change browned with Bisto, and
it's so astonishingly easy to use. This is what your cook should
do—Sprinkle the fillets of fish with Bisto before frying and in
cooking they will turn a rich, tempting, golden brown colour.
The Bisto way is better than the old-fashioned breadcrumb
method and makes the use of eggs unnecessary.

BISTO

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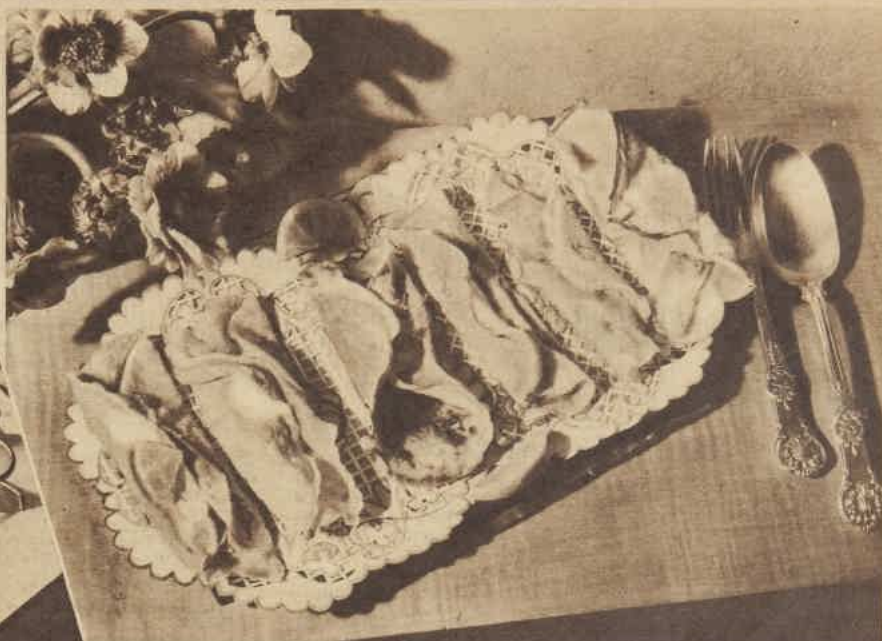


Sweet or Savory PANCAKES

For Breakfast, Supper
or Hasty Meal



KITCHEN TABLE in readiness for pancake-making. The celery is to be heated and eaten with delicious savory cheese pancakes as a special luncheon treat.



A DISHFUL of pancakes, served as a sweet, piping hot from the frying pan, filled with favorite jam, sprinkled with sugar, and garnished with lemon.

CREPES SUZETTES

Batter for pancakes, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, juice 1 lemon and 1 orange, grated lemon and orange rind, 1 dessertspoon brandy.

Cream butter and sugar well, add

other ingredients, pour into frying pan and beat well. Make pancakes, small ones. When cooked dip for one second in liquid, then roll up. Place in casserole, and when all are cooked pour remainder of syrup over. Heat in oven and serve at once.

SAVORY CHEESE PANCAKES

Add one or two dessertspoons of grated cheese to pancake batter before cooking, and before dishing up sprinkle with grated cheese. Serve braised celery with this type of pancake and it is a most satisfying lunch.

EVERY time a housewife on a generous impulse serves hot pancakes, the whole family clamors for more. For everybody loves pancakes, orders them when dining out, and for special family treats.

Pancakes need not only be served in the stereotyped way, filled with sweet jam or syrup, but may be served with all sorts of delicious sweet and savory fillings as the backbone of breakfast, as a savory for supper, or a meal in themselves when you are in a hurry.

They are quite easy to prepare, and provide an opportunity for using up left-overs, and many varied fillings, both sweet and savory, can be used.

A simple foundation batter may be used as a basis for a variety of pancakes.

Flavoring may be added to the batter before cooking, or the cooked pancakes may be filled with meat, fish, chicken, vegetables, fruits, jam, and cheese.

When making batters: Use perfectly fresh eggs; sift flour well; beat batter well; allow to stand at least one hour before frying; for convenience, have batter in jug so that it can be easily poured into the pan. Turn with palette or broad knife, or toss.

Serve as soon as possible after frying, garnished as desired.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

BATTER FOR PANCAKES

Four ounces plain flour, 1 egg, 1 pint milk, sugar, lemon.

Sift flour. Break egg and remove speck. Make a well in centre of flour, pour in egg, stir gradually in flour from the sides, adding milk a little at a time. When half milk is used all the flour must be moistened; beat till free from lumps, then add remainder of milk gradually. Allow to stand for at least 1 hour. Have ready all things near at hand.

To fry pancakes, put a small piece of butter in omelette pan, burn it and wipe quite dry. Melt a small piece of butter in pan, pour a little batter in. Spread evenly over it. When set, loosen edges and either turn or toss. Brown on other side. Slip on to a plate. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon, and roll up. Place on a plate over a saucepan of hot water. Finish remainder of batter. Serve on a paper doyley with thin slices of lemon and sugar sprinkled over. Serve very hot.

SWEET STUFFED PANCAKES

Make pancakes in usual way, and when rolling them fill with one of the following stuffings: Honey, maple syrup, jam, lemon cheese, lemon and sugar, puree of fruit, or stewed fruit beaten to pulp, and flavored with sherry and rum with sugar and lemon.

SPINACH PANCAKES

Half finely-chopped onion, 1 cup cooked spinach, 1 tablespoon cream, salt, cayenne, batter, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Melt butter, fry onion without coloring, add well-chopped spinach and cream, with seasoning. Keep hot. Use as stuffing for pancakes.

CREPES FROMAGE

Batter, 1 cup soft cheese, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons cream.

Make pancakes in usual way. Turn on to flat plate. Mix cheese with cream, add salt and cayenne. Spread cheese mixture on flat pancake, cover with another and so on till all used. Serve very hot.

PEACH PANCAKES

Drain juice from peaches and mash well with sugar and lemon juice. Spread on flat pancake and roll up. Serve with boiled peach juice as a sauce. Apricots, etc., can be used in this way.

Bananas mashed well with lemon and sugar just at the last minute may be used as filling for pancakes.

White sauce with salmon, flaked fish, lobster with lemon juice, salt, and cayenne may be used as fillings for flat or rolled pancakes.

PINEAPPLE PANCAKES

Spread pancakes with well-drained shredded pineapple. Roll up. Sprinkle with powdered cinnamon and sugar.

CHEESE PANCAKES

Pancake batter, 2 tablespoons white sauce, salt, cayenne, 3oz. grated cheese.

Add cheese, salt, and cayenne to white sauce and keep hot. Make batter and fry in usual way. Spread a little cheese sauce on flat pancake, roll up. When all are made, sprinkle with cheese and place in oven just long enough to melt the cheese and serve at once.

JAM PANCAKES

Spread flat, cooked pancakes with jam, roll up, and serve with sugar and lemon.



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Instant!

PERFECT SOUPS

that it would take you many weary hours (and much cost) to make yourself

ONLY two things to do—heat and eat! Soups you would be proud to make yourself, made for you by Heinz . . . simmered as slowly, prepared as cheerfully, as if you were preparing for an honoured guest.

Heinz can do things you could not arrange yourself, can give you soups when the ingredients are out of season. Listen to the story of how Heinz soups are made. Every batch is slowly simmered, bubbling over with the goodness of prime ingredients—and how prime those ingredients are! The cream used is thick, sweet, fresh and plentiful. The vegetables are grown for Heinz, the tenderest and freshest that sun, soil and climate can produce—are picked at their perfect prime and used while the bloom is still on them. The choicest cuts of meat— young chickens, plump and tender.

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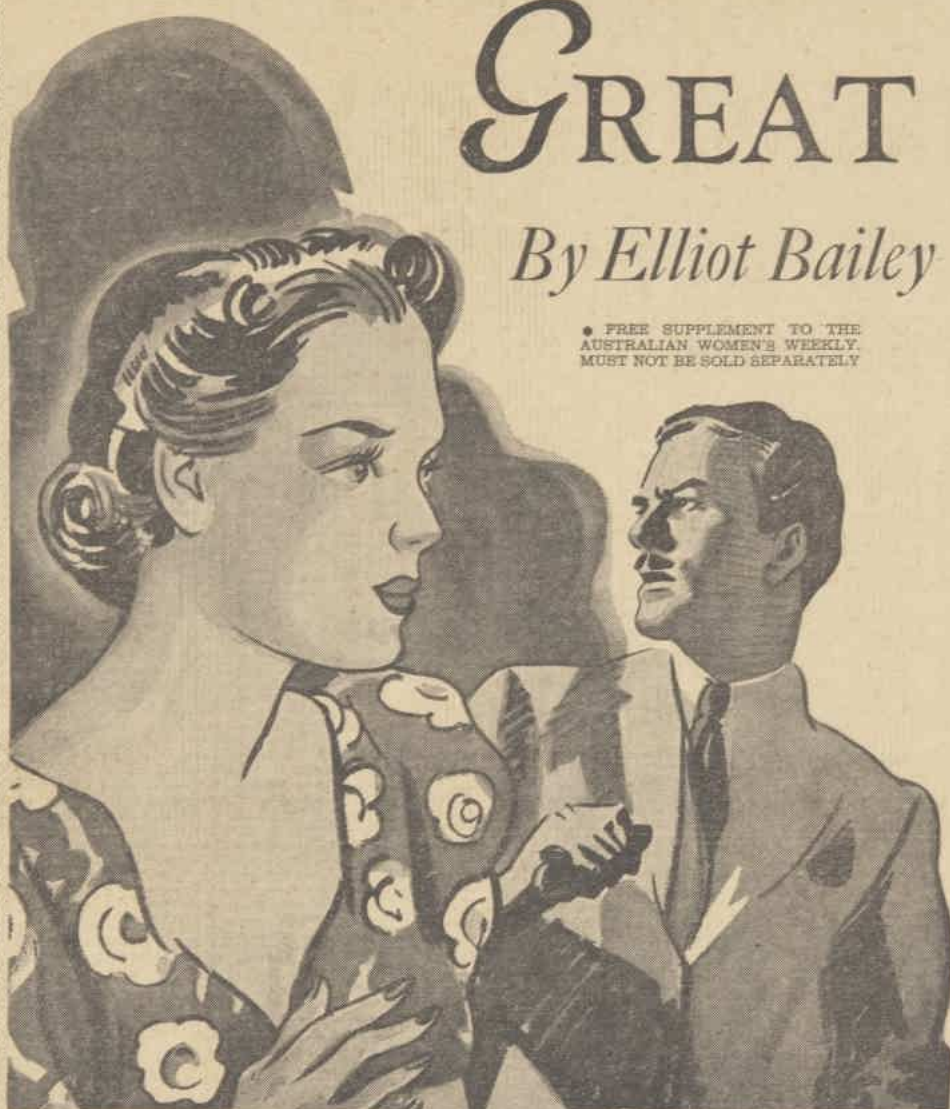


1 JUN 1938
NEW SOUTH WALES

No CRIME So GREAT

By Elliot Bailey

• FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.
MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY



COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

NO CRIME SO GREAT

By ELLIOT BAILEY



DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GEOFFREY FRASER strode down the bare corridors of New Scotland Yard with light and care-free step.

In the courtyard outside he ran into Wilson, another detective-inspector, who regarded his colleague's jaunty demeanor with a jaundiced eye.

"And where may you be off to, young feller-me-lad?" he inquired. "You're looking as pleased with yourself as a puppy with two tails."

"Three tails," Fraser corrected solemnly. "All wagging at the same time. If you please, kind sir, I'm taking an evening out."

The other grunted.

"The devil you are! And what particular haunt of vice are you patronising, may I ask?"

"No haunt of vice, kind sir; at least not considered so in these enlightened days. I'm off to the Blue Polygon to see, I hope, Young Chalmers knock spots off Dan Ryan for the heavyweight championship of the world."

Wilson groaned.

"Lucky devil! I wish I were coming with you. It ought to be the fight of the century. Me, I'm for Limehouse, of all places. Glided youth—one of the Bright Young Things. I gather—fished out of the river in evening togs and very dead. Serve him right, silly young ass. Going to give his betters a lot of trouble. Wouldn't care to swap jobs with me, would you?"

Fraser laughed. "I would not. Moreover, if I stand here gossiping with you any longer, I'll be late. So will you, I should imagine. Run along like a good little boy, and fix your case up nice and tidy."

They parted, and, still laughing, Fraser swung out into the street.

He was still in holiday mood when he reached the Blue Polygon, that magnificent new arena which the rejuvenescence of boxing had made possible. Here, wet or fine, one hundred and fifty thousand "fans" could watch in comfort the battling of the two figures in the central ring.

Suddenly a roar went up, as if a sea had gathered itself together to fling itself in one gigantic tidal wave upon the shore. From the alleyway, looking curiously lonely in spite of the small army of seconds who followed him, strode a tall, fair-haired youth—Young Chalmers, Eric Chalmers, already the fistic idol of Britain; soon, perhaps—the next hour would show—destined to be the fistic idol of the world.

Reaching the ring he ducked lightly under the ropes and went quietly to his corner. There he seated himself for a moment while

his seconds clustered round him, then, at a word from one of them, rose to his feet again, and, still clad in the plain blue dressing-gown which set off to the full his fair handsomeness, at length bowed his acknowledgements to his admirers.

"A great fellow, that," Fraser's neighbor exclaimed. "Keeps his head, and is the best fighter England's ever had. He'll win to-night, you mark my words!"

Fraser found himself hoping so. He turned to the man who had spoken to him.

"I hope you're right," he said pleasantly, "but I fancy he's got a hard nut to crack in Ryan. Hello, here the American comes."

Another roar went up, this time not quite so fervent in volume, as a huge swarthy figure in a gaudy dressing-gown lurched rather than walked towards the ring.

"Beauty and the beast," someone near Fraser remarked, and in the tense atmosphere the trite observation obtained a general laugh.

"All the same," drawled a transatlantic voice, "I guess your guy Chalmers won't have much beauty left by the time Dan's finished with him."

Then began those wearisome preparations which are seemingly inseparable from any big fight. Gloves were adjusted and readjusted, seconds argued and snarled.

Then, as both men removed their dressing-gowns and stood flexing their arms on the ropes and rubbing their boots on the refined floor, the hubbub broke out afresh. There was something almost fiendish in the sound, the roar of the wolf-pack scenting blood.

The fight was a thrilling one, but finally young Chalmers downed the American.

Pandemonium broke loose. The motions of the referee could be seen counting off the seconds, but never for a moment was it possible that Ryan could rise before the end of the count.

Never had Fraser heard such cheering, awe-inspiring in its volume, one hundred and fifty thousand throats proclaiming that at long last an Englishman, already the fistic idol of his country, was the heavyweight champion of the world.

But only one person in that vast, still cheering throng knew that Eric Chalmers would never put on glove in a ring again.

PUGILISM—if you are at the top of the heavyweight tree—is a glamorous business. Eric Chalmers, champion of the world for the past half-hour, was already finding it so. Cloistered in his dressing-room with the chief sports reporter of the "Daily Banner," he was giving that enterprising journal his own exclusive version of the fight for a cheque that would run into four figures, while outside a horde of other pressmen waited with what patience they could command for any crumbs of comment he might deign to throw them on his way out.

Broughton, his manager, burst into the room as the interview, much to Chalmers' relief, was reaching its conclusion. Over his head he waved a small sheaf of telegrams.

"Half a dozen challenges already," he cried exultantly: "one from Italy, one from Germany, and four from the United States. Boy, you'll be a millionaire before you're through!"

The reporter's pencil had become busy once more.

Chalmers laughed good-humoredly, but as if to stave off further discussion walked towards the door, refusing to stop when Broughton strove to detain him.

"We'll discuss those challenges to-morrow, if that's what you're after," he declared. "I've had enough of the fight atmosphere for to-night. So long!"

Broughton grinned maliciously. "Going, are you? Well, I hope you enjoy the harem that's waiting for you outside."

"Harem? What harem?"

"The one outside the main entrance. Hero-worshipping females, of every age and size and color. They're just waiting to mob you to pieces directly you appear."

"The devil they are! Thanks for the warning, Bill. I'd rather meet a dozen Ryans—with knobs or knuckledusters on—than face a gang like that. It'll be the side door for little Eric."

It was characteristic of Eric Chalmers' simplicity that there was no luxurious car waiting to take him home, although he could well afford one. Instead, he slipped unnoticed and unrecognised into the tube en route to the distant suburb where his mother lived. No one around him appeared to be aware that this well-set-up, well-dressed young man was the famous fighter who had just won the greatest contest of his career.

He had no fear of any embarrassing reception the other end. Chalmers was his ring name. His real one was the prosaic name of Smith, and no one among his acquaintances in Rusefield had connected Eric Smith with young (Eric) Chalmers of the ring. If Chalmers could help it, they never would.

Rusefield, as a matter of fact, was hardly yet a suburb.

The night was dark, and the Common, as was usual at that hour, appeared deserted. Engrossed in his memories of the night's events, Eric Chalmers had taken no notice of the figure which, lurking in the station yard when he arrived, had detached itself from the shadows and followed him through the town. It was behind him now, gradually and imperceptibly closing up the gap.

Presently, in mid-common, it struck away from the path and hastened its pace as if to get ahead of the man in front. This it did, unseen by Chalmers. It was crouching behind some gorse bushes fringing the path when he came along.

A rustle as he came abreast of these bushes made him turn his head, and for just one horrifying instant he was aware

of a flash of flame and a searing agony that went tearing through his chest. Then, with a cry that was cut off in infancy on his lips, he threw out his arms and fell forward on his face.

Eric Chalmers, in the hour of his triumph, had taken the final count.

"GOOD heavens!" Fraser exclaimed in frank amazement. "I saw him fight last night. How was he killed?"

"Shot—through the heart. A workman found him lying on Risefield Common this morning and told the police. He was identified as Eric Smith, a local lad, at first, and not until his mother was communicated with was it discovered who he really was. The Risefield super immediately telephoned to us, and I've just been discussing it with the Chief—there's going to be an almighty Press sensation over this, my lad. Too late for the morning papers, of course, but the special editions will soon be on the streets. Anyway, there's a car at the door with Sergeant Humphreys and Winslow, the M.O. You're to take charge and get down to Risefield as quick as ever you can. The Risefield force will be at your disposal when you're there."

Five minutes later Fraser was speeding towards Risefield. Master-of-fact though his profession made him, he was conscious of a sense of unreality about the present affair.

The papers, Fraser saw as his car sped through the streets, had already got hold of the news. Placards and shouting newspaper sellers proclaimed it at every street corner. He noted the incredulous expressions of men and women as they rushed to buy.

Maxwell, the Risefield superintendent, a big, genial man, welcomed him with cordiality.

"Am glad you've come along," he said, "though I don't if we'd have worried the Yard if we hadn't found out who this poor chap Smith really was. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I did find out. By the way, we've got his manager here, a chap named Broughton. He's half out of his mind, and says he knows who the murderer is."

"The devil he does!" Fraser exclaimed.

"Who?"

"Ryan, the fellow Smith, or Chalmers, fought last night—or some thug put up to do it by him. Says he knows on the best authority that Ryan did the same sort of thing in the States once."

"What? D'you mean he murdered someone?"

"No, not quite on that occasion. But he beat up and half killed a fellow who'd loked him in the ring. Broughton swears he's been up to the same trick again, but this time more thoroughly. Declares he won't rest until he sees Ryan hang."

Fraser frowned.

They found the manager, a small man, dark and spare, striding up and down the office, where he had been left in charge of a stolid constable, in angry impatience.

"So you've come at last," he snarled. "You move like snails, you police! Arrested Ryan yet? I'll bet you haven't."

Maxwell ignored this outburst.

"This, Mr. Broughton," he said, "is Detective-Inspector Fraser of New Scotland Yard. I want you to tell him exactly what you told me."

"Oh," Broughton exclaimed, "you've called in the Yard—you've got that sense? D'you mean to say you haven't told him anything yourself?"

Fraser took a hand.

"The superintendent has already told me your theory," he said quietly, "but naturally I want to hear what you have to say myself. Believe me, Mr. Broughton, I am as keen as you to bring this murderer, whoever he may be, to justice. You see, I was present at the fight last night."

"You were there!" Broughton exclaimed. "So you saw him? Wasn't he splendid? The finest fighter the world has ever seen. And now . . ." His voice broke, and quite unashamedly he wiped away his tears.

"You were fond of him?" Fraser asked.

"As fond of him as if he had been my son. I regarded him as that almost. As his own mother did, I just worshipped that boy. That's why I want that scoundrel Ryan laid by the heels. He killed him, or had him killed, as sure as I'm sitting here. Bruce put me up to him; otherwise I mightn't have guessed."

"Bruce?" Fraser queried.

"Of the 'Daily Banner.'"

Fraser looked thoughtful. He made a mental note to question Bruce himself. Also Ryan's movements after the fight would undoubtedly have to be investigated.

He expressed as much to Broughton.

"Of course they will," was the testy reply. "If Maxwell had any sense it would have been done already. But I've got confidence in you, Inspector. I know what the Yard can do when it tries."

Fraser put through an immediate call to the Yard and then dismissed Broughton with a few sympathetic and tactful words. When the manager had gone he turned to Maxwell.

"Now, sir," he said, "I think I'd better have a look at the spot where the poor fellow was done in."

With the superintendent and Humphreys he got into the car which had brought him out from Town, Maxwell taking the seat next to the driver so that he could show the latter the way.

A side road led to the Common, entry to which was through a wooden five-barred gate. About this gate an even larger crowd was congregated, being prevented from encroaching on the Common itself by half a dozen police. As if reading Fraser's thoughts, the superintendent turned in his seat.

"There won't be anyone where we're going," he said; "I've seen to that."

Beyond the gate the road degenerated into a mere track and as the gate was opened and the car bumped through a buzz of comment arose from the crowd which tried to surge in after the car. But the gate was closed again in their faces and the police resumed their guard.

The car jolted on for a few hundred yards until it reached a spot where a footpath branched off from the parent track. Here the superintendent stopped it.

"This," he announced, "is where we walk."

Leaving the driver with the car, the three of them proceeded along this path on foot until they reached a clump of gorse over which two constables were mounting guard. They saluted as the superintendent came up.

"No one's been along, sir," they reported; "no one at all."

"Good," Maxwell observed. "Now, Roberts," he added to one of them, "this is Inspector Fraser of the C.I.D. You were with me when we fetched in the body, and I want you to lie down exactly as we found Chalmers lying. I had a photograph taken by one of my sergeants," he explained to Fraser, "but the prints aren't ready yet. However, I made a rough sketch on the spot

myself and can get Roberts in the proper position. Now, Roberts—never mind your tunic, man, the ground's too dry to hurt it!"

Roberts lay down, was carefully adjusted by Maxwell, who then led Fraser behind the bushes. He pointed to signs of singeing at the summit of the highest bush.

"There," he said, "that's where the shot was fired. I take it that Chalmers came along the path, thought he heard something in these bushes, half-turned, and was then shot down. He was lying on his face, with arms thrown out, just as Roberts is now."

Fraser found himself in complete agreement. This superintendent, he told himself, knew his job.

"Any footmarks?" he asked, but Maxwell shook his head.

"None; I looked for them. There's been no rain for three weeks and the ground's too hard. But don't take my word for it; search for yourself."

Fraser did so, minutely, also for anything else that could throw any light upon the crime. He came to the conclusion at last that there was nothing to be found.

"We're wasting our time, Superintendent," he declared. "Except for that sign of burning on the bush, which doesn't help us in the least, the murderer's left no trace. Yes, Roberts, you can get up."

While the constable did so, brushing his tunic and trousers with his hand—he was evidently meticulous about his appearance—Fraser glanced around him at the larger view.

It was a lovely and peaceful prospect to have been desecrated by so foul a crime. Across the Common a single small house nestled amidst the trees.

"Chalmers' cottage," Maxwell explained, following Fraser's gaze, "where he and his mother lived. Poor woman, I fear she'll be lonely now."

"I THINK," said Fraser, "I'd better see her. Perhaps you'll come along and introduce me, sir?"

"Oh, very well," said Maxwell huffily. He was obviously annoyed, and Fraser regretted this rift in their hitherto amicable relations. A weaker man might have given in, but Fraser was not to be turned from his course once he had made up his mind that it was the right one. They walked in silence to the little house, with Humphreys following uncertainly behind.

The door was opened by a biggish woman, whom the superintendent addressed as Mrs. Howard.

"Mrs. Smith in?" he asked gruffly. "If so, I should like—that is to say my friend here, Mr. Fraser, would like a word with her."

The woman looked doubtful. "Seeing as it's you, sir, I can't say no. But she's just lying down now, poor lamb, and . . ."

"Then in that case . . ." Maxwell began, but Fraser forestalled him.

"It will be only for a minute or two," he said. "I should like to see her."

"Then please come in, gentlemen," Mrs. Howard invited, "and I will ask her to come down."

The three men filed into the little parlor, Fraser, strangely conscious of the superintendent's displeasure, and as he glanced round the homely room he marvelled again at the simplicity of the dead boy, who, making the money he did, was still content to live as he had always done with his mother in this tiny house. Truly he was not as the majority of his species are.

Then through the doorway came a fragile little woman with fair hair turning grey. Fraser could see her likeness to her son,

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though he had expected someone bigger as the mother of Eric Chalmers. He noted with relief that although she might have been distraught earlier that morning she was now sad eyed but quite composed. It was not difficult, he reflected with admiration, to understand where Eric got his pluck.

Maxwell introduced his two companions and then left Fraser to do the talking.

"I won't keep you long, Mrs. Smith," the latter said gently. "In fact I only want to ask you one question. Mr. Maxwell asked you it this morning, but I thought that possibly upon reflection you might have more to say. Can you give us an idea of anyone who might have had a grudge against your son?"

Eric's mother shook her head. "No," she said positively, "as I've already told Mr. Maxwell, I can't. If there had been anyone, I think he'd have told me, for he kept nothing back. Of course he'd fought and beaten many men, but I never heard of one who bore a grudge. In fact one or two of them were his close friends. There's just one thing though."

"Yes," Fraser said encouragingly, "what's that?"

"Whoever did this—this terrible thing—must have known his habits; that he was accustomed to walk home across the Common. Otherwise I do not think he would have been killed in the place he was."

"There," Fraser approved, "you may have put your finger on an important point. Does that mean you think it may have been a local—a Risefield man?"

"No, I don't, Mr. Fraser, for the following reason. You must remember that here Eric was only known by his real name, Eric Smith. We lived a very retired and quiet life, he and I, and although it is almost inconceivable that Eric Chalmers could have had any deadly enemies, it is even less so when the thought is applied to Eric Smith. But someone knew that Eric would walk across that lonely Common and planned accordingly. Find out who did, Mr. Fraser, and among them you will find the brute who killed my boy."

Fraser, with his present knowledge, was not disposed to dissent from this opinion. He troubled Eric's mother, for whom he had conceived a considerable admiration, no further, parting from her with a few words of commiseration and cheer.

"Well," Maxwell observed grumpily as they trudged back across the Common, "hardly worth intruding upon her, was it?"

"I'm not so sure," was the thoughtful response.

"While you're investigating the antecedents of Smith," he added, "I'll do the same with those of Chalmers."

"And that will take me back to town."

FRASER'S first act on reaching London was to go straight to the "Daily Banner" office and ask for Robert Bruce. To his relief the reporter was on the premises and he was soon closeted with him in his room.

"I've been talking to Broughton," the Inspector told him, after stating his name and business, "and he mentioned some hint you'd given him about Dan Ryan. Candidly now, do you still think he may have had something to do with the affair?"

Bruce, a middle-aged man whose pose was to appear younger than he was, looked uncomfortable.

"I'm afraid in the excitement of the moment I blew off a certain amount of hot air," he said reluctantly. "Not that what I stated wasn't true enough. I thought,

and, between ourselves, still think Ryan quite capable of having Chalmers beaten up in revenge for the drubbing he received. But murder—and murder by shooting particularly—is a different matter. Frankly, I don't think Ryan had a hand in it—he knows well enough he's in England and he wouldn't dare. Besides, he hadn't time. The crime, I should say, was premeditated, which would mean that Ryan deliberately planned to have Chalmers shot in the event of his defeat. But Ryan, as I happen to know, hadn't even visualised defeat. He was supremely confident of winning by a knock-out and boasted about it to everyone he met, myself included. And one thing I do know; he didn't shoot Chalmers himself."

"No? Why?"

"Because he wasn't near Risefield last night. I had a drink with Broughton, and then, after phoning my interview with poor Chalmers to the 'Banner,' I went down to Ryan's training quarters, where I heard he had gone for a binge, to try to get a story from him. He was there all right, as drunk as an owl already when I arrived—they carried him to bed in the small hours of the morning. He talked a lot in a maudlin way of what he would do to Chalmers next time, but he never dropped a hint of any dirty work being on hand last night, and I'm certain his tongue would have run away with him if there had been. No, in my honest opinion, you can wash friend Ryan right out."

"It's my job, of course," he went on, "to be au fait with the follies and peculiarities of big people in the sporting world, and one of Ryan's is that he's terrified of firearms—a relic of some shooting affray when he was a child, I understand. He won't fire a gun or pistol himself, and he expresses the utmost contempt and dislike for those who employ them in crime. As I said before, beating-up's a different matter, but shooting—no!"

"That's interesting," Fraser admitted. "It really does look as if we may dismiss Ryan from our minds. Anyway, I shall be questioning him myself soon. I asked them to have him waiting for me at the Yard."

Bruce evinced alarm. "For heaven's sake," he urged, "keep me out of it, if you can. I don't want to lose my job."

Fraser's interview with Ryan and his manager was short and formal. They satisfied him as to Ryan's alibi, the Inspector taking care not to let them think that any suspicion attached itself to him. Both expressed their abhorrence of the crime, and as neither of them made any complaint Fraser assumed that Broughton's indiscretions had not reached their ears. As the simian Ryan, looking more gorilla-like than ever, lumbered out, Fraser told himself that, whatever his shortcomings might be, this was not the man.

Which brought him back to the beginning of things. Who was?

That very day Maxwell made a capture. A young fellow named Miles, who Chalmers had apparently cut out with his girl, and who is known to have threatened to shoot him," he explained to Fraser. "Moreover, he admits being in that wood alongside the Common at the time the murder was committed, with a gun."

"A gun?" Fraser queried. "Are you using the Americanism for a pistol, or..."

"No, I'm not; I mean a sporting gun. Oh, I know Chalmers was killed by an automatic, but there's no reason why he shouldn't have had a pistol on him as well—this Miles, I mean. The reservoir's handy for getting rid of a little thing like that, and

I'm having it dragged. Once it comes to light and we can trace it to him..."

"That's looking a little ahead, sir, at present," Fraser interjected. "How did you get on to Miles?"

"Through the girl, Rose Latimer. She came along to see me in a great state of mind just after you'd gone back to town. Said she'd just heard of Eric Smith being killed—of course they all know him as Smith about here. Told me that she'd walked out with him once or twice, and that she could guess who'd killed him—Tom Miles, with whom she had been walking out some time before, but had given up owing to his jealousy and bad temper. He had carried on dreadfully, she said, about Smith and had threatened to shoot him when they met. She believes they must have met last night and that Miles carried out his threat."

"Hm," Fraser observed thoughtfully. "Have you arrested Miles?"

"No," the superintendent answered—and Fraser heaved an inward sigh of relief. "I sent a constable along to bring him here. Got nothing out of him but impertinence at first, so I let him cool his heels in a cell for a couple of hours. I wanted you to have a word with him before I took any further steps. I think you'll find him more amenable now, but he's a surly devil. You'll see him at once, of course?"

Fraser's reply astonished him. "No, sir," he said, "not yet. I'd rather see Rose Latimer first, if I may."

"O H. very well," was the grumpy reply: "you've got your own way of doing things, of course. Though I don't see that you're going to get anything fresh out of her. Luckily she lives just round the corner, so there won't be much time wasted."

Smiling inwardly, Fraser followed him as he stumped out of the station, and fell into step alongside him outside. They were soon at the cottage, one of the few left of the original village—Risefield had been a village not many years ago—where, Maxwell told Fraser, Rose lived with her grandmother, her parents being dead.

The door was opened by the girl herself, and Fraser at once found himself agreeably impressed. She was a pretty, slight, brown-haired little thing with an open, ingenuous face; just the sort of girl, Fraser reflected, likely to attract a young man of Chalmers' personality.

Her grandmother, it transpired, was out shopping, so Fraser got her to repeat her story to him at once. She was visibly in awe of Superintendent Maxwell, but Fraser contrived in a few minutes to put her at her ease and she was soon chatting freely.

She had known Tom Miles, she said, for some time, but had already ceased to "walk out" with him before the day Eric Smith had found her sitting by the roadside, her bicycle useless through a punctured tyre. He had mended the tyre for her, and after that they had gone one or two walks together. Miles had found this out, and meeting her one day had, in her own words, "carried on alarmingly," saying in so many words that he would do Smith in, and that he understood how to use a gun.

"And you think he did it?" Fraser asked.

She looked perplexed. "I don't know," she said slowly. "It's a dreadful accusation to make against anyone, but he is quite capable of doing it; his temper's awful. And yet—I don't know. But when I heard that poor Eric had been shot—her eyes filled with tears—"I remembered his threats and thought the superintendent ought to hear about them. You see, we weren't engaged, or anything like that, but Eric was such a dear, and to kill him was so—wicked."

Fraser gave an understanding nod. "Eric," he reminded her, "was shot by a pistol, not a gun. Did Miles possess a pistol, do you know?"

She shook her head. "I never heard of him having one," she said frankly, "but I'm afraid I only took into consideration that Eric had been shot, and that Tom had threatened to shoot him. If Tom didn't shoot him I shall be only too glad, but do please try to catch the man who did."

IF Fraser had been favorably impressed with Rose Latimer the reverse was the case with Tom Miles. He proved to be a heavy, lowering, sullen; a whose erstwhile attraction for Rose the Inspector found difficult to understand—a case of opposites, he supposed. He glowered at the two police officers when brought before them.

"How much longer are you going to keep me here?" he snarled. "Why don't you charge me with murdering Smith and get it over?"

"We're not charging you with anything," Fraser answered quietly. "Maxwell had deputed matters to him. Speaking entirely for myself, I don't think you did it, but you've been making some wild statements so it's entirely your own fault that you've been detained to have a talk with me. Now then, Miles, pull yourself together and don't act the fool. It's your help I want."

This was obviously a different opening from what the other had expected. His sullen face cleared a trifle, but Fraser saw that he would require tactful handling.

"Why should I help you?" he grumbled. "That kind of talk," Fraser said sharply, "doesn't help you in the least. You were in the wood by the Common that night with a gun. Why?"

The other grinned.

"Poaching," he admitted candidly, "or trying to. You can't put anything on me for that, 'cos I didn't get anything. I might have, only I heard a shot over on the Common and guessed that someone else was at the same game. It struck me that shot would bring the keepers along, so I just cleared off."

"What time was that?"

"'Bout twelve; just after twelve, 'cos I'd heard Risefield church clock strike the hour a minute or two before."

"You didn't go on the Common?"

"No, mister, I didn't; no sense in that when the keepers might be coming along. I cut off through the wood in the opposite direction and went straight home."

Fraser's eyes met Maxwell's. If Miles was speaking the truth he had heard the shot that had killed Eric Chalmers. The C.I.D. man leant forward.

"Look here, Miles," he said, "as man to man have you any idea who fired that shot on the Common?"

"No, mister, I haven't, and that's the truth. I only know it wasn't me."

Once more the two policemen eyed one another. There was a ring of sincerity about that statement which impressed them both. The superintendent's eyebrows went up in interrogation and Fraser nodded.

"Very well, Miles," the former said gruffly, "you can go. It's a pity you didn't tell me all this when I questioned you before. Why didn't you?"

"'Cos you let me see as you thought I'd done the murder," the youth snapped. "Not likely I'd say anything then, was it? But this gent was different, so I talked for him."

The superintendent drew himself up. "That's quite enough of that," he said with dignity; "clear out."

THE inquest on Eric Chalmers was held the following afternoon in the Risefield Parish Hall. The coroner, after only the most necessary formalities, announced that proceedings would be adjourned indefinitely to enable the police to undertake their investigations which, he trusted, would be instrumental in bringing the miscreant or miscreants to justice.

The greatest Rugby match of the season is undoubtedly that between England and Scotland for the Calcutta Cup.

On the Saturday afternoon which saw Eric Chalmers laid to rest in Risefield cemetery, the venue of the annual encounter was Twickenham, where two years before Scotland had regained the Cup, retaining it on their own territory the following season.

Among the vanguard of the seventy thousand crowd trudging down the long road between Twickenham station and the ground was a small, youngish, limping man. Despite his game leg, he contrived to move surprisingly quickly, keeping up with the majority of the moving throng, though here and there a long striding individual would pass him by, to be regarded as often as not with a scowl by the limping man as if he resented this evidence of superior mobility.

But one man, tall, stout, and elderly, breathing a little heavily from his haste, having caught him up did not push on ahead. Instead, being one of those garrulous individuals who apparently on an occasion like this must talk to someone whether known to them or not, he checked his pace and addressed the crippled one.

"A fine afternoon for the match, eh? Who do you think is going to win?"

The little man eyed the speaker with distaste. He would have preferred to see this one go on ahead.

"I don't know," he said frigidly, after a pause which should have indicated to the other that he had debated with himself whether to answer at all. But the big man wasn't that kind.

"Don't know!" he exclaimed incredulously. "Why there's no doubt about it, man. Scotland, of course; anyone who knows the game could tell you that."

"And do you," the little man queried gently, "know the game?"

The other regarded him as if astounded. "I should just think I do," he boomed. "Been watching it for twenty-five years. Played it, too, as a youngster," he added as an afterthought.

"Indeed," the little man observed, and that was all. His gait had become slower, his limp more noticeable.

But not for nothing had the stout man been nicknamed "the limpet." Something in the lame one's tone had nettled him, too. He resolved to put him in his place.

"Yes, played it," he repeated, "which—with a glance at the dragging leg—is more than you can say, I take it?"

The lame man spared the gaucherie the rebuke it merited. "Before my accident," he said stiffly, "I played for Blackheath and the Barbarians. You didn't mention your own club, did you?"

"Oh!" said the stout man. "Sorry!" By this time they had reached the already

crowded terraces and spent the time before the match in discussing the respective teams and watching the usual paraphernalia of bands and pipers parading round the ground. Then the teams were introduced to a certain Royal Personage, and the game began.

It commenced with a sensation. Right from the start Scotland pressed, driving the Englishmen back to their line with fierce forward rushes. It looked odds on their scoring any moment.

The ball went into touch, almost at the corner flag, and an Englishman threw out; a long throw, daring, almost reckless under the circumstances. But there was method in the apparent madness and a roar went up from the crowd as it was neatly taken in mid-field and a white jerseyed figure was seen flashing down the centre—Trevor Lawrence in full stride.

It was a magnificent, a breath-taking run, in and out of the Scottish team he weaved his way and then was clear and racing for the line, his wing in close attendance.

There was little doubt he could have gone on and scored himself, but on reaching the full-back he preferred to pass and the wing swept on unopposed until he was behind the posts. But actually it was Lawrence's try; his genius had made it possible.

The kick for goal added the additional two points, and the lame man turned to his companion.

"Well?" he queried, "well?"

"He's good," the other muttered, "better than I thought—if he can keep it up."

He did keep it up. A similar run later on in the first half took him over the line himself, and twice in the second half he put his wing in again. It was Lawrence, Lawrence all the time. Sixteen points was England's final score against three scored by their opponents from a forward rush, and Lawrence had had a hand in every try. Undoubtedly it would be talked of in the future as Lawrence's game.

As the crowd, having cheered themselves hoarse, began to disperse the stout man looked round for his companion to make amends, for by now he was a converted and convinced Lawrence "fan." But of the limping man there was no sign. Quietly and without a word he had melted away without the other's knowledge.

DETECTIVE - INSPECTOR GEORGE FRASER after a string and he had to admit, an unprofitable day, was recuperating in his flat. His armchair was drawn up on one side of a cheerful fire, for the evenings were still chilly, on the other side of which his wife, Mary Fraser—was engaged in the prosaic occupation of darning her lord and master's socks.

"This Lawrence fellow, Mary," he observed, "seems to be a wonderful player. He practically won the game off his own bat."

"Do you use bats for rugger?" she asked demurely. "I didn't know you did."

He picked up a cushion to throw at her, but the sudden shrilling of the telephone prevented the missile's despatch.

Fraser crossed to the telephone. "Hello," he said, "Fraser speaking; who's that?"

He listened intently to the voice at the other end, and Mary, watching his expression, saw that her fears were not unfounded.

"All right," he said finally, "I'll come along. Yes, at once."

His wife sighed resignedly as he put back

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the receiver. She sometimes said she thought it was as bad to marry a detective as a sailor. "Well," she asked, "what is it this time?" There was a queer expression on his face. "Trevor Lawrence," he jerked, "the man we were just talking about, the great footballer, found shot dead in the grounds of his father's house!"

"SHOT, I should say, at almost point-blank range," the Wimbledon police surgeon observed dispassionately. "Looks as if his assailant had walked up to him, placed the weapon practically against his chest and pulled the trigger. The sort of wound in fact that would point to suicide if the weapon had been found. But with no revolver lying by him it's a thousand to one it's—murder!"

Fraser agreed. Was there, he asked himself, any connection between this crime and the shooting of Eric Chalmers?

One fact had struck Fraser of which apparently the superintendent was not aware. A formal Rugby Union dinner had followed the match, at which the two teams were to be present, but Trevor Lawrence had obviously not gone to this dinner, since he was dressed in an ordinary lounge suit.

Interviewing grief-stricken relatives was always one of the most distasteful of Fraser's tasks and one that he never really got used to.

Lawrence, senior, a big, upstanding man from whom his son had evidently inherited his own fine physique, although he controlled himself bravely, showed by the strain in his eyes and face how hard this tragic affair had hit him.

"Heaven knows," he said brokenly, "I cannot understand it. I should have said that Trevor hadn't an enemy in the world; certainly not one bitter enough to kill him. The whole thing is incomprehensible. He should have been at that official dinner to-night and I thought he was there until I learnt that he hadn't been home to change."

"The very point I was going to raise with you," Fraser murmured. "You can't even give a guess, I suppose, why he didn't go?"

"I can't. He intended to go, I know; he was talking about it before the match. I didn't see him afterwards, though I expected to, of course, when he came home to change."

"Then we must find out what made him change his mind, as he must have done. Also what he did with himself between the game and the time you heard the shot. If we can do that, I think we may be able to shed some light on what has happened."

"I'll do my best to find out and let you know," Mr. Lawrence promised.

SIR HENRY TALLENT, Assistant-Commissioner of the C.I.D., pushed back his chair with the nervous energy which had once caused one of his chief inspectors to refer to him irreverently as a jumping bean, and began to pace the floor.

"So, Fraser," he snapped, "you think the two crimes are related?"

"I've nothing to prove it, sir, yet but . . ."

"You've got a 'hunch,' eh? Dangerous things, 'hunches'; apt to let you down. I find, still, you did put one over us on that Selsbury business, and I see your point. Both young athletes very much in the public eye, both shot with a .32 automatic through the heart in the hour of their triumph. Yes, it's possible, quite possible. All the same, they may have nothing to do with one another, except that the first perhaps suggested the second—I mean that criminal number one may have had a disciple."

"Yes, I see that, sir, but if we get a third of the same kind it'll be pretty conclusive."

"A third!" Tallent exploded. "Good gad, man, how many more do you expect? Not a series, I hope. 'Pon my word, I shall begin to think you attract murders soon as well as solve 'em. No, no, don't talk about a third. Two's bad enough, the victims being who they are with the sensational press featuring them to a greater extent now they're dead than when they were alive. A third of the same kind would be about the last straw."

"All the same, sir," was the quiet reply, "it's as well to be prepared. The Boat Race is coming on."

Tallent stopped short in the middle of his pacing. "The Boat Race!" he barked. "What on earth's the Boat Race got to do with what we're discussing?"

"Oxford, sir, have got a stroke this year who's likely to turn the tables on Cambridge—the greatest since Gold, they say. If he does—well, sir, I should have him watched."

Sir Henry exploded again. "Great jumping Jehosaphat!" he roared. "D'you mean to say we've got to give police protection to every athlete who gets in the public eye?"

Tallent stared long and hard at his subordinate. Despite his bluster, he was impressed.

"If you're on the right track, Fraser," he said more quietly, "we're on to something unique in the history of crime—and I've sometimes said there couldn't be anything unique. All right, to please you I'll put on a man to watch over Alan Grierson—Great Scott, I know A.G.'s father well. He'll think the idea a crazy one."

"Smart fellow that," he soliloquised after Fraser had gone, "but I trust he's not going to grow too fanciful."

FRASER himself was inclined to wonder if he were in danger of doing so when the Boat Race passed off without any untoward consequences. Alan Grierson, rowing a magnificent race, stroked Oxford to their long overdue victory, and then submitted with an ill-grace to the police surveillance which Fraser had suggested, and for which he could see no reason whatsoever.

Nevertheless, Fraser did not breathe freely until a week had passed and Grierson announced that he was going to celebrate Oxford's victory and his own emancipation from training by taking a cruise to warmer climes. His police guard saw him on board and then returned to their usual routine jobs.

"So that's that," Fraser muttered when he heard the vessel had sailed.

The fine weather continued and another glorious afternoon saw Fraser drive himself down to Rye-field for a further consultation with Maxwell. It was at the superintendent's request. Apparently his suspicions of Tom Miles had returned. Fraser had formed his own opinion of Miles and this fresh development did nothing to alter it. All the same the lad seemed bent on making himself a nuisance, and would have, he decided, to be brought sharply to heel.

Fraser had just entered Rye-field High Street when he spotted the superintendent walking with a big, youngish man dressed in dark brown plus-fours. He ran the car to the kerb and stopped, and Maxwell greeted him with cordiality. Then he turned with obvious deference to his companion.

"This, Sir Philip, is Detective-Inspector

Geoffrey Fraser, of Scotland Yard, who is working with me on the Chalmers case. Sir Philip Alldyce, Mr. Fraser, is one of our county magistrates, and, if I may say so, the big landowner of these parts."

"Sir Philip," Maxwell announced, "has just asked me to support him at the ceremony at the reservoir this afternoon, so I'm afraid our consultation will have to wait till that is over. I don't suppose you're in any great hurry, Fraser?"

"Not if it doesn't take too long," he answered. "What is this ceremony at the reservoir you speak of?"

"The opening of the bathing season," Alldyce chimed in. "The reservoir in summer is our local Lido. You had better come along with Maxwell and myself. It'll save you kicking your heels until we return, and besides you can make yourself useful by driving us down there, if you will. My car's having its carburettor looked to at the garage."

"By all means," Fraser replied, "it'll be a bit of a squeeze, but she'll just take three."

The two men climbed into the two-seater alongside him, and he ran through the town and down the hill towards the reservoir, turning into the side road leading to the Common but stopping this time a couple of hundred yards short of the gate through which they had passed to the site of Chalmers' murder.

A fair crowd had gathered on the bank some of whom would be disporting themselves in the water directly the races were over. A cheer, which had a note of relief in it, went up at Sir Philip Alldyce's appearance, and Fraser formed the opinion, quite correctly, that the donor of the cups was a little late, not that that appeared to distress Sir Philip in any way.

A small man who was evidently stage-managing the show bustled up to him.

"Good afternoon, Sir Philip," he gushed. "Glad to have you with us, sir, as in previous years. Everything is ready. Shall I give the signal for the men's race to start?"

"Go ahead," was the rather languid reply. Alldyce was already giving the impression that he found the proceedings a bore.

So, to tell the truth, did Fraser.

Next instant came the distant sound of a pistol shot and a cloud of spray, glinting in the sunshine, showed that the dozen or so blue-blad figures had taken the plunge.

The race was won fairly easily by a burly individual who seemed to rejoice in the name of Bill—Bill what, Fraser really never got to know—and then the competitors for the women's race, mostly young girls, began to emerge from the dressing-cabins preparatory to being rowed over to the raft.

Fraser regarded them without much interest until all at once he caught sight of the neat figure and pretty face of Rose Latimer. She noticed him at the same moment and at once came smilingly towards him, drawing her bathrobe a trifle closer around her.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fraser; fancy Scotland Yard coming to see me swim!"

"Scotland Yard was not aware until this instant that you were going to," Fraser laughed. "Anyway, the best of luck! D'you think you stand a chance?"

"Well," was the demure reply, "I won it last year, and hope to do so again."

"Hullo, I think you're wanted," said Fraser. And with a nod to him she ran to take her place in the boat.

"Made quite a conquest in that direction, haven't you?" There was a harsh and disagreeable ring in Alldyce's voice which

somehow touched Fraser on the raw. There was something, he felt, about this self-satisfied baronet that he didn't like. Jealousy might well have formed the motive for his question. Yet Rose hadn't even glanced in Alldyce's direction.

"She's a nice little thing," the inspector answered curtly, "and I hope . . ."

He broke off, his attention attracted to another individual who was staring after the boat with a curious, a very curious, expression on his twisted face. It was the small lame man whom he had picked up after his fall on the Parish Hall steps.

"Who's that fellow?" Fraser asked abruptly.

Maxwell answered him. "A chap called Kerle—Sydney Kerle. A writer of sorts; turns out sporting stories, I believe. Doesn't look as if he was ever much good at sport, does he?"

"No-o, he doesn't, but . . ."

Again he stopped short in what he was going to say. A queer sound, half growl, half snarl, had come from Sir Philip Alldyce. His hands were clenched, his too-red face suffused, his eyes turned in Kerle's direction blazing with nothing less than hatred.

"Curse the fellow," he muttered. "How dare he come here? How dare he?"

Fraser made no comment, but he thought a lot.

His eyes were still fixed on the lame man when the sharp crack of the pistol travelling over the water warned him that the women's race had started.

Fraser followed it with much greater interest than he had the previous one, and his delight was genuine when Rose Latimer, although hard-pressed, won it by a yard. She swung herself up on to the landing-stage and with a mischievous wave of her hand in his direction ran straight into her cabin to dress.

A quarter of an hour later Sir Philip Alldyce, after a pompous speech, handed the two winners their cups. While he was doing so Fraser watched Kerle. Alone of all those present, he evinced no pleasure in the ceremony and had no hand-clap for the successful recipient. He was the first as soon as it was over to make his limping way through the gate.

"Envy, hatred and malice," Fraser murmured. "Those, my friend, would express your inward feelings if I'm not mistaken. I wonder why."

The limping man was still ahead of the crowd when, a few minutes later, Fraser's car overtook him on the road.

"AND now I should like to hear everything you can tell me about Sydney Kerle," Fraser said to Maxwell the same day.

The superintendent regarded him with indignation.

"Sydney Kerle!" he exclaimed. "That little runt! What bee have you got in your bonnet about him, Inspector? You don't think he killed Chalmers, do you?"

"I don't know enough about him to think anything yet," was the patient reply. "All the same, I'd be glad to hear anything you can tell me."

"Don't know much about him myself," Maxwell grunted. "He's been limping about the place for a couple of years now. I should say, lives in digs in Manor Road. I believe, and earns a bit by writing sporting notes in the papers and short stories for the magazines. Keeps himself to himself and doesn't seem to have any friends, but generally turns up if there's any sporting event going on, as you saw this afternoon.

Not that he can ever have been much of a sportsman himself with that game leg of his."

"Unless," Fraser pointed out mildly, "it was a comparatively recent injury. I have some idea it may have been; his name seems to convey something to me. Has he, by the way, ever had any dealings with Sir Philip Alldyce?"

"Not that I know of. I don't think they're acquainted."

Soon afterwards Fraser took his leave and motored back to London, leaving Maxwell still inclined to resent his lack of interest in Tom Miles.

Maxwell's rumbling voice came along the line as Fraser lifted the receiver to his ear at his home that night. Horror and triumph were blended in his tone.

"It's happened, Fraser! Rose Latimer has been shot dead, and Tom Miles caught standing over her body."

IT was well for Fraser that he possessed the knack when driving a car of being able to consider a problem and at the same time rivet his attention subconsciously on the road. But for this any one of a dozen emergencies might have caused him to crash as he tore down to Risefield following Maxwell's message over the phone.

His mind was certainly in a whirl. Had he been on the wrong tack all the time? After all, there had never been any very tangible association between the Chalmers and Lawrence crimes except the facts that both were athletes very much in the public eye and that both had been shot.

A large crowd had gathered outside the police station when Fraser reached it, on the fringe of which some of the rousher elements were uttering ugly threats against Miles, who doubtless was in custody within. The superintendent's face was stern and strained, and he shook his head in sorrowful fashion at sight of the man from Scotland Yard.

"Well, Mr. Fraser, you see I was right. And, poor girl, poor girl, I wish to heaven I hadn't been."

"It's a sad business," Fraser agreed. "I'd like to hear how it happened—starting as far back as you can, please."

Maxwell hesitated. "I think," he said, "I'll let Thompson tell you the story he told me—Thompson is the man I'd put on to shadow Miles."

In response to his call, P.C. Thompson, a well-set-up young man in plain clothes, entered the room.

"Tell the Inspector everything," Maxwell commanded, "just as you told it to me."

"It was like this, sir," he began; "I was keeping an eye on Miles according to the super's orders, and about half-past seven this evening I saw him leave the cottage by the waterworks where he lives, and slouch up towards the town. I followed him, and he wandered about aimlessly for a bit up one street and down the next, until all at once, near the church, he ran into Miss Latimer and stopped to speak."

"One moment," Fraser interrupted. "Did that meeting strike you as an arranged one, or just occurring by chance?"

"By chance, I should say," Thompson answered after a moment's thought. "It struck me that Miss Latimer would have avoided him if she could. Anyway, they talked for a few minutes and I saw her shake her head as if he was asking her to do something she didn't want to. They parted after that, the girl taking the road which leads to the woods and Miles returning his aimless wandering about the town."

"After about another quarter of an hour

of this, he seemed to make up his mind and started to walk quite sharply along the road the girl had taken leading to the woods. I kept behind him, and wasn't far away from him when he entered them."

"I don't know whether you have been in Risefield Woods, Mr. Fraser, but if you have you will remember that they are intersected by quite a number of paths, off which dozens of small ones lead to various clearings in the undergrowth. Now I couldn't keep too close to Miles for fear of his spotting me, and the long and the short of it was I found presently that I had lost him. Whether he suspected I was on his trail and had shaken me off deliberately, or whether he had just turned up one of these by-paths without my seeing him, I can't say. The fact remained he was no longer in sight."

"I kept on trying to pick him up again for a time, but it was growing dusk now, almost dark in fact in the woods, and I decided to call it a day and give it up—he might have slipped back into the town again for all I knew. I had just decided on this when quite close to me—not fifty yards away, I should say—I heard a shot."

"I ran up a path leading towards the sound, but it brought me into a blind alley—a small clearing from which there was no exit; the blackberry bushes and undergrowth are tremendously thick in places. So I turned back and cast about rather helplessly for a bit before striking another path which led me into a bigger clearing. There I saw a woman's figure on the ground and a man standing over her."

"It didn't take me long to discover who they were, or that the girl had been shot dead. I asked Miles if he knew what had happened, but could get no sense out of him. He seemed dazed-like and kept muttering about what he'd do to the brute who'd killed her. I therefore administered the customary warning and told him that he would have to accompany me back to the police station and make his explanations to the super. I had some difficulty in getting him away from the body, but he came quietly enough in the end."

"A very clear account," Fraser remarked approvingly. "Just one point: did you search him for a weapon?"

"I did run my hand over him, sir, but he'd nothing on him."

With a laugh of triumph Maxwell produced a trump card he had been deliberately keeping up his sleeve.

"The absence of the weapon, Fraser, needn't worry us on this occasion. I found it myself, tossed aside by the murderer into the bushes, a .33 automatic from which one round had been recently fired. Miles, of course, denies that it is his or that he has ever seen it before, but they always do. Anyway, I wasn't going to let him loose again on the public, perhaps to commit another crime—if he'd been under lock and key Rose Latimer would be alive at this moment. He goes up before the magistrate to-morrow, to be remanded, of course, to the county assizes."

"Which take place—when?"

"In a month's time."

Fraser nodded. He was far from convinced that Maxwell hadn't acted precipitately, but since he had already charged Miles with the murder further argument was useless. Things must take their course. He ventured on one question.

"Any finger marks on the pistol?"

"No, but that was too much to hope. Every criminal knows enough nowadays not to leave those."

With this Fraser agreed. "You don't mind, I suppose, sir, if I have a word with Miles myself?"

"See him if you like," was the off-hand reply, "though I doubt if you'll get more out of him than I did."

"Well, Miles," said Fraser, not unkindly as he entered the cell, "you've landed yourself in a pretty mess now."

The boy sprang to his feet and seized the inspector by the coat.

"I didn't do it, Mr. Fraser, I didn't," he cried. "Believe me, I loved her too much to hurt or kill her. I may have threatened her, but I didn't mean it. It was the drink that made me talk like that. I heard the shot and found her lying—that was all. I wouldn't have laid a hand upon her; God knows I wouldn't."

"Suppose," Fraser said quietly, "you tell me everything right from the beginning. I know already that you met Rose in the town and that you asked her something to which she wouldn't agree—to go for a walk with you, perhaps. She left you, and presently you followed her up to the woods. Go on from there."

HE had eyed him as if wondering how he knew all this. "That's quite right," he admitted. "I'd been wandering about the town hoping to get a glimpse of Rose. I did meet her and asked her to let bygones be bygones and come for a walk. She refused—she's never had any use for me since . . . since . . ."

His voice broke, and Fraser nodded. "I understand, Miles. Don't worry about that. Go on."

With an effort, Miles continued. "So I cleared off again, but she'd let out that she was going up to the woods to pick bluebells and I made up my mind to follow her, and, if I found her, have another try at making it up. I walked about all over the woods, but couldn't find her, and just when I was giving it up I heard a shot not far away."

"This didn't alarm me at the time, but it did make me cut down a side path to see who was doing the shooting—those woods, of course, being public. It brought me to a clearing, and there I saw Rose lying dead. I was just standing over her, dazed-like, when Thompson jumped out of the bushes and took me to the police station. And that, Mr. Fraser—I swear it—is the truth."

Fraser, experienced in such matters, believed that it might be so. "Well, Miles," he said non-committally, "you've partly yourself to blame for being in this plight. But remember this: it's not the police's aim to fix the guilt on an innocent man. Take what comfort you can from that."

Whereat he withdrew, leaving the prisoner to his doleful reflections.

Before leaving, Fraser had a word with Thompson on the doorstep.

"I suppose you saw nobody else in the wood?" he asked. "No one who could shed any light on the matter, I mean."

"No, sir, I don't think so; just two or three courting couples. Oh, and—I remember now—that little lame gentleman, Mr. Kerle. I saw him ahead of me at a turn in the path about ten minutes before I heard the shot. But he looked as if he were leaving the woods."

Fraser's heart jumped. "Mr. Kerle," he echoed, as casually as he could. "He might be able to tell us something. He lives in Manor Road, doesn't he? D'you happen to know the number?"

"No, sir, I don't, but I think the super does."

He retired into the station, to return almost at once.

"It's a house called Mon Repos, sir," he smiled, "but it's a bit late if you're thinking of calling on him, isn't it? If you'll pardon the pun, he's probably gone to his repose."

Fraser glanced at his wristwatch. Nearly eleven o'clock. He hesitated.

"I'll risk it," he decided at last.

Fraser reached Mon Repos to find one lighted window downstairs. Hoping it was Kerle's, he rang the bell and the door was opened by the lame man himself.

"Hullo," he exclaimed, "who are you, and what do you want? Why, bless my soul, it's the man from Scotland Yard—Fraser's your name, isn't it? What d'you want? My name and address for falling down the steps the other day, or my landlady? If it's the old lady you'll have to pull her out of bed."

Fraser broke in on this garrulous tirade.

"I'm sorry to be so late," he apologised, "but I should like a word with you if you can spare me five minutes, Mr. Kerle."

"By all means, by all means. Better come inside."

He led the way into a sitting-room, the table of which was littered with a typewriter and a mass of papers.

"My weekly sports article for the Sunday Messenger," the lame man explained. "But sit down, Inspector—it is Inspector, isn't it? The cigarettes are over there. You'll take a glass of beer?"

For an instant Fraser hesitated, and then accepted both. He was taking in the personality of his host. Shrewd, he deduced, but probably bad-tempered—there was a peevish droop to the mouth. He might be of any age from thirty-five to fifty-five—he learnt later that Kerle was thirty-seven. Grey eyes peered behind round glasses in a shrewd, clean-shaven face. He was small, but thin and wiry.

"Well?" he asked abruptly, as if conscious of his visitor's regard. "What have you come to see me about—the Chalmers case or the other?"

"What other?" Fraser asked him bluntly. "Why, the Lawrence one, of course. Anybody can see with half an eye that they are related. Even Scotland Yard must realise that."

Fraser made no comment on this. "Do you know anything about either?" he demanded.

"Not I," the lame man laughed, "except that they've given me an excellent idea for a novel. I've started it already, but I've shelved it for the present until we get news of victim number three. You see, I want it to run true to life—or death perhaps I ought to say."

Fraser stared. Kerle promised to be something unique in his experience.

"Then," he said coldly, "you will be interested to learn that a third crime has been committed."

The other rubbed his hands. He might from his demeanor have heard pleasant news.

"Where?" he asked, "and who? I am all agog to learn whether my theory is correct."

Fraser for the time being left his curiosity unsatisfied.

"You were in Risefield Woods this evening, weren't you?" he shot out suddenly. For an instant a shade of disquiet seemed to pass over the other's face.

"Why, yes," he admitted, "I was, but what's that got to do with . . ."

"Did you see anything of Rose Latimer?" It was the lame man's turn to stare.

"Rose Latimer?" he muttered. "No, I didn't; d'you mean to tell me that Rose Latimer is—the third?"

"Rose Latimer," Fraser said stiffly, "was shot in Risefield Wood about eight-thirty this evening. Did you by any chance hear the shot, or can you give me any information whatever which might be useful?"

Kerle clasped his head in his hands.

"Rose Latimer!" he almost moaned. "Then my theory's wrong, all wrong. No it isn't though—she won that swimming race this afternoon. Yes, it fits it; it fits after all. I'll be able to carry on with another chapter of the book. Splendid, isn't it?"

"If," said Fraser coldly, "you call murder splendid I'm afraid I don't. I asked you a question, Mr. Kerle, you haven't answered."

"Eh? Oh, yes. No, I didn't hear any shot, nor see anything in the least significant. But then I shouldn't if it was fired at half-past eight. I was out of the woods by then, just passing the church clock on my way back. I happened to make a note of the time. I generally do."

"A useful habit," the inspector observed dryly. He rose to his feet.

"Well, I mustn't keep you from your work, Mr. Kerle, if you've nothing to tell me. By the way, as a matter of interest, what is this theory of yours?"

"Ah-h," was the arch reply, "wouldn't you like to know! But I'm not giving it away—yet. If you haven't solved the problem by the time my book comes out, you'll know. I wonder if you expected a third victim, Mr. Fraser?"

Fraser hesitated, and the other gave a cackling laugh.

"So you did, eh?" he said shrewdly; "I rather think our minds are running on parallel lines. Great minds, eh, Inspector? You haven't been having me shadowed, have you?"

"You?" Fraser exclaimed in genuine astonishment. "No, why?"

"Oh, I just wondered. I happened to go to the international rugby match the other day—Lawrence's last game, you know—and a beefy individual tacked on to me and made himself an awful bore. I thought he might be a 'tec'."

"Not to my knowledge," Fraser answered frankly. "Perhaps he thought you were one," he laughed.

"Possibly," was the complacent reply. "Good-night, Inspector; I'm sorry you haven't found me of more assistance."

Fraser shook hands, firing as he did so a parting shot. "What makes Sir Philip Alldyce dislike you so, Mr. Kerle?"

The lame man started, but recovered himself at once.

"Alldyce?" he repeated wonderingly. "I've never spoken to Sir Philip Alldyce in my life. What makes you think he doesn't like me?"

"Oh, just something I observed," Fraser, too, could be evasive when he liked.

"Then," Kerle laughed, "your observation must have let you down. Alldyce and I don't fraternise, I assure you. He may be a baronet and all that, but he regards me as a bounder."

CHIEF - INSPECTOR MEGGESON was fully in accord with Fraser regarding the importance of finding out the cause of Trevor Lawrence's absence from the rugby dinner on the evening of his death. Unfortunately, he had been unable to advance far in this direction.

Meggeson was more than pleased, therefore, to receive a call at his office in the Yard from Mr. Lawrence, sen., who announced that he believed he was now in a position to elucidate the mystery.

"Going through my poor boy's papers," he told the chief-inspector, "I came across this letter. You had better read it for yourself."

Meggesson did so.
"My Dear Lawrence," it ran.
"I can see you to-morrow evening at seven sharp if that will suit you."
Yours sincerely,
"Sydney Kerle."

"Thanks," he said when he returned, "I'll let you know if anything useful materialises from it. You did quite right to bring it in."

Broughton looked disappointed. Apparently he expected some miracle of deduction to be performed at once. He got up, shaking his head.

"Slow, that's what you are, slow," he grumbled. "I thought better of the Yard." Fraser made a non-committal reply and ushered him out. He was anxious to get down to Risefield.

SIR PHILIP ALLDYCE was just emerging from a tobacconist's shop when Fraser drove into the little town, and coming to a sudden decision on the spur of the moment the inspector drew into the pavement and stopped.

"Good morning, Sir Philip," he said; "I wonder if I could have a word with you—confidentially?"

"By all means," the baronet assented. He was eying the inspector closely as he spoke. "You're down here about Rose Latimer. I take it? A bad business, that; worse than the Chalmers affair, in my opinion. There's little doubt, I suppose, that Miles did it? At any rate, we had no option but to remand him to the Aszites. But, look here, I'll get in alongside you. If you drive on through the town you'll find a quiet by-road going off to the left—leads to my own house as a matter of fact. We can talk there undisturbed."

With Alldyce beside him, Fraser turned up the road in question and pulled up again on a grassy plot which fringed it. There he produced his pipe and filled it carefully before he spoke.

"I wonder," he asked, "if you can tell me anything—in confidence—about a man called Sydney Kerle?"

Applying a match to his pipe, he saw Alldyce's face darken. It was a moment or two before he replied.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I can. But not very much. I'm afraid. He's not the kind of person I associate with. What exactly do you want to know?"

Watching him, Fraser formed the impression that for some reason or other he was playing for time.

"Anything," he said quietly. "Why you dislike him so bitterly, for instance."

"Bitterly!" the other echoed. "I never said . . . What makes you think that?" he ended abruptly.

"Your expression when you caught sight of him at the reservoir the other day. You do dislike him, don't you?"

"Yes," Alldyce admitted. "I do. He's a poisonous little blighter. We had a disagreement some years ago—it doesn't matter what about—since when we haven't spoken. But possibly you've already been given his version of the affair?"

"No," Fraser told him. "I haven't. In fact," he added drily, "Kerle told me he'd never spoken to you in his life."

Alldyce started. There was a queer expression in his eyes and it struck Fraser that had he known this fact before he might have been even less communicative.

"He said that, did he? Well, it's pretty nearly true; we haven't spoken for years."

But what are you making inquiries about him for?"

Fraser ignored the question. "So there's nothing much you can tell me about him?" he persisted.

"Only that he's a kind of hack journalist," was the contemptuous reply.

"How did he hurt his leg?"

"Broke it, playing rugby. It was set badly, or something, and he never played again. That kind of soured him, or so people say."

"Soured him? In what way?"

"Made him envious of people who can use their limbs. Perhaps you noticed how he scowled when poor Rose Latimer won her race the other day?"

"Did he?" Fraser asked innocently.

"I should say he did; looked black as ink. Nasty little brute, as I said before."

"Look here," he said slowly, "there is something else I can tell you about him, seeing that it's in strict confidence. Even so, I hesitate to do so, since it raises implications for which there may be no foundation. But Kerle wasn't far from Chalmers when he was shot that night."

"How do you know that?" Fraser asked sharply.

"One of my men told me only yesterday. I fancy it's been worrying him, and yesterday he blurted it out to me."

"And about time, too," Fraser said sternly. "He's been suppressing evidence that may be material to the case. I shall have to see him, of course—perhaps you will be good enough to ask him to be at the police station at, say, four o'clock, Sir Philip?"

"Why not see him at once?" was the prompt reply. "He'll be working in the grounds, and you can drive me home. I walked into town this morning. Why not lunch with me while you're about it?"

He accepted the baronet's invitation, and they drove on another mile until they came to a big house standing back from the road on rising ground. Fraser guessed it to be Risefield Court, Alldyce's family seat, before his companion acquainted him with the fact.

"Drive right up to the front door," Alldyce directed him. "We can leave the car there and go and look for Polson."

A few minutes later they were walking across the well-kept lawns.

Several gardeners were at work, one of whom informed them that Polson would probably be found in the potting sheds. Here, in fact, they ran him to earth, just putting on his coat before going to his own lunch.

A quiet-mannered, open-faced young man, he stood with his cap twisted nervously in his hands when he learnt Fraser's identity. He wouldn't like to swear, he stated, that the lame man had been Kerle—it had been pretty dark at the time. He knew Kerle well by sight, however, and had little doubt that it was he. He had just crossed their path diagonally coming from the direction of the shot, and had then been swallowed up in the gloom.

Fraser listened to what he had to say, chided him more mildly than he might have done but for Alldyce's presence for withholding his statement so long, and impressed upon him to say nothing to anyone about the present interview. Then he returned with Alldyce to the house.

The ensuing lunch more than bore out his preconceived idea, fostered by Alldyce's rather flabby condition, that the baronet did himself very well, and it was a somewhat somnolent detective-inspector who drove slowly back to Risefield after the meal was over. It was curious, he reflected, that with all his material advantages Alldyce had never married.

There was nothing somnolent about him, however, when he rapped at the door of Men Repos, which this time was opened by an extremely stout and deaf old woman, whom he rightly set down as Kerle's landlady. He had to raise his voice considerably before she took in the purport of his visit. Then she nodded vigorously.

Yes, she stated, Mr. Kerle was in his sitting-room. Would the gentleman come in?

The gentleman stated with decision that he would, and Kerle glanced up irritably from the table at which he was seated—surrounded as usual with masses of untidy papers—when the visitor was announced.

"Good heavens," he muttered, "you again? What on earth's the matter this time?"

Fraser waited until the landlady closed the door. His voice was coldly official.

"I am here, Mr. Kerle," he stated, "to ask you certain questions, request certain explanations. I will inform you, however, that if you wish to defer answering them until you have consulted a solicitor you are at liberty to do so."

Kerle pushed back his chair, leant back in it and crossed one leg over the other.

"Why," Fraser rapped out, "have you not thought fit to acquaint me that you were on Risefield Common at the time Eric Chalmers was murdered?"

"Because," was the cool reply—there was only the slightest flicker of Kerle's eyelids—"you never thought fit to ask me. Moreover, since I saw nothing of Chalmers or his murderer and could therefore give no information of the slightest use, I saw no reason to announce the fact. Is that a crime?"

"You heard the shot?"

"Pardon me, I heard a shot. So, apparently, did others."

"Then it was your duty to come forward and say so," Fraser rasped.

"Was it? Well, you appear to know it now. Do you find it helpful in any way?"

"Leaving that subject for the present," Fraser continued icily, "we come to another. What was the business you discussed with Trevor Lawrence at seven p.m. on the evening of his death?"

"Ah, so you have got on to that, have you? I wondered whether you would. I decline to say."

"But you admit the interview?"

"Certainly. It took place in this room at the hour stated—as you have probably ascertained from the note I sent him. But it had nothing to do with his death."

"That remains to be proved. How long was the interview, and what happened afterwards?"

"About ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Lawrence then left, and from the fact that he was found dead at Wimbledon a couple of hours later I deduced that he returned there. I myself went for a walk."

"Where?"

An impudent smile appeared on Kerle's face. "Across the Common," he said. "It's a favorite walk of mine."

"So it would appear. You got back—when?"

Kerle grinned again. "Oh," he said airily, "nine-thirty or so. Just about the time that Lawrence was shot—in Wimbledon."

"Meet anyone you know?"

"Can't remember. I don't know many people in this wretched little town, and most of those I do I avoid whenever I

can. But someone may have seen me. I'm pretty generally recognised by my limp."

"Very well," Fraser said quietly, "I'll assume you didn't. You can claim to be a first-class revolver shot, can't you?"

Watching Kerle closely while he put the question, he saw his astonishment change to frank amusement.

"Yes," he admitted, "I suppose I can. Also I was a medical student in my youth and know exactly where people's hearts are situated. All the same, that isn't to say that I use 'em as targets!"

It was Fraser's turn to be a trifle disconcerted at this unexpected frankness. The interview, it seemed to him, had been somewhat barren of result.

"I wish," he said slowly, "you would tell me why you had that appointment with Trevor Lawrence. It might, perhaps, be wiser if you did."

But Kerle shook his head. "No," he said obstinately, "I've made up my mind on that point."

He dropped his bantering air, and became serious.

"Believe me, Inspector, if I thought it had any bearing on Lawrence's murder I would tell you like a shot. Moreover, I'll answer categorically the question you have so carefully refrained from putting to me. I had no hand in either of these murders, nor, at present, do I know who had. I hope you will accept that as the truth."

Fraser rose from the chair on which he had been sitting.

"That," he said with more cordiality than he had hitherto shown, "is coming down to brass tacks at last. I can only say, Mr. Kerle, that I trust nothing will occur to cause me to doubt that statement."

ALAN GRIERSON, his cruise over, came ashore at Tilbury and stepped into the luxurious Rolls which was to take him straight to the country house of Sir Henry Tallent, Assistant-Commissioner of the C.I.D., where he was to spend the weekend.

An hour's drive, half of it through London, half of it beyond, brought him to the house, where the mercurial little Assistant-Commissioner shook him warmly by the hand.

"Glad to see you, my boy," he said, "very glad to see you. Congratulations, if you're not sick of 'em by now, on pulling Oxford out of the soup. You've just got time for a bath and change. You'll meet the others at cocktail time. They're all in their rooms at present."

"Who are here, sir?" Alan asked. Tallent glanced up at the big carsman with a quizzical expression.

"A small party," he said. "My wife, of course; Putley, the author fellow, and his wife—don't think you know them; a couple of your fellow villains in the Oxford boat, Riggs and Waller; Sir Philip Alldyce and Betty Hindwood and her mother. That's all, I think. No, I was forgetting—he eyed the lad's glum expression with secret amusement—"Kitty Millership and her mother. That suit you, eh?"

Alan's face cleared. He knew quite well that his host had pretended to forget the Millerships on purpose, and at once hit back.

"You're still forgetting someone, aren't you, sir?"

"No," Tallent said, mystified, "I don't think so. Who?"

"The detective to look after me, sir," was the demure reply.

"Oh," said Tallent, and grinned a trifle self-consciously.

Alan departed, grinning. He felt that he had scored.

DINNER at Sir Henry Tallent's had been followed by an impromptu dance, and then someone suggested a stroll on the lawn outside.

This suited Alan Grierson. Kitty Millership had sat next to him at dinner and had danced mainly with him afterwards. Something in her expression told him that the omens were good and that if he wished to put his fate to the test now was the time to do it. He thought of that little wood beyond the lawn. It would be quiet and secluded there.

Putney and his wife went out first, followed by Alldyce and Betty Hindwood. Then came Alan Grierson and Kitty.

"This way," he said urgently, steering her across the lawn towards the woods; "there's something I want to tell you, Kitty, my dear."

He had told her already, had he realised it. She felt his hand tremble and her heart leaped its quick response under the thin silk of her evening frock. The moment she had secretly longed for for weeks was at hand, but not for nothing was she woman.

"This is very mysterious," she said lightly. "Where are we going?"

"Into the wood," he told her. "It will be quiet and secluded there."

She made no demur, and with his arm slipped through hers they crossed the lawn into the shelter of the trees.

The minutes that followed she will never forget. She was in Alan's arms, his lips on hers, when a man's cry of terror rang through the silent wood.

"Help! Help!" it shrilled. "Oh, help!"

Grierson stiffened. "Good heavens," he muttered, "what's that? Stay here, Kitty; I must go and see..."

"Coming!" he shouted, and plunged off through the undergrowth.

The cry had been close at hand, and in a few moments a man's figure loomed up before him.

"What on earth's the matter?" Alan Grierson blurted. "Was that you who..."

He felt something hard thrust against his chest. The crack of a shot awoke the sleeping birds of the wood to panic-stricken flight. A stealthy form melted into the darkness, leaving behind him the young man who would never row or speak or make love again.

IN my own grounds! Sir Henry Tallent groaned. "Fraser, you were right and I was wrong. Poor fellow, poor fellow, he'd just become engaged to Kitty Millership. The girl's half demented, and no wonder. She found him lying dead."

Fraser's face was stern. "Who was out in the garden at the time, sir?" he asked.

"Putney and his wife, Alldyce and Miss Hindwood—another romance budding there, if we don't let Alldyce get shot as well," he added bitterly; Alan Grierson himself and Kitty Millership.

"The rest of us were indoors."

"I see," Fraser answered absently. For an instant his thoughts had slipped back to another author, or embryo author, a little man who limped and had hitherto been suspiciously close at hand whenever anything had happened. For once, it seemed, he was going to be absent.

"I think, sir," he said, "I should like to question anyone who was in the garden to-night. One of them may have noticed something that might prove useful."

Tallent shook his head.

"I've done it myself, Fraser; none of 'em knows a thing. Yes, what is it?" He swung round, irritated, at the arrival of the butler.

"If you please, Sir Henry, Mr. Jolly, the head-keeper, would like a word with you."

"Oh," said Tallent, "send him in. I want a word with Jolly," he added somewhat grimly.

The keeper came in, twiddling his hat nervously in his hands.

"A terrible thing about the young gentleman, Sir Henry," he exclaimed. "Tutley, the under-keeper, has just told me about it."

"Oh, has he?" Tallent snapped in his most irascible manner. "About time, too; I've been trying to get in touch with you ever since it happened. Where on earth have you been?"

"Up at the pheasant reserve you've rented a mile along the road, Sir Henry. To tell the truth, I was a bit suspicious."

"Suspicious? What of?"

"A chap I came across in the wood here a while ago. I told him as he was trespassing and saw him off the premises into the road. But it struck me he might have gone up to the other wood, so after waiting a bit I went along. I didn't see nothing of him though, so I guess he just cleared off."

Tallent and Fraser exchanged significant glances.

"What kind of man was he?" the inspector asked.

Jolly pondered.

"Well, sir, it was a bit difficult to tell like in the dark. A bit touched in the 'ead, if you ask me. That or a foreigner; used foreign sounding speech he did at times. Oh, and he limped a bit as he went along."

"Limped?" Fraser almost shouted. Without asking his chief's permission, he shot across to the telephone and rang up Risefield Police Station.

His words galvanised into activity the sleepy sergeant on duty at the other end.

"Inspector Fraser, speaking for the Assistant-Commissioner Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard. Find out at once if Mr. Sydney Kerle is at Mon Repos, Manor Road, and let me know."

He gave Sir Henry Tallent's number and they settled down to wait.

The reply was through within five minutes.

"Mr. Sydney Kerle left for a fortnight's holiday yesterday. His landlady thinks he's gone to Cornwall."

"Cornwall, my eye!" said Fraser, and rang off. He turned to Tallent, who answered his unspoken question.

"Yes," he agreed, "the man we have to find is Mr. Sydney Kerle."

FRASER was sitting sipping tea in his room at the hotel at Stratmore when a maid came in and said he was wanted on the telephone. As he expected, Fulke, the police sergeant, was at the other end.

"Phipps is back, sir," he said, referring to the man he had sent to trail Kerle.

"And—the other?" Fraser asked.

"Back, too, in his bungalow up on the cliff. Phipps watched him settle down there before he returned to the station. I've sent him up there again to watch the place until you come. I take it you'll go along at once."

"At once," Fraser promised. "It's possible I might want Phipps to give me a hand."

"Right, sir; he'll be there if you do."

Fraser finished his tea and then strolled

along to see the hotel proprietor in his private office.

"I think, Mr. Anderson," he said pleasantly, "I'd better tell you who I really am. Otherwise you may think my comings and goings a bit mysterious."

Whereupon he revealed his identity and as much of his mission as he thought advisable.

His interview with Anderson over, Fraser put on his hat and walked round to the police station again. It struck him that it might save time if he could get a guide to Kerle's bungalow.

"By the way, Sergeant," he said when this was arranged, "did Phipps manage to get his proper meals to-day?"

"Well, sir, to tell the truth, I don't think he did. Kerle seems to have ridden up on the moors and taken his lunch with him, and Phipps didn't like to let him out of his sight to get anything himself. He didn't even wait for a cup of tea before going back to watch the bungalow after reporting here."

"Good man!" Fraser applauded. "Green here can take his place then when we get to the house. Had your tea, Green?"

"Yes, sir," the plain clothes man grinned. "Right; then we'll send Phipps back for his. Come along."

A wind like wine was blowing off the sea and the stiffness of London already appeared to Fraser incredibly remote as he breathed the steep slope leading to the summit of the cliffs.

Here a coastguard station overlooked the town, beyond which in miles of rolling grassland there were only a couple of houses to be seen. Green pointed to the further one, about a mile away.

"Kerle's," he stated. "Ready for a scrap if it does come. Green?" asked Fraser.

"Yes, sir; with my fist. I shall have to leave the shooting part of it to you."

Fraser laughed. "Oh, well, I hope it won't come to that, because if it does I fancy Sydney Kerle is a better hand with a gun than either you or I. Hello, what's that?"

"A shot, sir!" said P.C. Green. It was more than one shot; half a dozen at least followed one another in quick succession and Fraser broke into a run. A disagreeable picture formed itself in his mind—Phipps, unarmed, at the mercy of a man who shot to kill.

They were within a hundred yards of the bungalow and beginning to pant when, at a point where the coast road from Stramouth approached the edge of the cliffs, a tall figure disengaged itself from behind a clump of furze and greeted P.C. Green. Close by, a motor-cycle leant against the bank and Fraser realised with relief that this must be the faithful Phipps, quite unperturbed at the fusillade which still continued at intervals from the vicinity of the bungalow.

Green effected the necessary introductions, and Phipps gazed with interest at the first inspector he had ever seen from Scotland Yard.

"What's all the shooting?" Fraser asked. "Target practice, sir. If you care to slip across the road and get behind that other clump of bushes over there, you can see what he's doing. Believe me, that chap can shoot."

The three men did as he suggested and Fraser found himself looking down from a slightly higher level into Kerle's back garden. A grassy bank at the foot of this formed a natural butt which Kerle himself was facing with levelled weapon.

Fraser came to a quick decision.

"I'm going along to have a word with

him," he said grimly. "You two fellows had better remain where you are for the present. If I want you, I'll give you a call."

But both of them demurred.

"Better let us come with you, sir," Green asserted. "That chap, I'm thinking, is not the sort to be tackled single-handed. You hold him up with the gun, sir, and we'll do the rest."

Fraser, however, had made up his mind. He was not the kind to chance two unarmed men having to face the sort of marksmanship he had just seen.

"No," he began, "I'll be with him on my own. Then if . . ."

He stopped suddenly, startled at what he heard. From beyond the house a motor-cycle engine burst into life, and immediately there came the roar of a machine driven away at reckless speed.

Phipps rushed towards his own, and astride of the saddle thrust down the kick-starter.

"He's off, sir!" he stated. "A lane runs from the other side of that bungalow back on to the moors. Must have seen us without our knowing it. But I'll stick to his trail on this."

He soon realised that he spoke too confidently. Depress the kick-starter as he might, the only result was a series of heavy chugs. The engine would not fire. With a muttered exclamation he pressed the button of the carburettor, and then looked up with a blank expression.

"Run out of petrol," he confessed gloomily. "I knew I was getting low, but thought it would be enough to take me back to Stramouth. I didn't expect to have to do another chase after Master Kerle."

He looked so woe-begone that Fraser checked the sharp reproval for his carelessness which had risen to his lips. It could do no good, anyway; the damage was done. The noise of Kerle's engine had already faded into the distance.

NIGHT drew on. A cool breeze came in from the sea, and the sun disappeared to the accompaniment of one of those sunsets which are the glory of the north Cornish coast. But Fraser and his companion paid it little heed. It was the sound of a motor-cycle for which they waited, chugging homeward across the moor.

The long twilight of Cornwall had merged into darkness when simultaneously they spotted the shaft of light wavering towards them from the crest of a distant hill. The engine was still inaudible, but that it was a motor-cycle neither of them had any doubt. A car would have shown twin points of light.

They watched the light swoop down the hill and heard presently the quickened beat of the engine as the rider changed gear to take the corresponding rise which would bring him to the bungalow.

What happened next was totally unexpected by them both. Two sharp reports rang out on the still night air and they saw the light on the cycle swerve violently and vanish. There came to their ears the sound of a distant crash.

With the constable at his heels, Fraser raced down the slope. Near the bottom they came across a wrecked motor-cycle which had evidently charged the bank of the sunken lane. A few yards away from it sprawled the motionless figure of a man.

Flashing on his pocket torch, Fraser recognised it at once as Sydney Kerle. He was quite unconscious and bleeding from a nasty-looking wound in his scalp. His heart, however, was beating in satisfactory fashion.

The Scotland Yard man handed Green the small first-aid outfit he always carried.

"You know how to use this, I expect? Good; just attend to his head, will you? I want to have a look at the cycle."

While Green was carrying out his instructions, he turned his light on the wreckage and stood surveying it with a puzzled frown. He was thinking of the two reports they had heard, and was quite prepared to find that both tyres had exploded. Yet the reverse was the case; both were quite intact, about the only part of the machine that was. Even the front one had stood up under its impact with the bank.

"Well, well," he muttered, "more mystery!"

With a final glance at the smashed machine, he returned to the plain clothes man and aided his skilful ministrations with the light.

"We'd better get him up to the bungalow," he said. "It won't be very long, I think, before he comes round."

Green lifted the lame man's slight body easily in his arms and they retraced their steps to the bungalow. There Fraser felt in Kerle's pocket and produced a bunch of keys. One was a Yale key with which he opened the front door.

Carrying the still unconscious man into the sitting-room, they laid him on the couch and Fraser lit an oil lamp standing on the table—the house was beyond the radius of the town's electric light—and in a moment or two Kerle stirred and opened his eyes.

He raised his hand to his injured head, then turned away and was all at once extremely sick.

"Sorry," he said apologetically later on. Fraser raised a deprecating hand.

"That's all right. Often happens after concussion, and I expect you're a bit concussed. Just lie still and don't worry about anything until the doctor comes."

He had sent Green into Stramouth for a doctor.

In due course the latter arrived, driving P.C. Green back with him in his car. He bustled in, a stout, capable-looking individual, and asking no questions proceeded to examine the patient's wound.

"A mere scratch," he pronounced cheerfully. "These scalp wounds often appear worse than they are. You'd better go to bed and stay there for a day or two. I'll look you up again to-morrow. The dressing now on will do till then."

He uttered a few more commonplace and then bustled out as if Kerle had been the most ordinary patient in the world. But outside he turned to Fraser, who had accompanied him to his car.

"I'm the local police surgeon," he said abruptly, "and Green has told me something about what has happened and who you are. A bullet did that, of course. If it's any help for you to know. Not my business, of course, but I should say someone doesn't like Master Kerle."

Fraser watched the doctor drive away with P.C. Green sitting by his side once more. Fraser had asked the latter to retrieve his bag from the hotel, having made up his mind to remain at the bungalow for the night. Apart from his forthcoming talk with Kerle, both the doctor and he agreed that it would be advisable for the wounded man to have someone at hand in case of any reaction setting in later on. Green had promised that either he or Phipps would run the bag out on the carrier of the latter's motor-cycle.

When Fraser returned to the house he found that Kerle had taken the doctor's advice and slipped into bed. He already looked much better, being obviously cheered by the doctor's report that there was nothing

seriously wrong, and it was he who opened the conversation.

"Now then, Fraser, let's get down to brass tacks. Who are you after—me?"

It was characteristic of him, Fraser thought, this taking the bull by the horns. He resolved, on his part, not to beat about the bush, and his tone and expression became serious.

"Last night," he said, "Alan Grierson, stroke of this year's Oxford boat, was shot dead in the grounds of Sir Henry Tallent's house. Sir Henry's head-keeper states that shortly before the crime he discovered a lame man prowling in the woods. You need not answer my question, of course, and I warn you that if you do it may be used in evidence later on—but was that you?"

"GOOD old Jolly!" Kerle smiled, irrepressible even now. "A worthy fellow, but lacking in a sense of humor. Well, I've no reason to conceal my movements. Yes, it was I."

"What were you doing there?" Fraser demanded sternly.

"Trying to spot a murderer," was the cool reply.

Then, seeing that the Scotland Yard man evidently regarded this as another of his ill-judged pleasantries, he hastened to amplify it with more earnestness than was his wont.

"Look here, Fraser, I'm not kidding you although you think I am. I can guess what you're here for—after last night I must appear a more suspicious character than ever—and as I've no desire to be arrested, and you, I'm quite sure, don't want to arrest the wrong man, I'll put my cards, such as they are, on the table. Perhaps I ought to have done so before, but quite frankly, I thought it would be amusing if I could score off Scotland Yard."

"You see, I've got a theory about these crimes, and I don't think it's very different from yours. I've always taken an interest in criminology, and the shooting of Eric Chalmers intrigued me immensely, especially seeing that it took place in Ridsfield and at a time when, as you know, I couldn't have been far away. When Lawrence went, so soon after calling on me, I naturally became more interested still and, rightly or wrongly, came to the conclusion that the two crimes were co-related—as I fancy, did you. The quite unexpected murder of Rose Latimer shook my faith in my theory for the moment, though I quickly saw how it could be fitted in. I then asked myself who was likely to be the fourth victim, assuming my hypothesis wasn't all moonshine—actually I had placed him third on the list, which was the reason why Rose's death shook my confidence so badly—and I decided on Alan Grierson."

"Why?" Fraser broke in.

"Because, as I say, rightly or wrongly, I had figured it out that someone was engaged in bumping off sportsmen who were largely in the public eye. If this were so, Alan Grierson, especially if he pulled off the boat race for Oxford, seemed the natural choice."

"But I didn't abandon my theory on account of that, and when I learnt that he had returned and was staying with Sir Henry Tallent I made up my mind to slip down to Tallent's place and see if I could spot anyone suspicious hanging around. I was due for a holiday here in any case and could take in Crofton Towers on the way. But I reckoned without friend Jolly, who caught me mooching about and sent me off with a flea in my ear."

"How did you know Alan Grierson was killed?" Fraser asked. "There was nothing about it in the morning papers."

"There wasn't; I looked to see, but if the cop who's been trailing me about all day on a motor-cycle—oh, yes, I spotted him all right—told you I put a call through from an A.A. box, you may have guessed that I got the news from one of my papers in town. I wasn't a bit comfortable about it. I can tell you, and I'm not now. What do you propose to do—arrest me? I didn't do it, although you've only got my word for it."

For the time being Fraser ignored the challenge.

"Go on with your story," he countered. "to-night's part of it, I mean. Who do you think fired at you just now, and why?"

The other shook his head.

"Goodness knows," he answered seriously. "I haven't any more idea than you have; I certainly never placed myself on the list of probable victims—upset my theory altogether, that would. But someone did shoot at me—I saw the flash of the gun. And he's not a bad shot either, although he missed the first time. I was moving pretty fast although I'd just changed down to take the hill. I suppose I can count myself as lucky."

"In more ways than one," Fraser meditated.

"Does your theory cause you to suspect any particular person—I'm talking of this string of murders now, not of what's just happened to you?"

Wearily the other shook his head. "No-o," he said slowly. "I haven't got that far yet. I think being shot at adds one's brains! Now, if you don't mind, I think I'll hit the hay. I'm just about all-in."

"Right," Fraser answered cheerfully. "If you want anything I'll be in the next room. I can hear a motor-cycle outside, and that'll be one of the local policemen with my bag."

IT was Phipps this time, but he didn't stay long, saying that his superintendent wanted him in connection with measures he was taking for the hoped-for apprehension of Kerle's assailant. A minute or two after depositing the inspector's bag he was speeding back to Stratmouth.

Fraser made up a bed on the sitting-room couch and then undressed and slipped into his pyjamas. Before turning in, however, he carried the lamp into the invalid's room to see that he was all right and found that he was already asleep, a satisfactory result due doubtless to a draught the doctor had left for him to take last thing.

He stood for a moment looking down on the sleeping man, who still struck him very much as an enigma, and as he did so he became aware of the almost uncanny stillness of the house.

Still carrying the lamp, he went back into the sitting-room, and as he entered it something he saw made him drop the lamp and fling himself face downward on the floor. Two shots rang out and he heard the bullets strike the wall. Then the oil from the fallen lamp caught fire and a sheet of flame illuminated the room.

For a while he lay there motionless, until aware that unless he acted the house would be burnt down above his head, he risked further bullets and springing to his feet beat out the spreading flames with a rug. Then he groped over to the sideboard where he had placed his automatic pistol and electric torch and armed with these dashed outside.

There was no one to be seen. He completed the circuit of the house in vain and then re-entered it to find Kerle, awakened out of his drugged sleep, surveying the dis-

order in the sitting-room by the light of his own lamp.

"What on earth's been happening?" he demanded.

Fraser told him.

"Things seem happening this evening, don't they, Fraser? I wonder now, was he after you or me?"

"Heaven knows," the inspector muttered.

Fraser led him back to his room. Having got him back in bed, he settled down to watch.

There would be no sleep for him that night, he knew.

"Well," Kerle asked Fraser between spoonfuls of boiled egg the next morning, "what's your programme for to-day, Sherlock Holmes?"

"Back to London," Fraser informed him. "I shall have to leave the local police to search for our friend of last night—and, if you're feeling fit enough to travel, Kerle, I'd like to take you with me."

"The devil you would! Under arrest?"

"No, merely for your own safety. You must admit this neighborhood doesn't seem extremely healthy for you."

"On the contrary," was the provoking reply. "I find the air suits me excellently. Besides, nothing would please me better than to meet our unknown visitor again. This time I should shoot first—and I shouldn't miss him, either. You can put the local police on to watch me as well; I shan't run away."

Fraser shrugged his shoulders. "Just as you like," he snapped; "it's your funeral if you deliberately court danger."

AS Fraser had feared, his chief, Sir Henry Tallent, at first proved distinctly "difficult." He cooled down, however, on hearing the inspector's full story, and finally admitted that the double attack on Kerle—for Fraser was convinced that he had been mistaken for Kerle the second time—seemed to clear him as a suspect.

"The whole business," he grumbled, "seems to grow more and more mysterious. What happened to poor Grierson just about convinced me that your theory was right, but why in heaven's name is this chap Kerle singled out? He isn't in the public eye now as a sportsman, whatever he may have been in the past. It doesn't make sense, unless . . ."

"Yes, sir?" prompted Fraser encouragingly. It was time, he felt, that Tallent made a constructive contribution instead of merely grumbling and criticising.

"Unless," he went on, "the fellow who shot Grierson spotted Kerle hanging round and, thinking he might have seen too much, followed him down to Stratmouth to shut his mouth."

Armed with Sir Henry's authority he drove down to the house from Scotland Yard, leaving Tallent, he fancied, more than a little glad that his official duties would prevent his accompanying the inspector. If there was one thing the Assistant-Commissioner had never contemplated it was, he felt sure, that this kind of inquiry would ever take place in his own home. He was realising for the first time, how embarrassing this kind of thing can be.

All the same he had urged on Fraser that no stone must be left unturned to clear the mystery up.

Allday and Miss Hindwood were out walking, he discovered when he reached the house, so perforce he had to commence with Putley and his wife.

He quickly realised that he was most unlikely to elicit anything of any value from them. He left the Putleys abruptly,

rather as one retreats from an unpleasant odor, and settled down to await the return of Alldyce and his friend.

The baronet appeared between tea and dinner. His hand was slipped through his companion's arm, a pretty dark-haired girl with whom he was evidently on the best of terms. He greeted the inspector without any apparent surprise.

"Hullo, Fraser, I expected we should be seeing you. By the way, do you know Miss Hindwood? Perhaps you saw her at Wimbledon last year, if you patronise such places? She did well then, got to the semi-finals of the ladies' singles, but she's going to do better still this year, aren't you, Betty? Well, Fraser, I can see the glint of the policeman in your eye—you're on the Grierison case, of course. Discovered anything yet?"

"No," Fraser acknowledged, "I'm hoping you can help me. I've had a word with the Putleys, but I can't pretend it led to anything."

"Anything you can tell me about what happened after you left the house that night until Alan Grierison was killed?"

"H'm, yes. There isn't much to tell, I'm afraid. Betty and I set out to walk across the lawns, our chief desire being to shake off the ineffable Putleys, who looked like hanging on. We managed to do this and found a seat hidden under a little willow tree. We'd just sat down when I thought I heard a cry for help somewhere in the woods. I apologised to Betty and charged off to see who it was. I promptly got lost in the wood—it was almost pitch dark—but presently I distinctly heard the cry again and immediately afterwards the noise of a shot. I blundered on, ran into Tal-ent, Riggs and Walker, who'd come rushing out of the house, and next minute we came across poor Grierison, with Kitty bending over him. A terrible business."

"You didn't hear anyone else in the wood?"

Alldyce hesitated.

"I'm not sure," he said slowly. "I think I heard a stick crack once or twice, but one hears all sorts of noises in a wood at night. One thing I'm certain of though—I heard a motor-cycle start up in the road and roar away into the distance."

Fraser nodded.

"Only one?" he asked. "There wasn't a second, I suppose, or a car?"

"Not that I noticed, but I really can't say. It was just then that we found Grierison, and after that I doubt if I should have consciously heard a dozen cars."

Fraser turned to Betty Hindwood: "Did you, too, hear those cries for help?"

"Not the one that Sir Philip heard when we were on the seat. But I heard the second, and of course the shot. I was terrified and sat wondering what had happened until Philip came and told me."

I DON'T see why you shouldn't," Tal-ent said unexpectedly. "Yes, accept the invitation man. A day off will do you good, clear away the cobwebs. You'll resume all the fresher and better for the rest."

"Thank you, sir," was Fraser's grateful response. "A day's cricket will be just what the doctor ordered as far as I'm concerned. I really don't feel that it will be wasting my time."

"Of course it won't. Bad thing to get stale. Go down by all means and show the locals how to play. Hope you get a good score. I'd like to wield a bat myself if

Alldyce saw fit to ask me, but it'll be youngsters he'll want, not old stagers like me."

Fraser had been more than a little surprised to receive a note from Alldyce asking him to turn out for the scratch eleven he was getting together to play against the Risefield town team at Risefield Court. He had had an idea that the baronet didn't care for him overmuch, but this invitation seemed to dispose of that. But it was with no expectation of being allowed to go that he mentioned the subject to Sir Henry Tal-ent, and his chief's ready acquiescence further endeared him to Fraser. Peppery he might be, but his was essentially a human personality.

He therefore wrote to Alldyce to thank him and say that his services would be available for the one-day match which was to take place on the last day of April.

On receiving his acceptance, Alldyce further suggested that he should bring his wife down as a spectator, which delighted Mary, whose first opportunity it was of watching her husband's prowess as a cricketer. They reached Risefield Court to find a bigish crowd of lookers-on assembled, and in addition Alldyce appeared to have imported a small house-party for the occasion.

Most of these seemed to be connected with sport in some form or other, among them being Betty Hindwood, who, Fraser noticed, was wearing a diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand which had not been there before.

"You've met my fiancée already, Fraser," Alldyce said, "but I don't think she knows your wife."

"She wasn't your fiancée, officially at any rate," Fraser laughed, "when I saw her before. Allow me to congratulate you both."

"Thanks," the baronet replied; "as you say, things weren't official before, but we both thought this a good occasion for making the announcement. Betty, take Mrs. Fraser off and give her an ice. She'll probably appreciate one after the drive down."

The two girls strolled away together, and it was obvious that they had struck up a friendship at once. Most people did with Mary Fraser, and Betty was a nice, unaffected little thing whose brilliant tennis skill had in no way gone to her head.

Alldyce slipped his hand through Fraser's arm. "Come along and be introduced to Dick Wingate, my dear fellow," he said. "He's captaining my team and is busy working out the batting order. As you probably know, I'm debarred from playing myself."

"So I've heard," Fraser answered. "Bad luck that; doctor's orders, isn't it?"

Alldyce's face darkened. "Yes," he said curtly; "I developed a heart some years ago. All right if I go slow, but no violent physical exertion for poor Philip these days. I'm getting used to it now, though it's a bit of a bore. But here's Wingate."

Fraser regarded the great English batsmen with unfeigned interest. He had seen him play, of course, but had never come to close quarters with him before, and with his faculty of quickly summing up a man, he placed him at once in the Betty Hindwood class—a man unspoiled by success.

After a short discussion it was decided that Fraser should go in first with Wingate, after which the latter proceeded to win the toss and elect to bat.

Before putting on his pads, Fraser slipped away to assure himself that Mary had got a good place, and found her with Alldyce seated one side of her and Betty Hindwood the other. Engaged or not, it struck Fraser with amazement that the baronet was paying a good deal of attention to his wife. He

made up his mind to pull Mary's leg about it when he got the chance.

On his way back to the tent, which served as a pavilion, he received a surprise. A spare, thin little figure was limping on to the field and making its way towards the ropes.

"Hullo, Kerie," Fraser exclaimed, "you don't mean to say this match has brought you up from Cornwall?"

The lame man grinned.

"Looks like it doesn't it?" he returned. "Fact is I got bored down there, and decided to come back. Absolutely nothing's happened since you went away—not a sign of the gentlemen who gave us that exciting night. And what are you doing in that rig-up?"

"Playing," Fraser told him, "for Alldyce's eleven. Goodness knows why he asked me, but he did. I'm going in first with Wingate, so you're just in time to see me make my duck."

THE stand that Wingate and Fraser put up for the first wicket was destined to be talked about in local cricket circles for many a day.

Lunch was an elaborate affair, too elaborate, Fraser thought, considering that it formed an interlude to a cricket match. Before the meal ended Alldyce was talking loudly, and it struck Fraser that he had drunk quite as much as was good for him.

They rose at last, however, and before the game continued Fraser managed to get a few words with his wife.

"You little flirt," he laughed; "it's a good job I'm a complainant husband!"

But for once she refused to rise to his badinage.

"What fools women are!" she exclaimed almost petulantly. "There's that nice little Betty Hindwood head over ears in love with Sir Philip Alldyce, and he doesn't care two hoots about her, though she doesn't realise, of course. I had quite a long talk with her the only time Alldyce removed his odious presence, and she told me that Dick Wingate had proposed to her quite half a dozen times. Yet she turns him down for a man like Alldyce. It makes one despair of one's sex."

"Go along," she smiled affectionately; "like all men, you're a blind old bat in a question like this, but if you make your century, my dear, I'll admit you're the most wonderful man in the world—even more wonderful than Dick Wingate. Oh, Geoffrey, do make those eighteen more runs!"

And Geoffrey did, although, his mind distracted for some reason by what Mary had just been saying about Alldyce and Betty Hindwood, he had a narrow escape from being bowled by the first ball sent down. After this, however, he gave his full attention to the game, with the result that he reached the century with a drive to the on boundary just one over before Wingate achieved a similar distinction.

Not until the score reached three hundred with both batsmen still in did Wingate declare. Extras by this time totalled forty and Fraser's score stood at 132, four runs higher than that of the England man.

They walked out together to receive a host of congratulations and to apologise laughingly to the remainder of the team, who would get no batting practice that day. Among those waiting to receive them was Sydney Kerie, and so peculiar was the ex-

pression on his face that Fraser stopped to speak to him. To his astonishment, however, Kerle turned abruptly on his heel and limped away, an action the calculated rudeness of which could hardly have been surpassed. Fraser was still staring after him when he heard Alldyce's sneering laugh.

"Pleasant mannered little blighter, isn't he? But I've told you that before."

Risefield went in to bat and tottered sixty-one. Fraser showing himself as efficient in the field as he had been at the wicket. Yet his mind was no longer wholly on the game. What, he kept asking himself, was the meaning of the extraordinary behaviour of Sydney Kerle?

DUSK was already falling when Dick Wingate announced his intention of having a bathe in Risefield Reservoir.

Alldyce pursed up his lips.

"I doubt if they'll allow you to, my dear fellow, at this hour. However, the fellow in charge knows me, of course, and if you're really keen I'll drive you in and see if my influence will induce him to strain the rules a bit. But it'll be dark quite soon."

"Thanks," Wingate said; "there's no need to get out one of your cars, however. Mine is in the garage."

"I know, but as I want to run up from the reservoir into the town, I'll use my own. I'll just run upstairs and get the club minute book and then we'll start."

"Good man," said Wingate cordially.

Alldyce came downstairs a few minutes later with a small ledger under his arm and they started almost immediately, taking only a few minutes to reach the reservoir. The main gates of this were closed and the custodian bore out Alldyce's expressed doubts when they interviewed him.

"It's after hours," he stated. "I'd only just got rid of the last of them and shut the gates before you came—there's been a big crowd up here this evening. But seeing as it's a friend of yours, Sir Philip, I'll stretch a point. The gentleman's a good swimmer, I presume?"

"I have swum the channel," Wingate told him modestly, "though I took a good long while to do it," and the keeper of the reservoir burst out laughing.

"In that case, sir, I needn't worry. This little sheet of water will seem like a saucer after the English Channel, though I take it you won't want to swim about for hours?"

"Half an hour will do me nicely," Wingate told him. "I mustn't keep you out of bed."

"Then I'll be back here in half an hour," Alldyce interposed. "Keep over to the right, near the wood—the water's deeper there and free from weeds. That's correct, isn't it, Higgins?"

"Quite correct, sir; I see you haven't forgotten the time when you used to swim."

He turned to Wingate.

"Now, sir, I'll take you to your cabin. You'll find it fitted with electric light, though that's generally only used when we clean up after dark."

Wingate walked off in his wake and Alldyce got back into his car and drove up the hill into the town. He parked it in the yard behind the club premises and entered the building.

It was a trifle over his stated time when he returned to the reservoir, and he found Higgins standing and gazing anxiously over the water.

"Funny, Sir Philip," he said, "but I can't

see a sign of him. Even if he swam to the end he ought to be back again now. I hope that nothing's happened."

Cupping up his hands round his mouth, he sent a powerful hail across the water. A faint echo of it returned from the further woods, but from the reservoir itself there came no answer.

THE yellow disc of the full moon had risen above the wooded hills and was making a shining pathway on the water when Wingate poised his slim, powerfully built figure on the spring-board. For a moment he stood there, silhouetted in the moonlight like a statue of an athlete of ancient Greece, and then disappeared in a graceful and almost soundless dive.

He merged with a long-drawn sigh of ecstasy, for he loved swimming even more than he did cricket. Then with powerful strokes he swam, as he had been advised, towards the woods.

Keeping close inshore, for the water was still deep, he traversed the whole length of the reservoir until the water shoaled, and he found that if he wanted to he could wade ashore. He did not do so, but turning over on his back, floated luxuriously in what seemed to him to be the very pathway of the yellow moon.

But even to his hardened system the water was not too warm, for the hot spring days had been insufficient to remove entirely from it the winter chill. He therefore commenced to swim again, back towards his distant starting point.

And then it happened. He was half-way along the reservoir with the trees on his left at their thickest and almost coming down to the water's edge, when something cracked past his ear, hit the water close by, and seemed to him to ricochet into the distance. A moment later he distinctly heard a peculiar plunk.

"Good heavens," he muttered, "what's that?"

Treading water, he looked shorewards, and the phenomenon repeated itself.

Having fathomed so much, he did not wait to ask himself why anyone should be firing at him, but incontinently dived. And as he did so he was vaguely aware of the arrival of another bullet and a sharp pain across one shoulder. Then he was under water, swimming with all his might.

It was characteristic of Dick Wingate that he had swum towards the danger instead of away from it. The knowledge that he was being made a target of had only startled him for an instant. His immediate thought was to get hold of the perpetrator of the outrage.

He swam to the shore and he stood irresolute, the smart in his shoulder made him touch it with his hand and he became aware that it was grazed close to the strap of his swimming costume. A narrow escape indeed, he reflected grimly, and the determination to ferret out his assailant became intensified.

He was still debating in which direction to move when once again he thought he heard someone or something stir. It was different from the noise he had heard before, more like the stealthy withdrawal of a human being than the hasty flight of an animal, and it seemed to him to come from behind a clump of nearby bushes. A moment later, while he still hesitated, his doubts were put to rest. There reached his ears a half-stifled but unmistakable sneeze.

Wingate was behind those bushes in a

flash, just in time to seize a figure that was hobbling away with a curiously uneven gait.

"Got you!" he exclaimed triumphantly, his first action to run his hand over the other's clothing. "You devil!" he added in a different tone as he drew a revolver from the right-hand pocket of his prisoner's jacket.

For a moment the other struggled in his grip, and then, as if realising the futility of this, became suddenly quiet. He even contrived to force a laugh.

"You're barking up the wrong tree, my dear fellow, whoever you are," he said. "The chap who shot at you is a hundred yards away by now."

"Tell that to the fairies," was the contemptuous retort. "I'm not such a mug as to fall for a yarn like that. You're coming along with me to the police station straight away, and we'll see what they have to say. And remember this—if you try any monkey business I'll lay you out with the butt of your own revolver."

His captive laughed again, and this time, for no apparent reason, there seemed to be a genuine ring about his mirth.

"You're going to walk me through the town like this—in your bathing costume? Lord, we shall look a pretty pair."

"That's enough," was Wingate's peremptory rejoinder. "Keep your mouth shut until you open it to make your excuses to the police. Come along!"

He jerked his prisoner by the arm and set out along a path which he knew formed a short cut through the woodlands to the town. The man he had surprised hung back.

"Steady on," he panted, "I can't go at that rate; I'm lame."

The distance from where the woods ended to the police station was short, but it was quite sufficient for an ever-increasing crowd to collect and follow this intriguing pair. They reached the police station at last and disappeared within.

"For the love of Mike!" Superintendent Maxwell, working late on some overdue reports, gazed in amazement at the tableau of an unknown man in a still dripping bathing suit holding tightly to the arm of Mr. Sydney Kerle, who grinned at him with shameless effrontery, the pair of them being ushered in by a sergeant who had himself much ado to preserve his official decorum.

"For the love of Mike!" he repeated feebly, and then anger got the better of his astonishment.

"What's the meaning of this masquerade?" he demanded fiercely.

Wingate's tone was stern.

"I charge this man with attempted murder," he declared.

Maxwell eyed him for a moment. Then he picked up the pen he had dropped in his first surprise and drew a pad of paper towards him.

"Your name and full details of what has happened," he said crisply.

FRASER eyed Sydney Kerle with irate perplexity.

"Surely," the latter maintained, "the fact that my pistol barrel was clean proves that I didn't fire those shots. Moreover, there was a silencer attached to the weapon that did fire them—Wingate feels certain of that, and I know it, seeing that I heard them fired."

"Then what in the name of fortune,"

Fraser demanded, "were you hiding in the wood for at that time of night with a pistol in your pocket?"

"I had my own reasons for being in the wood," was the evasive reply, "and I think you'll agree that what happened at Stratmouth justifies me in carrying a revolver in a lonely neighborhood after dark. I fancy I should have been glad of it if I had met the gentleman who fired at Wingate face to face."

"Did you expect an attempt to kill Wingate to be made?"

"Good heavens, no—not then at any rate. In fact, I had no idea who was in the water and didn't recognise him definitely until we reached the police station."

"Do you know who fired at him?"

"No, I don't."

"But you have your suspicions?"

"**T**HAT'S another matter. There's a law against slander, and I'm saying nothing until I know."

"Might it have been the same man who tried to kill you—or me—at Stratmouth?"

"It might—but we don't know who that was."

"I don't, but I'm not so sure about you—now."

"Then you can be. I'll inform you categorically that I haven't the slightest idea, and never have had."

"If you are keeping anything back you ought to tell me, you will have to answer for it later on," Fraser said stiffly, whereat Kerle nodded in serene fashion. As the interview proceeded he had evinced less and less concern.

Superintendent Maxwell, waiting in the adjoining room, scowled when Fraser suggested that there was no reason for detaining Kerle longer. Never in all his experience had he known so irregular an evening. First, the arrival of Wingate in his bathing dress, grasping the sardonic Kerle; secondly, while he was questioning the former, the bursting in of Sir Philip Aldyce and Higgins with the erroneous information that Wingate must have been drowned; thirdly, their return to the reservoir to fetch Wingate's clothes and the consequent turning of his office into a dressing-room.

"Get off home and stay there," Fraser snapped at Kerle, "and don't leave this town until I give you permission."

Kerle departed with a sardonic bow, and directly he had limped away the superintendent turned to Fraser.

"Either that fellow's a pernicious little busy-body," he stated, "or he's cleverer than the rest of us put together."

And Fraser had an uncomfortable feeling that one of these statements might be right.

Aldyce drove Wingate home. "As a magistrate," he observed, "I take a very serious view of what has happened, especially having regard to events which have gone before. One is tempted to wonder sometimes if the police haven't lost their grip."

Wingate grunted. He was tired of the whole affair and only wanted to get to bed. Next morning, his expression still serious, Aldyce interviewed Fraser.

"I know you've got enough on your hands," he apologised, "but the fact is that Wingate's narrow escape has rendered me profoundly uneasy. One can't help putting two and two together, and the common link in all these crimes is obvious. With the single exception of Rose Lattimer, all the victims or intended victims have been

athletes prominent in the public eye. That brings me to my fiancée, Betty Hindwood. As you probably know, she stands an excellent chance of lifting the women's championship at Wimbledon, and if she does, she, too, will be a popular heroine."

"Fraser, that prospect frankly terrifies me. I'm not a demonstrative lover in public, but if anything happened to Betty I think I should go mad. I want her guarded. Fraser, with all the care and skill the Yard can employ. Can you give me an assurance that this will be done?"

Fraser, listening to this appeal with some surprise, wished his wife could have heard it, too. Would it, he wondered, have induced her to alter her expressed opinion regarding Aldyce and his fiancée?

"I have no doubt it can," he answered gravely. "I will pass on to Sir Henry Tallent what you say and feel sure that he will make arrangements for the necessary steps. I may say that this contingency had not entirely escaped the Yard."

Aldyce enveloped Fraser's hand in this sinewy grip.

"Thanks," he said; "I felt sure I shouldn't make the request in vain. My own protection is sufficient, of course, when we are together, but the most devoted lovers must be sometimes apart. I shall regard her absence now, however, with a more tranquil mind."

His attitude when he went away, indeed, seemed more carefree than before.

NOT far from the spot from which the shots had been fired at Dick Wingate, a young man in a blue serge suit sat concealed, a few nights later, amidst the undergrowth. In his pocket was a revolver, and, perhaps because he felt these days that he could rattle in few, he muttered continuously to himself:

"I'll make him pay, a'weip me if I don't. He needn't think he's going to double-cross me, the blighter!"

"Curse him," he grumbled, "what induced him to arrange to meet me here? Why couldn't he come down to Shadwell as he's done before?"

Then his mouth tightened, an ugly look convulsed his dejected face.

"Fraser this place ain't so bad after all—if he won't promise to pay up!"

He grinned evilly in the falling darkness and touched his bulging pocket.

"I reckon I know too much for your peace of mind, my lad. You're clever, but I've found out all about yer now. And you'll pay, pay me to keep my mouf shut, pay well yer will!"

There was the very faintest rustle from the bushes behind him, subtly different from the others, and yet so imperceptible that it is doubtful whether he would have remarked it even in his initially perturbed state. Then a pair of hands shot out and grasped his throat.

It was over very quickly, so quickly that the weapon in his pocket remained undrawn. Blackmail, on that occasion at least, was most effectually nipped in the bud.

With a contemptuous jerk of his wrists and forearm, his executioner heaved his body into the lake.

THE man in the blue serge suit was sprawling most unbecomingly in the shallows when Superintendent Maxwell and his police arrived to remove him at the urgent request of Higgins, who felt he could dispense with so depressing an adjunct to the lake's amenities.

"Poor devil," the superintendent ob-

served when he saw that the body was fully clothed; "accident or suicide, I wonder?"

He inclined to the latter theory when they found the revolver.

"Tossed up whether to drown or shoot himself, I shouldn't wonder, and drowning won. Oh well, it comes to the same thing in the end."

With which sapient remark he had the body taken to the mortuary.

He was debating with himself whether to ring up Fraser, when the inspector solved the difficulty by ringing up himself about another matter. Maxwell gave him the information he wanted and then casually mentioned the affair of the man in the blue serge suit.

"Nothing to worry you about this time, Fraser, I fancy. A suicide by the look of him. We do get 'em in the reservoir every now and then. Douglas, the M.O., is having a dekho at him now... eh, what's that?... hold on a minute, will you, Fraser."

From his end of the line the Scotland Yard man could hear a murmured conversation, and then Maxwell's voice came through again, alert this time with no trace of its former boredom.

"That you, Fraser? Listen, there's been an unexpected development. Douglas is here now and says the chap we fished out of the reservoir was strangled and not drowned. Dead before he got in the water, Douglas says. That means murder, and another mystery, but whether connected with these you're investigating I can't say. No, there's no means of identifying the fellow at present, but he's not a local man. Bit of a tough egg, I should say; you fellows may know something of him. You'll come over? Right, you'll find me at the station. So long till then."

Fraser rushed down in the car, along the now well-known route, taking with him Dakers from the Records department, whose memory for delinquents over a long period of years was kaleidoscopic. Dakers, however, when he saw the body, shook his head, but Fraser uttered a startled ejaculation.

"Know him?" Maxwell asked.

Fraser examined the cheap blue serge suit, shrunk and creased now from the action of the water, compared the wax and still agonised features with those he had barely glimpsed for an instant in the lamplight at Kerle's Stratmouth bungalow, and noted an exceptionally large gold signet ring on the little finger of the man's right hand.

"I do and I don't," he answered slowly. "I've little doubt this is the fellow who tried to shoot me that night at Stratmouth, but who he actually is I haven't the least idea."

He turned to Maxwell.

"I think, sir," he said, "that I should send for Sydney Kerle."

KERLE, telegraphed for, arrived with commendable promptitude, accompanied by a sergeant of the Stratmouth police who was acquainted with every local malefactor during the past twenty years. But all that either of them did was to stare at the figure at the mortuary without a sign of recognition.

"Never seen him in my life before," Kerle declared, and the sergeant made a like disclaimer.

"He's not a Stratmouth man, I'll take my oath of that," he said. "Sorry, gentlemen, but I can't help you at all."

"Well, that's that," Fraser answered

wryly: "I confess I hoped that one of you would be able to shed some light on the matter. He's got to be identified, that goes without saying."

Wasting no further time, he put himself in touch with the Yard, with the result that a full description of the murdered man was sent to both Press and B.B.C.

"Until we see whether that has any effect," he decided, "there's little more at the moment that we can do."

He made a point of leaving the police station in company with Sydney Kerle.

"Look here," he said abruptly, "there's a question I want to ask you, Kerle. I didn't raise it when I saw you just because we were discussing what seemed to be the more important subject of Wingate's attempted murder. But what made you turn your back on me at the cricket match the other day?"

Kerle looked supremely uncomfortable and bit his lip.

"I was a fool," he answered curtly, "and I apologise for my unpardonable rudeness which I trust you'll overlook."

"That's all right," Fraser said easily, "but what made you do it, man?"

"I'd rather not say," the other muttered. "I may tell you one day, but not now. Please accept my heartfelt apologies and let the matter rest."

Fraser was in his office there next morning when an unprepossessing individual was ushered in upon him.

"Well?" he asked, as the man stood before him twirling his hat in his hands and looking rather like a fly who has strayed by mistake into a spider's web.

"If you please, sir, my name's George Bigson, and I've come about that bit as was broadcast last night and what I read in the paper this morning—the bloke as was found drowned in Risefield Reservoir."

It was not suggested in the announcement that there had been foul play.

"Well?" Fraser asked again.

"Begging yer pardon for disturbing yer, guv'nor, but I thinks I knows who that might be."

"Who?"

"My pal, Joe—Joe Williams, that is. He told me as he was going down to Risefield ter see a man about a dog, and he ain't come back. Though 'ow he got inter that there reservoir is more than I can say."

"Who was he going to see?"

Fraser's informant looked still more uncomfortable, and twirled his hat faster in his hands.

"Begging yer pardon again, guv'nor, and not wishing you any offence, I'd like ter make sure it is my old pal Joe first before I answers that. A powerful bad temper 'as Joe, and he don't thank anyone for interfering in his affairs. If I could just get a dooko at 'im, see?"

Fraser rose.

"Very well: I'll drive you down and see if you can identify the body."

He was very quiet as they drove along and Fraser's grim silence did not tend to put him at his ease.

He found his tongue, however, as soon as he was shown the body.

"That's Joe sure enough," he declared, shrinking back.

Fraser watched the struggle of conflicting interests in the fellow's face, what he judged to be a real friendship for the dead man warring with an innate fear of saying too much.

"Now then, who was it he was going to see?" Finally friendship triumphed.

"The bloke 'e was going to meet," he grated "was called Sydney Kerle."

IT was one of Fraser's rules never to show surprise before an informant of this kind, but he had much ado to prevent his inward start being visible. "And how," he asked almost casually, "are you aware of that?"

"Becos he told me so hiself. He'd got it up against this Kerle bloke, Joe 'ad—said as Kerle was trying to double-cross him or something. But 'e said as 'e was going to make 'im pay."

"Make him pay? D'you mean he meant to kill Kerle? He'd a pistol in his pocket."

"No, I don't. 'E was going to make 'im pay in cash. 'E'd found art something abart Kerle as Kerle didn't guess of, and Joe was going ter make 'im stump up or else he'd blab. But Kerle must 'ave got 'is 'ands on Joe and killed 'im, and if ever I gets mine on 'im, I'll do ther same ter 'im."

"That'll do," Fraser said sharply. "What business were Kerle and Williams discussing together? Tell me that."

But Bigson shook his head.

"Search me," he answered simply. "Joe, 'e never told me nothing—only that Kerle was trying to do the dirty on 'im an' he weren't agoing to stand fer it."

"What had he found out about Kerle?"

"I dunno. A lot if yer asks me. 'Til make 'im pay,' 'e ses, 'but you be careful,' ses I, 'it ain't right fer you to go agetting money like that.' Poor Joe, if 'e'd always listened to me . . ."

"He'd probably have come to a sticky end before he did," Fraser interrupted unfeelingly.

Further questioning of the unsavory Bigson convinced him that he really had told all he knew.

One thing had to be done at once, and that was to confront Kerle with Bigson, who stated that he had met Kerle on one of his interviews with Williams. He therefore despatched a constable to the journalist's lodgings with the request that he should present himself at the police station at once.

As time passed and the constable did not return, Fraser began to wonder if the bird had already taken fright and flown, and leaving Bigson seated in a corner of the office, he crossed over to the window. There, to his relief, he saw the journalist and his escort just arriving, the former appearing to be in unwontedly good humor and chatting amiably to the constable.

"Good morning," was Fraser's somewhat sardonic greeting as the lame man entered; "allow me to present you to an old acquaintance of yours, George Bigson."

Kerle turned towards the latter with lack-lustre eyes and Bigson, who had sprung to his feet, uttered a fierce ejaculation.

"Gor' blimey," he exclaimed, "that little runt ain't Sydney Kerle!"

THERE was a moment's astounded silence, broken by Kerle. His tone was mild enough, though his eyes behind their round glasses held more than a touch of satire.

"Perhaps you've got the names mixed up, Fraser. Perhaps I'm George Bigson and he's Sydney Kerle. What's all this about, by the way? Another brilliant exposition of barking up the wrong tree?"

Never in his life had Fraser felt such a fool.

"I've been a confounded idiot," he growled, "and I owe you an apology. This man"—despite himself he scowled at the innocent

George Bigson—"after telling me that he was a friend of the fellow who was found in the reservoir yesterday, whose name, incidentally, is Joseph Williams, went on to say that Williams was in mysterious association with someone called Sydney Kerle. I'm afraid I jumped to conclusions and sent for you to—er—see what light you could shed upon the matter. Now," he finished rather lamely, "he says it wasn't you."

Kerle's eyes twinkled behind their glasses.

"Most annoying and distressing, Sherlock. Queer how I keep bobbing up, isn't it, even if it's only a false alarm? I warned you I was a queer cove not long ago. Not queer enough though to masquerade as a big 'ulking chap with a black beard—I might manage the beard, but could never be big and 'ulking. It's interesting, all the same. Without reaching your Olympian heights of detection, Sherlock, I deduce that someone's been impersonating me—in name if not in appearance. I wonder who?"

"So do I," Fraser grated. He had flushed under Kerle's sarcasm, but felt that he deserved it all the same.

STILL mentally kicking himself, Fraser returned to the Yard to find an unexpected visitor awaiting him. It was Dicky Wingate, and Fraser smiled as he shook hands.

"Hullo, Wingate; you haven't come to ask me to play for Wessex, have you? I'm not qualified for one thing, and for another I haven't the time."

"No," the young cricketer answered, "I haven't, though we could jolly well do with you. I can tell you that. No, it's about Betty—Miss Hindwood, you understand?"

"I understand," the inspector told him gravely. "What about her?"

The other hesitated. "I don't want you to think I've a bee in my bonnet, but I'm a bit concerned about her safety," he said slowly.

"I see; in what way?"

"Well, all these happenings lately make one think. There's no doubt there's a bloke about whose hobby is bumping off people in the public eye—sportsmen and sports-women, I mean. Now Betty's going to be very much in the public eye—she's a certainty for the women's Wimbledon title, if you ask me. Pity if she got bumped off too, wouldn't it?"

"It would," Fraser agreed. The other's casual manner did not deceive him. Beneath it was a very real feeling for the girl to whom he referred.

"You're not the only one with that idea, Wingate," he went on. "Alldyce came along with much the same suggestion. I can assure you that Miss Hindwood is already being well looked after."

"Alldyce?" Wingate repeated in surprise. "I shouldn't have thought he'd have had the imagination, or that much thoughtfulness for others. You mean that you fellows have already got your eye on her?"

"I do. Miss Hindwood will be unostentatiously guarded as long as we think it necessary."

Wingate fidgeted. "That's jolly good of you, of course, but . . . but . . . Look here, Fraser. I hope you won't think it awful cheek, but what I was going to suggest was this: Couldn't Betty go and stay with your missus for a bit? I should feel more satisfied if she was under your own eye, and Betty's fallen for your wife—she told me so."

"I'm not so sure," Fraser said thoughtfully, "that it isn't an excellent idea. If you'll wait a minute, I'll ring Mary up."

He did so. "She'll be delighted," he told the cricket. "As a matter of fact the pair of them have arranged to lunch together to-day. She'll invite Betty then, giving no reasons of course—we don't want Miss Hindwood to get the notion that she may be in any danger. Wouldn't do her tennis any good."

"And don't let her know that it was my suggestion, Fraser. Thanks, awfully, old man; I hardly dared to hope that you'd agree."

He shook hands warmly and departed, and Fraser, comparing him mentally with Alldrye, joined his wife in wondering how Betty could have preferred the latter.

FRASER'S after-luncheon appointment was another interview with George Bigson, this time in Shadwell, where Bigson had undertaken to conduct the inspector to Joe Williams' erstwhile rooms.

Bigson met him looking glum. "I ain't fahmed nothing out about that bloke, guv'nor," he lamented. "No one don't seem to have had anything to do wiv 'im except poor Joe. Kept 'imself to 'imself, Joe did, and 'is business, too."

"An excellent maxim," Fraser observed; "not that it brought your friend Joe much luck in the end after all. But Joe's business, I imagine, was calculated to lead him eventually to the finish it did."

George Bigson grunted. He had no wish to discuss Joe's business with anyone—even the scanty portion of it with which he was acquainted.

Williams, Fraser found, had lodged with a slatternly woman and her husband, occupying a bedroom and having his meals with the family. Fraser was soon subjecting the tiny bedroom to an intensive search.

He found nothing; nothing, that is to say, connecting Williams with the affair at Stratmouth. Nor could he be linked up with any of the crimes which Fraser was investigating, although there were clues to certain other nefarious activities concerning which the inspector would have been glad to interview him, had he been alive.

He desisted from his search at last and turned to Bigson, whom he had kept by him and who had been watching his efforts with unconcealed disquiet, obviously afraid that something might turn up at variance with his own cloak of assumed virtue. But though Fraser himself had had similar expectations, nothing did. Up to a point, Williams had been careful.

"Where did your pal interview his—er—clients?" he asked. "Up here or downstairs?"

"Downstairs," Bigson told him. "He could always get the front parlor if he wanted it. He'd seen the black-bearded bloke there, I know, the only time I ever clapped eyes upon 'im."

"Good," Fraser observed. "We'll go downstairs."

Bigson heaved a sigh of relief. There wasn't likely to be anything compromising about the room downstairs—to him. He led the way there with alacrity.

Fraser gave the frowzy apartment a cursory examination. Then he asked the landlady for pen, ink, and paper, and got them—of a kind.

"Sit down," he ordered the astonished Bigson, "and write what I tell you. You can write, I presume?"

"Yes, guv'nor, I can, but . . ."

"No 'buts' about it, my lad; you just take down what I say. The spelling can be your own, and you can translate it into your own lingo afterwards. Now then, ready?"

Slowly he dictated, while Bigson's pen wandered laboriously over the paper, and while he wrote the scribe's eyes grew rounder still. Presently Fraser took the paper and read it through.

"Now," he said, handing it back again, "you can copy it out as you'd write it yourself."

Once more the mystified man did as he was told, and when he had finished Fraser went through it carefully again, after which he put it in his pocket.

"Excellent," he smiled; "couldn't be better, Bigson. I'll see that it reaches its destination. I'd better have the original as well."

"Wot's the game, guv'nor?" his "secretary" demanded. "D'you mean ter say, yer know . . ."

"I mean to say that you're to ask no questions, and to keep a still tongue in your head about this. If there's any hitch, I shall know you've talked, and woe betide you. You understand?"

Bigson cringed. "Yus, guv'nor," he whined, "I understand."

"Then you can clear off; I don't want you any more. And, remember, hold your tongue."

Fraser himself went home, calling at the Yard en route. As he slid a certain letter into the post his expression was grim. Would the fly on receipt of it walk into the spider's web?

Something told him that it would.

He reached his flat to find that Betty Hindwood had lost no time and was already installed. The three of them spent a pleasant evening, undisturbed for once by the telephone or any other distraction.

THE following morning found him once more in the Shadwell downstairs parlor, seated at a table tucked away in the corner of the room.

On the table a mirror was cunningly arranged to give him a view of anyone entering through the doorway before they could catch sight of him. A couple of overlapping books concealed a police automatic lying ready to his hand.

He had been there an hour, and it still wanted fifteen minutes before he expected a certain visitor to arrive. But there had been a few preparations to make and he had wished to forestall a possible preliminary reconnaissance by the individual in question, though this as far as he could tell, had not taken place.

It was five minutes past the appointed time when he heard a footstep in the tiny passage outside. His eyes fixed on the mirror, his hand lightly resting on the concealed weapon, he sat tense.

The door, pictured in the mirror, was flung open, and framed on the threshold he saw a big man with concealing dark glasses and a black beard. He stepped into the room, caught sight of Fraser at his table, and turned and shot out again without a word. Behind him the door slammed and there was the sound of running footsteps in the street.

Leisurely, Fraser rose and stretched his arms. There was no need of hurry or pursuit. A grim smile twisted his features. Beard and dark glasses notwithstanding, he had recognised his man.

Deliberately, it seemed, he gave the other time to get away. Then he strolled outside, and still without hurry made his way back to Scotland Yard.

For the second time that day after he had visited headquarters and his home he presented himself to Williams' former landlady and demanded admittance. She

looked scared, he noticed, but drew aside to let him in and he strode straight into the room where he had sat that morning with the mirror on the table. Standing at the further end of it was the bearded man.

Fraser walked straight up to him. "Now," he said sternly, "we'll see what's underneath this masquerade."

Reaching out, he took hold of the beard and pulled. But to his surprise it failed to come away in his hand as he had thought it would. It was obviously fixed and real.

At the same instant he heard a sound behind him. He swung half-round, but too late. Something heavy crashed upon his skull and heards, or anything else for that matter, ceased to interest Inspector Geoffrey Fraser.

FRASER recovered consciousness to find himself securely trussed up and gagged. He was lying almost in complete darkness in a cupboard, but there seemed to be cords pulled tightly round his knees and ankles and his hands were fastened behind his back.

He had only one consolation. In spite of the fact that his head ached in intolerable fashion and that he felt sick and faint, he did not think that he had been too severely hurt.

Rolling over, he managed to bring his feet with a satisfactory crash against the cupboard door. He did it again and again, resolved not to desist until someone came or he had contrived to splinter the not-too-robust structure.

After what seemed an age, he heard footsteps and a key grating in a lock. The next moment the door was opened and the light, striking on his eyeballs, shot a spasm of agony through his head. Involuntarily for an instant he closed his eyes. When he opened them again it was to recognise the woman of the house. She looked more scared than ever, but though her expression was pitying, she had a knife in her hand.

For a moment Fraser wondered grimly what that knife was for. Then he felt it sawing at his bonds.

In a few moments he was free, the gag out of his mouth, trying to rub back the circulation into his limbs. Then he stretched out an arm and the woman helped him to his feet. He swayed as he stood and then staggered to a chair.

"Water," he murmured, and she turned and ran from the room.

She came back with a glass. Fraser drank its contents greedily and immediately felt better. If he stayed where he was for a few minutes he believed he would be able to take the situation in hand.

Gingerly, he felt the back of his head. There was a lump there of considerable size, but again he felt certain there was no material damage. That, more than anything else, assisted his recovery.

"Thanks," he said at last; "I take it you had no part in what has happened?"

Up to now she had seemed too frightened to speak, but all at once her words came with a rush.

"No, swelp me, guv'nor, that I hadn't. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I saw them strike you down. They told me I wasn't to let you out of that cupboard neither, but I couldn't leave you there, I couldn't, not even if they do crash me as they said they would."

"Oh, they threatened to do that, did they? Well, I'll see you're looked after, Mrs. . . ."

"Bemyle, sir, that's my name."

"Very good, Mrs. Bemyle; you'll find I'm not ungrateful. Now then, who is that man

with the black beard and where does he live?"

She shook her head. "That, sir, I can't tell you—I would if I could. I only know he's a pal of Joe Williams. I've seen him once or twice before. But who he is or where he hangs out I couldn't say."

"H'm; has he always worn that beard?" Mrs. Smayle looked surprised.

"Why, yes, sir; ever since I've known him, that is."

"Thanks, and the second man, the one who must have struck me down. Do you know him?"

"No, sir, that I don't."

He regarded her closely. "This second man wasn't by any chance your husband, I suppose?"

She appeared shocked. "Oh, no, sir; Bill ain't much of a bloke, I allow, but he don't go in for that."

"Nevertheless," Fraser insisted, "I'd like a word with him, if you know where he is."

"Oh, I know where he is all right," was the bitter reply. "Propping up the street corner, as usual. But 'e wasn't the one as 'it you, I'll take me oath of that."

"Never mind; fetch him," Fraser ordered.

Muttering something, she walked out into the street and the inspector settled down to await the arrival of Mr. Smayle.

Eventually the Smayles returned, and a glance showed him that the husband was not the man he had seen outside the house. Moreover, though a typical loafer and idler, he had not the appearance of a thug.

Fraser questioned him sharply, but was soon convinced that he had had no hand in what had occurred.

Five minutes later Fraser was at the local police station, giving the best description of his assailants that he could.

"The chap with the beard," the superintendent told him, "is pretty obvious. He's known as Pile, alias lots of other things. But I'm afraid what you say about the other fits the majority of men about here. But we'll rope black beard in for you, never fear, and he'll probably give away his pal. I'll station a couple of plainclothes men in that street too to look after Mrs. Smayle. Nothing against her that we know of, though her lodgers are more than a bit questionable sometimes. She seems to have done her best for you."

"She did," Fraser agreed, "and I don't want her to suffer in consequence. Now, if one of your fellows could get hold of a taxi for me . . ."

One was quickly obtained, and Fraser, as he was bowled towards Wimbledon, contemplated with anticipation Mary's ministrations to his aching head. The superintendent had promised to give him a ring directly the police had laid their hands on Pile.

The taxi drew up outside his own particular block of flats, and with a sigh of relief he paid off the driver and hurried through the entrance—to be confronted immediately by the woebegone and harassed visage of Sydney Kerle.

"THANK goodness," the lame man exclaimed, "you've come at last! I'd begun to wonder if you'd disappeared as well."

"As well?" Fraser jerked. "What do you mean? Who's disappeared?"

"Your wife and Betty Hindwood. At least I'm afraid they have; I can't make it out. But I'd better tell you everything from the beginning, else you won't understand."

"Come upstairs into the flat," Fraser answered wearily. "I can't talk here. I must sit down."

He led the way into the lift and they were shot up to his floor. Kerle regarded him with concern as they entered the flat. He hadn't expected his news, inconclusive as it was, to have so great an effect.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You look ill. Don't worry too much yet. I expect they'll turn up. . . . Good heavens!"

For Fraser had staggered to a chair and incontinently fainted.

By the time he came round, to find Kerle bending over him, the brandy bottle in his hand, the journalist had discovered the damage to his head.

"I think," he said grimly, "you'd better tell me your story first, as soon as you feel able."

Bringing into play the knowledge acquired in his medical student days, he examined the effects of the blow and came to the conclusion that they were superficial. The inspector, indeed, soon threw off his faintness and while Kerle was busying himself with the appropriate treatment gave him a brief account of his two excursions to Shadwell.

"Now," he concluded anxiously, "what's this about Betty Hindwood and my wife?"

Kerle, who had listened without comment to Fraser's recital, pursed his lips.

"I'll tell you," he said. "There may be nothing in it, but it's curious all the same."

"Something after twelve this morning I called here to see you, having ascertained previously that you were not at the Yard. What about doesn't matter at the moment—the point is that you weren't here either. Mrs. Fraser, however, received me charmingly and asked me to stay to lunch. The upshot of our conversation was that I persuaded her and Miss Hindwood to come out to lunch with me, taking them to a little restaurant I know of just off Piccadilly."

"After lunch, I suggested taking them to the pictures but your wife said that now they were in the centre of things they would rather do some shopping instead, so we arranged to meet later and have some tea. I thereupon went off to my club, having settled to meet them outside the Ritz at four o'clock. I duly arrived there, a little before my time, but they didn't turn up. To cut a long story short, I waited until five, and then, feeling that there must have been some misunderstanding, telephoned to see if they had arrived home. They hadn't, so I came along to explain things to them when they did turn up. I was just coming away, rather mystified, when I ran into you."

"Oh, well," Fraser smiled, "I expect their shopping took them longer than they expected. You know what women are when they get into shops. I'm sorry you had to kick your heels, but no doubt they'll turn up about dinner time, full of contrition when they find you here. Don't worry about that, Kerle."

But Kerle's serious expression did not alter.

"Fraser," he said, "you didn't tell me who you recognised the black-bearded man to be—the first one, not the second."

"Why," Fraser asked sharply, "do you want to know?"

"Because when we left this flat I noticed a man with a black beard in the road outside, and I'm pretty certain I glimpsed him for a moment in Piccadilly later on."

Fraser sprang to his feet.

"Why on earth," he demanded almost violently, "didn't you say so before? That man was . . ."

The shrill ring of the telephone interrupted him. He strode over to the instrument and took down the receiver, and as he listened Kerle saw his hand clench and his face grow paler than before.

"MARY, I rather like that little man."

"Do you?" Mary Fraser said doubtfully. "I'm not so sure. I think it takes more than one day's acquaintanceship to sum up Sydney Kerle."

"Anyway, he gave us a jolly good lunch and now he's going to stand us tea. I call it jolly decent of him, especially as he doesn't really know us."

"That's just it," Mary answered slowly.

"It makes one wonder why . . ."

The two girls walked out into the Piccadilly sunshine and as they did so a burly, black-bearded man strode forward, lifting his hat.

"Mrs. Fraser?" he inquired in a gruff, deep voice.

"Yes," Mary answered, "I am Mrs. Fraser. Who . . .?"

"I'm Dr. Vinson; I'm afraid I've got some serious news for you. Your husband . . ."

"Yes?" Mary asked him, with a catch of her breath.

"Has met with an accident in Shadwell—a blow on the head. He is in a nursing home. I think you had better let me drive you there."

For an instant the street seemed to swirl round Mary. She knew that Geoffrey had come to Shadwell that morning, and some instinct had told her that there was danger attached to his mission.

"Is he," she asked, "very bad?"

The bearded man peered at her through his thick glasses.

"It's serious, as I said, but not necessarily fatal. He had recovered consciousness when I saw him last and was asking for you. You will come?"

"Of course I will come. And you, Betty?"

"Yes, I'll come with you. You poor darling, I'm so sorry."

"Good," the doctor said in tones of satisfaction. "The nursing home, I may tell you, is some way out of London but was the most suitable for the purpose. I've parked my car in St. James' Square, if you will walk there with me."

He strode off rapidly, so rapidly that the two girls were hard put to keep up with him. Mary set this down to his anxiety to get back to the patient, and this increased her own foreboding regarding Geoffrey. He seemed disinclined to talk, but she did manage to get in one question.

"How did you know where to find us, Dr. Vinson?"

"Ran into Kerle," he said gruffly, "who let me know where you were when I mentioned the matter to him. Here's my car. Jump in both of you; the less we discuss the matter the sooner we'll be there."

They took their places in the back of the big saloon, and the doctor, after tipping the individual in charge of the car park, drove out into Jermyn Street and then turned eastwards.

They ran through Stratford, Hford and Romford and then Mary leaned forward and asked how much farther they had to go.

"Not far," was the reassuring reply; "only to Brentwood, we'll soon be there."

"I expect," he said, "you ladies would not be averse to a drop of tea. I've a thermos here with me, and with your permission, Mrs. Fraser, I'm going to lace it with a

spot of brandy. Nothing like brandy to pull one together, eh?"

In spite of her anxiety to reach her husband, Mary heard this proposition with relief. Tea, she felt, with or without the addition of the brandy, was just what she needed.

The driver produced the flask. "I'm afraid," he apologised, "there's only the one cup, so you'd better take it in turn and let me have it afterwards. Here you are, Mrs. Fraser; it's not too hot, I fear, so you'd better drink it quickly."

He handed her the metal cup and she swallowed its contents down as he directed. They tasted queer, she thought, and it occurred to her that she would have preferred the tea without the addition of the brandy after all. Laughing at her grimace, he refilled the cup and passed it on to Betty.

"Now then, Miss Hindwood, sharp's the word. I want to get back to Inspector Fraser."

Betty obediently drank it off, and immediately turned sharply as Mary lurched heavily against her. Her eyes were closed, and for a moment Betty thought that she had fainted.

"Doctor, doctor . . ." she began, and then her words slurred into something unintelligible and died away. Her eyes, too, closed, and she slumped into the corner of the seat. The cup clattered from her fingers.

THE sun, shining through a barred window, awoke Mary to the realisation that she had a splitting headache and a vile taste in her mouth that was almost beyond analysis. She also became gradually aware that she was lying on a bed, still clad in her outdoor garments, save that her hat and shoes had been removed.

Betty, she discovered, lay beside her in similar fashion, still asleep. She opened her eyes, however, when Mary shook her, though at first there was little comprehension in them.

"Where am I?" she muttered drowsily. "What's happened? I feel as if I'd been dead and just come back to life."

In that case, she was lucky, Mary reflected. She herself felt only half alive. And what on earth had happened?

For a while—Betty had apparently dropped off to sleep again—she lay and watched the barred window. Then she made an attempt to swing her legs off the bed and stand.

It wasn't a very successful attempt at first. The room swam round her and the pain in her head came back. Even by holding on to the end of the bed she found she couldn't stand. She was glad to sink down on it again and rest.

Once more her head cleared and she found that by hanging on to everything within reach she was able to stagger across the room until she reached the window. It was high up, almost at the level of her head, but by standing on tip-toe she found she could see out.

What she saw made her catch her breath. She watched for a few moments and then made her unsteady way back to the bed with the intention of reawakening Betty.

In this she was at length successful, but, as in her case, it was some time before the younger girl felt fit enough to essay the crossing of the floor. With mutual assistance, however, they were presently back at the window.

What intrigued both girls more than the

unexpected and cheerless view, which even the brilliant rays of the morning sun could not render inspiring, was the figure of a man in rubber thigh boots who was wading about in the mud of the creek itself. He seemed to be inspecting the remnants of what had once been a ruined quay or jetty, now only a few odd posts standing forlornly in the slime. Going to each in turn, he shook them violently as if to test their stability, and to two of the larger he paid particular attention.

"Dr. Vinson," Betty breathed. "What on earth's he doing? And, Mary, what are we doing here? We must have slept all night!"

Mary was already aware of that. Her wrist watch, still ticking, pointed to half-past five. She wound it mechanically now to prevent its running down, and drew her younger companion a little closer to her.

"I'm afraid," she said, as lightly as she could, "that we've tumbled into a spot of trouble."

On a washstand in a corner stood a basin and a jug filled with water to the brim. Betty drank deeply from this and then gave vent to a sigh of sheer relief.

"That's great," she said, "you'd better have some, too."

After a second's hesitation, Mary complied. The thought had crossed her mind that this water, too, might be doctored. But Betty seemed to be suffering no ill effects, and her own thirst was intolerable. She also felt a different person when she had gulped it down.

They returned to the window and saw that the bearded man was still pottering about among the piles. Betty's eyes, perhaps because her brain was clearer after her draught of water, were more troubled than before. She was regarding him with peculiar intensity.

"Who is this Dr. Vinson?" she asked. "And why should he carry us off like this?"

"Answer number one," Mary returned, "is that his real name is almost certainly not Dr. Vinson. Answer number two, that I haven't the slightest idea."

Just then Betty beckoned her urgently and she slipped back to see the bearded man laboriously ploughing his way towards the shingle. He was half-way across this when he caught sight of them peering through the glass, and immediately waved his hand, a salutation to which neither of them felt like making any response. They saw that he was grinning as he approached the house.

He disappeared round the side of this, and it was some time before they heard his footsteps outside their door. There came the grate of a key in the lock, and he entered, refastening the door behind him. He had discarded his rubber boots, and the quite unembarrassed grin still twisted his features.

"Good morning, ladies," he remarked. "I see you have awakened. How are you feeling? A little, I fear, like the morning after the night before."

Mary regarded him in stony fashion. "Perhaps," she was beginning, "you will be good enough to explain . . ." when a scream from Betty interrupted her. She swung round just in time to catch the look of horror on her face, and then to catch the girl herself as she pitched forward in a dead faint.

When Fraser interrupted his talk with Kerle to answer the telephone, he found that the Shadwell superintendent was at the other end.

"Well," he remarked cheerfully, "we've

got your bearded friend Filey for you, also the chap who actually slugged you, Parsons by name. We're holding them on a charge of assault."

"Quick work!" Fraser approved. "What's Filey got to say for himself?"

"Quite a lot. Says he was employed by a man named Sydney Kerle to stand outside your flat and, if possible, lure you into following him down to Shadwell. If he was successful, Parsons was to be handy and they were to knock you out. Actually, he declares, Kerle's idea was for you to be killed outright, but the virtuous Filey claims that he couldn't bring himself to this and arranged with Parsons merely to stun you. He takes great credit for this, by the way, and appears to think we ought to release him on the strength of it at once."

I DARE say. Probably such a small matter as knocking a man senseless counts as nothing with Master Filey. Well, it may count something in his favor if it can be proved later that he didn't live up to his full instructions. Had he any comment to make about his resemblance to the other bearded man—who, of course, was made up to look like him?"

The superintendent appeared to hesitate at this.

"Are you sure, Inspector, you're on the right track there?" he asked. "Filey doesn't appear to know anything about another bearded man. Sydney Kerle he describes as quite a different kind of fellow—a small clean-shaven man with glasses and a limp."

Fraser's hand clenched.

"What!" he almost shouted. "He says that?"

"He does. Sticks to it, too. Says he'll identify him if he's brought along. D'you happen to know anyone of that description?"

"Yes," Fraser told him grimly. "I do."

He thought hard for a moment or two. "Keep that precious pair in safe custody," he said at last. "You'll probably see me again later."

He replaced the receiver and turned to Kerle, who was looking as if he wished he could hear what was being said at the other end of the line, his face set.

"That," he said slowly, "was the Shadwell police. They've got Filey—who swears that he was bribed to kill me by Sydney Kerle, a small man with a limp. Have you any comment to make on that?"

For once, Kerle's coolness seemed to desert him. He stood tongue-tied.

"Yes," he replied at last. "It's a lie!"

"Is it, I wonder?" Fraser returned. All his initial suspicions of Kerle were coming back with a rush. "I know, of course, who the original bearded man is, whom I induced to walk into my trap at Shadwell and thus reveal his identity. But suppose you are in league with him, have been in league with him all along?"

"Go on," the other remarked quietly. "Let's see what else you have to say."

"I am inveigled down to Shadwell to be knocked out. In the meantime you call for my wife and Miss Hindwood, and they disappear. If any hurt comes to them through you, Kerle, I'll deal with you with my own hands if it costs me my position in the Force. In any case you will accompany me to Shadwell at once to be identified by Filey."

"No," was the calm reply. "I shan't."

He turned on his heel as if to leave the room, but Fraser stretched out an arm and hauled him back.

"No," he said, between set teeth, "you don't!"

At which moment the telephone rang again.

Still holding Kerle by the arm, Fraser answered it. Only one sentence was spoken and then the line went dead, but it had the effect of turning Fraser's already pale face a ghastly white.

"I think," said Kerle, watching him, "I know who put through that call. It was, shall we designate him, bearded man number one? And he has got your wife."

Fraser's fingers dug into his arm.

"If you . . . if you . . ." he began thickly, and then, with a sudden flash of temper, Kerle wrenched himself free.

"I'm going . . ." he commenced, only to see the inspector advancing to regain his hold.

Unexpectedly, the lame man's fist shot out, catching Fraser on the point of the chin. He sagged and dropped, and Kerle did not spare him a second look.

"It saves time and serves the blighter right," he muttered as he left the room.

IT was with a bitter feeling of frustration that Fraser, for the second time that day, recovered consciousness.

He recalled the message he had received just before being knocked out, and swore. Then he put himself into communication with the Yard.

The hours that followed, Fraser found the longest in his experience, or so it seemed to him as he waited for intelligence of Kerle to come in.

Recent events had not shaken Fraser's theory which he had expressed to Tallent after his initial visit to Shadwell. Rather had they strengthened it, both as regards the identity of the criminal and his motive. Where he had erred, however, he now believed was in assuming that there was only one criminal involved. Kerle would seem to have been an accomplice, if nothing worse.

It was close upon midnight before anything tangible came through. Then Fraser's telephone rang again and he heard the voice of his old friend Superintendent Maxwell, of Risefield, at the other end.

"Well," he remarked, "we've got him—Sydney Kerle, I mean. Two of my fellows are bringing him along to you now."

Fraser heaved a sigh of vast relief.

"Thank heaven for that. Where did you find him?"

A chuckle came down the line.

"Not very far away. In his own digs, to be precise."

"In his digs!" Fraser echoed sharply. "Do you mean to say you've been all these hours running him to earth there? Not very sharp work, I'm afraid, Superintendent."

"Sharp work be blowed!" was the aggrieved reply. "It couldn't have been much sharper. We only had the information from the Yard that he was wanted about a quarter of an hour ago—a bit of a muddle at your end, I fear. I cut down to his digs with a sergeant myself, and there we found my lord—asleep."

"Asleep!" Fraser exclaimed.

"Very much asleep—doped in fact. But we brought him round; he couldn't have taken much of the stuff."

"Did he try to escape?"

"Not he. In fact, he raved like a madman when he saw what the time was, and said that he must get back to you at once. Matter of life and death, he declared. He wouldn't attempt to tell us how he'd got the dope on board, only shouted to be allowed to go to you. Insisted on taking a pistol with him—the sergeant escorting him is taking charge of it—by the way. He's a queer fish, and I don't understand him, but you'll have him with you soon."

"Thanks," Fraser said slowly. "Sorry I

cut up rough about the time; the mistake, as you say, must have originated at the Yard, and I'll make inquiries. As for Kerle, I'll see what I can make of him when he arrives."

It was not long afterwards that Maxwell's sergeant and a constable arrived with Sydney Kerle between them. The little man looked pale and haggard, and Fraser's initial angry words died away in face of his obvious distress.

"For heaven's sake, Fraser," he implored, "stop these fellows treating me like a criminal. We've wasted too much time already."

"We've wasted!" the inspector repeated. "I like that. You knock me out and do a bolt and then squeal because you're under arrest."

"Arrest be hanged!" the other said fiercely. "I knocked you out because you preferred to believe a pack of lies stuffed by some thug into a policeman's thick head in Shadwell and tried to detain me when I meant to go back to Risefield and get my automatic. Well, I've got it—a few hours late—or, rather, this sergeant is kindly carrying it for me. Arrest me if you like, put me in the cells—and you'll never see your wife alive again."

"Is that a threat?"

"No, you numbskull. It's a plain statement of fact. I, and I alone, know where she most probably is at this moment. Why do you think I was doped directly I got back to my rooms? Because someone suspected that I might know too much. You've got to trust me, Fraser, you've got to—or your wife and Betty Hindwood will die."

He glanced at the clock.

"It may," he added sombrely, "be too late already."

Fraser's eyes burned into his, as if trying to read the lame man's inmost soul.

"Very well, Kerle," he said at last, "I'll trust you—and heaven help you if you play me false."

THEN get out your car," Kerle snapped; "we've a long drive before us. It'll hold four, I suppose? Good! We'd better take these Risefield fellows with us, can't afford to wait for anyone from the Yard."

The Risefield sergeant interposed. It was evident he was not unnaturally mystified at the turn of events.

"We can't go gallivanting off anywhere without our super's orders," he announced stolidly, and Kerle commenced to dance with impatience.

Fraser rang up Maxwell, and as quickly as possible explained how matters stood.

"Can you lend me your fellows until tomorrow?" he asked.

Maxwell, who was spending longer hours in his office these days than he could ever remember, hum'd and ha'd.

"Oh, well," he said doubtfully at last, "you'd better have them if you want them. But you'll have to put the matter right with my chief constable if there's any fuss."

"I'll do that," Fraser promised, "thanks awfully."

There was fated to be another interruption before they left. Fraser's parlormaid, who had refused to go to bed until there was some news of her missing mistress, ushered in an unexpected visitor.

It was Dicky Wingate.

He surveyed the assembled group with evident astonishment, but wasted no time in greetings.

"Fraser," he asked abruptly, "Betty—is she all right?"

"As far as we know," was the inspector's evasive reply. "Why?"

"She is safe—here?"

Fraser sighed. It seemed to him that further explanations were due.

"Why?" he asked again. "What's the matter?"

"This," the cricketer answered, and handed him a sheet of paper.

"I went to the theatre to-night," he jerked. "That was waiting for me when I returned to my rooms. It came by post."

Fraser opened up the folded sheet. It was of large post quarto size and bore a series of drawings in pen and ink which explained themselves.

The first was of a boxer, clad in his ring attire and with the gloves still on his hands, reeling back from a man in the act of firing at him with a pistol; the remainder were similar, a rugby footballer, stumbling as he made for the line, the ball tucked under his arm, a girl in bathing dress, an oarsman stroking his boat, a man swimming. In every case was shown the man with the pistol in the act of firing, and in that of the male swimmer the bullet was shown ricocheting along the water, and the word "missed!" was inserted in printed capitals.

Another point was that the characters were easily recognisable; the portrait of Chalmers was fair, those of Rose Latimer, Lawrence and Alan Grierson definitely good. The man with the pistol was an exception to this rule. Where shown, his face was left featureless, save that once an ironical ? formed a semblance of a nose.

But it was at the last picture of all that Fraser gazed the hardest. Betty Hindwood on a tennis court was in the act of serving to an opponent who was the same pistol-armed man, the only difference being that he was about to fire instead of in the act. This time, too, his features were shown, but they bore no likeness to anyone Fraser knew. His face expressed a leer of triumph.

There were two significant omissions, Fraser noted, in this ironic pictorial serial. Neither Joe Williams nor Mary Fraser were included, which tended to confirm his reasoning that events had forced, or induced, the murderer to go outside his original schedule. But Williams' fate showed that there was small comfort regarding Mary's safety to be deduced from this.

Wingate pointed to the last picture.

"You see," he said evenly, "I have reason to ask you 'where is Betty?'"

Fraser's face was very grave. "We have reason to believe," he answered, "that Betty and my wife are in the power of the man who probably drew this. Have you the envelope?"

Wingate's mouth tightened, but he handed it over without unnecessary comment. It was an ordinary cream laid envelope addressed to him in straggling capitals and bore the postmark W.I.

"Nothing to be gauged from this," Fraser decided. "We'd better start."

"So I should think," Kerle muttered.

Kerle edged towards the door, only to pause with a muffled curse when Fraser went to the telephone and asked for Scotland Yard. His apparent dilatoriness, combined with what he himself had gone through, plainly set the little man's nerves on edge. But Fraser was one of those people who grow cooler the nearer a crisis approaches, and who seldom had to reproach himself for failure on the score of lack of preparation.

"Where are we going?" Wingate asked, when he had finished his conversation, "and who is the man who drew these pictures? How, too, did . . ."

Fraser checked him with uplifted hand. "I'll tell you that presently," he said. "Kerle here has something to explain more fully as well. But we'll sort things out when we're in the car. Come along!"

HAVING decided to trust Sydney Kerle, Fraser did so fully. He had handed him back his confiscated pistol, and was armed himself. Wingate, who had changed from his evening clothes into a tweed suit before setting out to consult Fraser about the ominous drawings he had received by post, had also slipped a small automatic into his pocket. The only unarmed member of the party, therefore, was the constable, and he possessed a pair of fists which looked as if they could give more than a good account of themselves at close quarters.

Fraser was driving, with Kerle by his side, and Wingate and the constable in the rear. Under Kerle's directions they took the same road to Brentwood that the bearded man and his passengers had traversed that afternoon. After Brentwood they turned right through Billericay and Wickford, and presently emerged into a land of marsh and cart-track which in the light of a moon that was hidden continually by fleecy clouds, appeared to Fraser to be the epitome of desolation.

"Where on earth are we making for?" he asked at last.

"Wait and see," he snapped, "you'd probably only dub me a liar again if I told you."

The inspector bit his lip, but decided that he must humor him. There was one thing; Kerle's anxiety to reach their journey's end was patently real and genuine.

Presently, as they bumped, perforce more slowly, along one of the tracks which had taken the place of a road, they sighted the glint of water and found themselves jolting along the margin of a creek. The tide, which had recently been full, was ebbing. Their nostrils began to savor the salt aroma of the sea.

Kerle turned to Fraser, making almost the first voluntary remark, route directions excepted, that he had deigned to utter.

"We're nearly there."

He pointed to a clump of alders ahead, almost the only trees to be seen in that marshy waste, behind which a small lane bungalow was partly visible. Then, significantly, he drew his automatic from his pocket and slipped back the catch.

The action gave Fraser a prickly sensation in his spine. He could not help wondering whether Kerle, in league with the other, meant to play them false at the end. Well, they would soon know.

At Kerle's suggestion, they stopped some way short of the bungalow and proceeded towards it on foot, leaving the constable for the nonce in charge of the car. All three had their weapons in their hands when the inspector knocked in peremptory fashion on the door.

There was no response. No one stirred inside the silent house. No light showed behind the chinks of the shuttered windows. They regarded each other as if to ask, "what now?"

In Fraser's pocket was a small instrument guaranteed to deal with any ordinary lock. To force an entrance would be easy enough, provided the door was not bolted as well as locked.

It was not, and in less than a couple of minutes they were inside.

Another sixty seconds' search by the

light of their electric torches told them the worst. The bungalow was completely empty, devoid of furniture or any sign of habitation.

Fraser turned to Kerle. There was no need to put his feelings into words. The lame man's jaw had dropped, and he was muttering to himself in helpless fashion.

"When I saw this place last," he stated miserably, "the man we want was living in it. I felt certain. . . I felt certain. . ."

He broke off, obviously completely at a loss. A hoarse sound from Wingate made them swing round. From the mantelpiece on which it had been pinned, the cricketer had torn another drawing of the type he had received before. They crowded round him and when their horrified eyes took in the nature of the drawing, they turned with one accord and rushed out of the house down to the water's edge.

But there nothing met their straining gaze save the wide shimmering waters of creek which mocked them in the moonlight.

MARY lowered Betty's inanimate figure to the floor, and then, on her knees beside her, looked up angrily at the bearded man, who made no attempt whatever to assist her.

"Dr. Vinson," she said sharply, using the name he had given them, although she shrewdly suspected that it was not his own, "if you must frighten the poor girl to death, you might at least do something to help. Get me some water from that jug."

But still he made no movement, standing with his beard in his hand staring down at the fainting girl. His dark glasses concealed the expression of his eyes.

"Let her be," he said at last, in his hoarse, gruff tones; "she's better as she is, less trouble for you or me."

Mary sprang to her feet. "You callous brute!" she flamed, "I'll get the water for myself."

She crossed over to the washstand, and as she did so saw him kneel suddenly by the prostrate girl.

So he is going to help, she thought, and then, the water forgotten, she rushed back again, horror in her eyes.

"What are you doing?" she shouted. "You shan't, you shan't!"

She was too late. From somewhere he had produced a hypodermic syringe, pressed the needle into Betty's arm and pushed the plunger home. He laughed as she struck it from his hand.

"You little fool," he grated, "that will help to bring her round."

But the tones of his voice were false and Mary was certain that he lied.

"You've drugged her, you beast," she sobbed, "just as you drugged us yesterday with that tea."

He rose to his feet. "Well," he inquired coolly, "what if I have? She'll come round again in due course, by the time I want her to come round."

His hand closed on Mary's arm and he drew her aside.

"My dear," he said insinuatingly, "she's better out of the way. We don't want her, you and I. You're a plucky girl, Mary, the kind of girl I like. Be sensible, and you've got nothing to fear."

Nothing to fear! As he drew her towards him Mary was conscious of greater fear and repugnance than she had ever experienced in her life before. With a frantic effort she wrenched herself away and struck him across the face.

Next instant she was certain that she had signed her death warrant. His face

convulsed with fury, his hands shot out and grasped her throat—the same hands that had choked the life from Williams. If she had only known it. He uttered hoarse, horrible noises that were less than human. In an acme of terror she became aware that he was mad.

It was of brief duration that struggle, if struggle it could be called. Her hands beating feebly against his chest, she wilted beneath that pitiless grip. Her last unpremeditated act was to tear the concealing beard from his chin, to realise for one brief instant the reason for Betty Hindwood's faint.

Then, as it seemed to her, she died.

WHEN, slowly, agonisingly, she awoke to the realization that she was, after all, alive, it was to find herself alone. She did not comprehend even this for some time, for all she was conscious of was a great weakness, a desire to lie where she was, a desire not to think about anything at all.

A glance in the mirror showed her the angry marks on her throat, which proved that Dr. Vinson's attack had not been the nightmare which she in the first moments of recovery had taken it to be. Shuddering at the recollection, and at the revelation which had come to her at the very onset of oblivion, she approached the window.

What she saw there made her gasp and glance at her watch. The creek which when she had last seen it had been almost empty, was now full, the tops of the two stakes round which the bearded man had been wading barely showing above the water. The sun, formerly low down on the eastern horizon, was now high in the sky. Six hours had elapsed since she had looked out of that window before. It was nearly noon.

What, she wondered, had transpired in those half-dozen hours? As far as she was concerned, evidently nothing. She had just lain unconscious on the bed on which the bearded man must have tossed her after choking her into insensibility. But Betty—Betty was another matter. She was conscious of a nameless fear.

She listened, but could not hear a sound, nor this time could she see any sign of their captor from the window. Hoping that Betty might have recovered consciousness in an adjoining room, she called her name.

There was no response, either from her companion, or, as she feared might be the case, from the self-styled Dr. Vinson. The house, save for herself, might have had no one in it.

Then began for Mary Fraser the most nerve-racking vigil she had ever known. One by one the hours crawled by on leaden feet, with nothing stirring and the house uncannily still.

She could not forget that it was nearly thirty hours since she had tasted food.

Thirty hours! In some ways it seemed more like thirty days. That expedition with Sydney Kerle, lunch, the noise and rattle and safety of London appeared to belong to another age, almost another existence.

The moon rose, its silver light softening the harsh landscape and glistening on the water, and suddenly she caught sight of something that made her hold her breath.

She had heard no sound in the house, but round the corner of it appeared all at once the figure of the bearded man. He was wearing his rubber thigh boots again and was carrying something in his arms.

Not until he emerged into the full moonlight did she fathom what his burden was, and then her hand went to her mouth and she stifled an incipient scream. He was carrying Betty Hindwood, lying supine in his arms as if still unconscious.

What, in heaven's name, Mary asked herself, was he going to do?

She soon knew. Striding over to one of the larger piles they had seen him examining before, towards which the water was now making its little darting runs, he lashed to it the drooping figure of the girl. It was then that Mary did scream, and as if he heard her he glanced round. Then, after standing back to examine his handiwork, he ploughed his way up the muddy bank towards the house.

In desperation she looked round for some weapon with which to fend him off, or even strike him down, so that she could escape and go to the rescue of the younger girl. But nothing of the kind presented itself, and she heard the slithering tramp of his feet outside her door.

Next instant he had turned the key and entered. She rushed forward wildly, trusting to take him by surprise, brush past him and win free. But, perhaps because he expected something of the kind, he was ready. He lifted his fist and struck her brutally on the chin. Then he lifted her inanimate body and carried it to the shore.

It was the pictorial representation of this scene which had struck dismay into the hearts of Fraser and the others. The drawing showed two figures, unmistakably those of Mary and Betty, bound to stakes and half submerged by the advancing tide while the sketched figure of an unknown man capered in triumph on the bank. It sent them tearing down to the bank to gaze in helpless perplexity over the waters of the creek by which they stood.

"There are no stakes here," Fraser muttered.

"Then," Kerle snapped, "we must discover where there are."

After his first moments of stupefaction the lame man seemed to have regained his poise.

"I tracked the man we are after to this place myself," he declared. "He was living then in this very house. He must have moved. Possibly he spotted me, although I did not think he did, and grew suspicious. He must have another lair and it's up to us to find it. The trouble is there's a perfect network of these creeks and it may take us . . ."

He broke off, seeing the unconcealed misery in Fraser's eyes.

"Come along," he ended, "back to the car."

They trooped back, discussing what steps to take, and it was decided as a preliminary to investigate the creek they were on in both directions to the bitter end. To this end they divided forces, Fraser and Wingate continuing seawards in the car, Kerle and the constable proceeding on foot inland.

Thus commenced for Fraser the most harrowing search in which he had ever taken part.

Following the creek until they reached its mouth, with nothing but the dark vastness of the sea beyond, they came across no other building nor the piles in the water which they hoped and yet feared to see. Rendezvousing at the bungalow again, they found that Kerle and the constable had had no better luck. They had reached the creek's limit upstream in a surprisingly short time, but of the missing girls, or anyone else, there had been no sign.

It was evident that they must be looked for further afield, and just as dawn was breaking the searchers set off. The trouble was they had no idea in which direction to go. Creeks intersected that marshy

range of coast in all directions, and were themselves continually being intersected by minor creeks. Scores of square miles might be covered, and yet the objective not be found.

They realised this when mid-day found them tired, muddled and bewildered, apparently as far off the end of their quest as ever. None of them had realised before the extent of these marshy levels with their mystifying inlets from the sea.

"Only one thing," Fraser decided, "is any good here, and that's a plane. I'm going to drive to the nearest village with a telephone and get one sent out. The pilot will spot from the air what it may take us further hours to see."

The others agreed, and all of them walked back to the car which they had left to explore on foot a subsidiary creek.

It was soon after this that disaster befell them.

The track they were on was terrible, and the constable, who had relieved Fraser at the wheel, drove off it on to an apparently firm grass margin without consulting any of the others. The next instant there was a squelch and a lurch, and they were fast in a veritable quagmire into which the car settled with alarming speed.

Fortunately the firm margin of the track was close at hand, which enabled them to scramble out, to view with dismay the car which was sinking before their eyes. The marshland had played its well-known jest, masking with an innocent carpet of grass treacherous, unknown depths into which to set foot was death.

To attempt to retrieve the car was hopeless.

"What now?" Wingate asked.

"Walk!" Fraser answered with decision. "No, not to a village, the nearest one is too far away. Back to the bungalow from which we started. We must try a fresh cast from there."

"Shall we ever find it?" Kerle asked mournfully. Of all of them, save for the contrite driver, he seemed the most downcast.

"I hope so. We have been working round the half circumference of a circle, so it can't be a great distance off."

Cheered by this optimism, they set off, only to find that they had entered upon the most forlorn portion of their quest. If they had travelled in a semi-circle before, it seemed now as if they progressed in circles, so utterly the same and indistinguishable was the marshland. Again and again as they went along they inspected creeks and other sheets of water, but to no effect. Of Mary and Betty there was no sign. Nor could they even find the bungalow from which they had commenced the search that morning.

Afternoon lengthened into evening, and that again to dusk, and they were beginning to feel utterly exhausted when a sudden triumphant shout from Sydney Kerle and his pointing finger apprised them that the elusive house was actually before them in the distance. As if it had been their own home they hastened forward and flung themselves down to rest before the door.

So far so good, but after all they were still only where they had been more than twelve hours before. The reason for which they were there at all—the rescue of Mary Fraser and her companion—was as far from being fulfilled as ever—might never be fulfilled the voice of despondency whispered in their hearts. Yet there must be no giving in. They must urge their weary bodies forward to the last.

Fraser was about to rise and give the word to be off again, when Kerle sprang to his feet and once more pointed. From the opposite direction to that they had taken in the morning, the direction indeed they were just about to take, a car was approaching, swaying along the track. It drove into the middle of them and stopped and by the light of the rising moon they saw with stupefaction that the driver was Sir Phillip Alldyce.

"I've found them," he shouted, "Betty and Mrs. Fraser! But for heaven's sake come quickly, or it will be too late!"

"It was the first cold lapping of the water about her feet that brought Mary to the realisation of her position. She was bound, she found, to one of the larger piles, with Betty Hindwood in similar case alongside her. Turning her head, she saw that Betty too was no longer unconscious, although she did not speak. Indeed she could not, for it was evident that she was gagged."

This formality has for some reason been dispensed with in her own case, as was a handkerchief which passed over Betty's mouth and was tied behind the post. Indeed she could move her head with comparative freedom. Moreover, she had the use of her tongue.

Looking round, she noticed that the man who had tied them there was no longer in evidence.

The water rose higher and higher, first to her knees, and then to her waist, advancing in those queer little freshets with intervals between which she had noticed previously. But whereas they had appeared mere ripples from the house, now they took on the semblance of tidal waves, sombre and menacing, each one bringing her inexorably nearer death than the one before.

Between her intervals of shouting, she endeavored to encourage Betty, who could hear although she could not speak. The younger girl's tragic eyes showed what she was suffering, how near she was to collapse. It might, Mary thought, be a merciful thing if she fainted before the end.

That end now could not be long delayed. Betty was a little higher up the bank than Mary, so that, although she was shorter in stature than the elder girl, the water had only reached her waist when it was up to Mary's shoulders. It was Mary who would go first.

Another freshet covered her mouth, and desperately she raised herself on tip-toe to utter the last call that she knew her strained voice would ever make. Then came another rush of muddy water, covering her head, forcing itself into her lungs through mouth and nose. She slumped suddenly, aware only in that last conscious second of a shriek of maniacal laughter coming from the shore.

WITHOUT waiting to ask the many questions surging through their minds, the four men tumbled pell-mell into Alldyce's big saloon, three of them inside, Fraser next to Alldyce at the wheel.

Immediately the baronet turned the car and tore back the way he had come at a pace which took no heed of his springs or the nature of the unmade track, but was yet not fast enough for Fraser, sitting with clenched hands and tensed muscles by his side. In five minutes, during which they covered perhaps three miles, they reached another clump of alders concealing a second bungalow which, Fraser reflected, they would have come upon hours ago had they started their search in the reverse direction.

But it was not the sight of the bungalow which almost caused Fraser's heart to stop. In the water in front of it showed the tops of two piles—the only two that the tide had left uncovered—and alongside them, looking like knobs upon the wood in the moonlight, he saw two heads, one of which as the car slithered to a standstill and Fraser sprang out and rushed to the water's edge, was overwhelmed by the flood.

Aldyce and the others alighted only a second after Fraser, and when the inspector plunged into the water Dicky Wingate was beside him. Immediately from Aldyce there rose a peal of fiendish laughter.

"Look at them! Look at them!" he shrieked. "I brought you just in time!"

He dragged a pistol from his pocket and fired at the sole remaining head. They heard the bullet strike the wooden pile.

But for Kerle he would have fired again, but the lame man's weapon was now in his hand, and without appearing to aim he shot the pistol from Aldyce's fingers. With a snarl the baronet produced a second gun. He never used it. Coolly and deliberately, Kerle shot him between the eyes.

HOW Fraser, diving under the water, contrived to unfasten the cords which bound Mary to the post, he never knew. He was only aware that he had achieved it somehow, and that when he waded ashore with her unconscious figure in his arms Wingate was beside him carrying Betty.

But Betty was conscious. Her arms were round her rescuer's neck, and her murmured reiteration of "Dicky, Dicky, Dicky," held a cadence whose meaning was not difficult to understand.

Fraser's anxieties, on the contrary, were not yet over. It was a long while before Mary came round, and there was an agonising period when it seemed that rescue for her had after all come too late. But in the end the frantic efforts of her rescuers, and her own youth and stamina, triumphed. She opened her eyes, and her husband felt her lips on his. Never had he so fully realised before all that she meant to him.

When at length he could leave her, he found Kerle gazing down in sombre fashion on the body of the man he had shot.

"I had to do it," he muttered. "He'd have mopped the lot of us up if he'd got the chance."

"No doubt of that," Fraser concurred. "You've got nothing to reproach yourself over, Kerle. In fact I owe you more than I can say, and I'd like to know how you . . . but that must wait. There's a good deal to do before we enter into explanations."

It was decided in the end that Kerle and the constable should remain in charge of the body while Fraser and Wingate drove the two girls into Brentwood.

There it was quickly arranged that an ambulance under the guidance of the indefatigable Wingate should fetch back Kerle and the constable and the dead man while Fraser got in touch by telephone with Scotland Yard. He did more, ringing up Sir Henry Tallent himself at Crofton Towers to acquaint him personally with the grim and unexpected termination of the whole affair. Tallent's congratulations he listened to with a twisted smile. Never again, he hoped, would he find himself engaged on a case that was so near ending in utter and disastrous failure.

But he felt better after the belated meal with which he filled in the time before the ambulance returned. Then, having seen Aldyce's body deposited in the mortuary, and his three companions having also drunk and fed, the four exhausted men at length

sought bed, which had never seemed so attractive, in one of the local hotels.

IT was quite a large party which, an evening or two later, gathered in the Frasers' flat. Fraser and his wife, of course, were there; so was Sydney Kerle, Dicky Wingate and Betty Hindwood, and, last, but not least, the burly and genial figure of Superintendent Maxwell, of Rise-field. Seeing that the whole business had originated in Maxwell's district, it had been considered only right and proper that he should be one of the circle which had assembled for its individual members' enlightenment.

The expectant eyes of all of them were fixed on Fraser himself, and it was evident that he was looked upon as the one to set the verbal ball rolling. He filled his pipe and settled himself in his chair.

"It's not been a case that I'm over-proud of," he confessed, "from my own personal point of view, I mean. For some time I went badly astray."

"The murder of Eric Chalmers was obscure from the beginning. Both Ryan, his opponent in that memorable fight at the Polygon, and young Tom Miles—who, by the way, has been released from custody—appeared to be involved at first, but it was not long before I dismissed both of them from my calculations."

Especially was this so after Trevor Lawrence's death. Either of them might conceivably have done away with Chalmers, but I could see no reason whatever for suspecting them of the second crime. Moreover, and here I can take some credit to myself, I had a feeling that the two crimes were co-related. The greatest boxer of his time, the greatest rugby footballer; there must, I decided, be some connecting link.

"The third crime, the killing of Rose Latimer, seemed to upset this calculation. The discovery of Miles standing over her dead body appeared, too, to justify his arrest by Superintendent Maxwell, though personally I should have held my hand. That, though, in justice to the superintendent, was only because I knew more about the Lawrence affair than he did. All the same my confidence in my theory—that someone, probably mentally deranged, was engaged in mopping up prominent athletes—was distinctly shaken, although I could see how Rose Latimer's case might be fitted in. I was still more doubtful when after the boat race no attempt—which I quite expected—was made to molest Alan Grierson. Conversely, I again swung round to a certainty that I was right when, later on, he was killed."

"But certainly in my theory was one thing: putting my hands on the murderer another. The elimination of Ryan and Miles—the latter, of course, was in custody when Grierson was shot—left me absolutely in the air. I felt convinced that the criminal would be found to be the same in all the cases, and I know he won't mind my saying so now if I admit that my suspicions were beginning to crystallise in the direction of Mr. Sydney Kerle."

"This, to be blunt, was largely his own fault, and I'm going to give him the opportunity presently of explaining certain activities of his which, not unnaturally, drew suspicion upon him. Any objection to that, Kerle?"

"None whatever," the lame man smiled. "Then I'll proceed. I discovered that he had been walking on the Common the night Chalmers was killed, and at about the same time. He had actually been talking to Trevor Lawrence two hours before his death. He had been seen in the woods shortly before Rose Latimer's body

was found. I tackled him on some of these points and his answers were—evasive."

"But it was not until after the shooting of Alan Grierson that he was within an ace of arrest. He was seen at the very spot where it happened shortly before it occurred, and then departed for Cornwall on his motor-cycle. I followed him with a warrant in my pocket."

"There something took place which threw my ideas out of gear again. He was attacked by an unknown assailant, and so, later, was I, though there is no doubt that the second attack was meant for him. He was a little more candid with me after this, and I returned to London fairly well convinced that he was not the man."

"In that case, who was? Frankly, I was nonplussed—until the attempt to murder Wingate in Rise-field Reservoir, when for the first time I began seriously to consider Sir Philip Aldyce."

"On the face of it, it seemed incredible, but he was the only person in whom Wingate had confided his intention of bathing. He could easily, I reckoned, have motored up to the club, as he said he had done, left immediately on foot and cut through the woods to the reservoir, fired at Wingate and then returned to his car and driven back to the reservoir. It would be quick work, but possible—I tested it myself—and he was actually a little late in getting back according to the superintendent of the reservoir, Higgins."

"But here again Kerle contrived to complicate matters by being caught close to the water's edge by Wingate and being hauled off to the police station by the latter. Once more his explanation was plausible enough to exonerate him, and I resumed my contemplation of Aldyce as the murderer."

"It would not be difficult to suggest a connection between him and the Wingate affair, but could he be connected with the others, for all the crimes, I felt certain, were the work of the same hand? I set to work to make discreet inquiries, and certain of them proved illuminating."

"His gardener, Polson, for instance, confessed on being questioned that he had seen his master as well as Kerle on the Common the night Chalmers was killed, but had not thought it politic to mention the fact. Any connection with Trevor Lawrence was more obscure, a statement of Chief Inspector Meggeson's that a black-bearded man had been seen hovering about the vicinity of the Lawrence's house conveying nothing to me at the time, although its significance was revealed later on. I had previously decided that Aldyce could have shot Grierson, although there had seemed no reason to think so just then."

"So far so good, but what about motive? Good enough, I decided, if Aldyce could be proved to have a spite against sportsmen and sportswomen in the public eye. The nearest I could get to this assumption was the fact that, owing to heart trouble, he could no longer play games himself. He rather took the wind out of my sails, too, when he expressed his concern for Betty Hindwood, though this might be—and, of course, was—bluff."

"Next came the strangling of Williams, again not incompatible with Aldyce after Kerle had been eliminated for the nth time after being apparently implicated by Bigson. The latter's description of the man with the beard might well, I thought, fit Aldyce in disguise, and on my first meeting with him I had occasion to note the strength of his grip. If so, he was probably being blackmailed by Williams, and had removed the menace in this drastic fashion."

"My visit to Shadwell with Bigson gave me the idea of putting my suspicions to the test. I got that amiable individual to take down a letter at my dictation, asking 'Mr. Sydney Kerle' to come down to Shadwell and discuss business about 'you know wot'." When Bigson had inscribed 'Mr. Sydney Kerle' on the envelope in what he described as printed capitals, I took it away with me, added Risefield Court, Risefield, in as close an imitation of them as I could devise, and posted it. It was, of course, unsigned, and I hoped that Alldyce, if he were the man we wanted, scenting further blackmail, would come along to deal with it. Quite frankly, I expected a scrap.

"Well, the bearded man turned up all right, but as soon as he saw me waiting for him he was off like a shot. That didn't worry me, however; I had recognised him—by his ears, the most distinctive portion of a man's head. It was Sir Philip Alldyce.

"That brings me down to recent happenings. I reported my discovery to Sir Henry Tallent at the Yard, and we agreed that although we knew our man, sufficient proof of his misdeeds was still lacking. It was up to me to find it.

"I came back to the flat to find that you, Mary, and Betty were out, and was astonished to see a bearded man watching the flat. At first I thought it was Alldyce, but closer acquaintance showed me it wasn't, but someone, I suspected, got up to resemble him in his disguise. Actually the boot was on the other foot. It was Alldyce who got himself up to resemble Fley, whose beard was real. I followed him to Shadwell, as I was meant to do, and got knocked out for my pains.

"You know how I was released through the good offices of Mrs. Smayle, arriving back here to find Kerle waiting for me with his tale of my wife's and Betty's disappearance. While I was talking to him, the superintendent at Shadwell rang up to say they had caught Fley and that the latter stated he had taken his instructions from 'a lame man' called Sydney Kerle. Then for the last time, Kerle, my suspicions concerning you blazed up again—I wasn't clearheaded enough after what I had gone through to guess the truth—that Alldyce had coached Fley to say this, and when I insisted on you accompanying me to Shadwell for identification you knocked me out, the second time I had suffered the indignity that evening."

"Only thing to do," Kerle grunted, "under the circumstances. I'm not repentant. Time was vital."

"H'm. Well, I won't bear malice. But for you we should never have reached the girls in time. But they know all about how we did that. It's your turn now, Kerle, to explain your part in the affair. Come along now, don't be bashful!"

"B A S H F U L N E S S,"

Kerle grinned, "has never been one of my besetting sins, as you know full well—the faculty of being a confounded nuisance would be nearer the mark. Inward agreement from everyone, I take it, in spite of that polite but faint—very faint—murmur of dissent!"

"But first of all, since compliments are flying about, let me say, quite sincerely, that Inspector Fraser is too modest concerning his handling of the case. He ferreted out the identity of the criminal without assistance from me or anyone else, and but for Alldyce forcing matters at the end, would

no doubt in due course have laid that gentleman by the heels.

"In spite of me, he would probably say in his candid moments, yet from the very first our separate investigations ran on parallel lines. The shooting of Chalmers interested me immensely, and when that of Trevor Lawrence followed, I jumped to the same theory as the inspector—that someone was out to make things unpleasant for athletes in the public eye.

"I determined, therefore, to see if I couldn't solve the mystery myself. At first, indeed, I had an idea of writing a book dealing with the various incidents as they occurred, but this I abandoned later—it took up too much time.

"I started off with one great advantage over the police inasmuch that I suspected the criminal's identity from the first, simply because I knew more about Sir Philip Alldyce than they did. Moreover, his voice grew grave, 'I knew my own nature. Whenever I contemplated the criminal I told myself, 'there, but for the grace of God, goes Sydney Kerle.' What do I mean by that? Simply this: ever since my accident, which debarred me from taking part in the sports I loved, I have been bitterly envious of those more fortunate. The sight of an athlete in action stirs me to envy, hatred and malice for the time being. It's my beastly disposition, I'm afraid; I'm not going to whitewash myself. Fraser's acute perception fathomed this, I know, and it helped him to suspect me.

"Incidentally, Fraser, it explains my ghastly rudeness to you after your brilliant century in the cricket match. I hated you at that moment, because you epitomised what I could never be again.

"And I knew that Alldyce was in the same boat, that he too had a similar envy of those who could do what his groggy heart prevented him from doing. Unlike me, he could conceal the fact, although I believed that in his case the taint, canker, call it what you will, was more deeply seated than in my own. Mine is an eccentricity, soon forgotten afterwards; his was in the nature of a disease, if I read him aright, affecting him mentally as well as in other ways. 'No crime's so great as daring to excel' expresses his point of view, and mine too, I'm afraid, to a certain extent.

"I had known Philip Alldyce from boyhood. When both of us were young men, in spite of his size, I thrashed him thoroughly for a grossly impertinent letter he sent my sister. Since then we had avoided each other as much as possible, but I was well aware that he had never forgotten or forgiven that thrashing.

"With my theory in view I dogged his footsteps from the commission of the first crime, which explains why I was so often on the scene, from the police point of view in compromising circumstances. I was close on his heels when Rose Latimer was killed, and had followed him into the wood the night that Wingate was shot at. But in neither case was I lucky enough actually to spot him in the act. The same applies to Grierson's murder. Once we actually came face to face in Risefield woods, with the result that I knocked him out after he had aimed a blow at me, as both Maxwell and Fraser can testify.

"The attack on myself at Strathmouth puzzled me at first, especially when I learnt that Alldyce had not left Crofton Towers, but it was understandable if Alldyce had employed a confederate to 'out' me—as in fact he had. His acquaintance with the underworld must have been fairly comprehensive. Just previously to this I had followed him on my motor-cycle to a bungalow in those lonely Essex marshes. I expect he spotted me, and decided that I should be

better removed. Incidentally, he must have evacuated this bungalow afterwards and taken another, which threw me off the scent when later on we followed Mrs. Fraser and Miss Hindwood.

"It was a matter of luck that I was able to undertake that journey at all, and due to the fact that I only took a sip of the beer he had drugged in my rooms under the very eyes of my foolish old landlady, an action which showed he was aware that I had spotted his retreat upon the marsh.

"Of course, I ought to have confided my suspicions to the police, but I'm afraid my egotistical nature urged me to try to solve the mystery myself. Moreover, I was never absolutely certain that Alldyce was the man, I was astounded, for instance, when he tore up in his car on those confounded marishes and carried us off to the ostensible rescue of the very people I suspected he was trying to put out of the way. But that, of course, was because his mad brain wished us to witness the completion of his handiwork."

"Mad brain is right," Fraser agreed gravely. "Only a madman could have acted as he did. His envy of others more physically fortunate than himself had grown to be a consuming passion which deranged his mind, although he contrived to conceal it from others with a maniac's cunning."

WHEREAT Kerle

signed, his eyes sombre. "There, but for the grace of God . . ." he began, but Mary Fraser checked him sharply.

"You're to say and think no such thing," she ordered. "It's largely to you that Betty and I owe our lives, and we shall never forget it. A man who can shoot like you, for instance, need envy no one. And now," she added in a lighter tone, "Mr. Maxwell is looking as if he must get something off his chest or burst. What is it, Mr. Maxwell?"

The superintendent smiled. "A desire for further information," he replied. "While I see that Alldyce can be linked up with Alan Grierson and the strangling of Williams, and there is no doubt about his carrying off Mrs. Fraser and Miss Hindwood in the guise of Dr. Vinson it seems to me that you have not connected him beyond cavil with the earlier crimes."

"Precisely the reason why he wasn't arrested," Fraser admitted, "but we know now, as a matter of fact, that he was. You see, he kept a diary, illustrated with drawings similar to those he sent to Wingate and pinned to the mantelpiece in that first bungalow on the marsh, in which he describes his commission of the whole series of crimes in full and gloats over the apparent futility of the police. There were others to follow Miss Hindwood on his list. He only proposed to her, of course, to encompass her death more easily."

Betty shivered and drew close to Wingate.

"To think I ever imagined myself in love with him!" she murmured. "I shall never forget the moment when I recognised him in that horrible bungalow. Yet he had a queer, unhealthy sort of fascination all the same. But I should never have married him. All along, I think, I knew in my heart that Dicky was my man."

Mary Fraser rose to her feet.

"I did my best to convince you that you were a little idiot, Betty. And now that we have thrashed the whole thing out, it's time for supper. What will everybody drink?"

"Beer—undrugged—for me," said Mr. Sydney Kerle.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 156-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.